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POLICE REPORT.

ONE day in summer, when people whom I had been urging to behave in some degree like human beings persisted in acting rather more like the poor creatures who pass for men and women in most stage-plays, I shut my manuscript in a drawer, and the next morning took an early train into the city. I do not remember just what whim it was that led me to visit the police court: perhaps I went because it was in the dead vast and middle of the summer, and the town afforded little other amusement; perhaps it was because, in my revolt against unreality, I was in the humor to see life whose reality asserts itself every day in the newspapers with indisputable force. If the latter, I was fated to a measure of disappointment, for when the court opened this reality often appeared no more substantial than the fiction with which I had lost my patience at home. But I am bound to say that it was much more entertaining, and that it was, so to speak, much more artistically treated. It resolved itself into melodrama, or romantic tragedy, having a prevailing comic interest, with moments of intensity, and with effects so thrilling that I came away with a sense of the highest theatrical illusion.

The police court in Boston is an upper room of the temple of justice, and is a large, square, dismal-complexioned

chamber, with the usual seams and cracks configuring its walls and ceilings; its high, curtainless windows were long glares of sunless light, crossed with the fine drizzle of an easterly rain on the morning of my visit. About one third of the floor is allotted to spectators, and supplied with benches of penitential severity; the remaining space is occupied by a series of curved tables set in a horse-shoe, and by a raised platform, railed off from the auditorium, as I may call it, and supporting in successive gradations the clerk's desk, on a very long, narrow table, and the judge's table and easy-chair. At either end of the table on which the clerk's desk was placed was a bar, representing in one case the witness stand, and in the other the prisoner's box; midway, the clerk stood within a screen of open iron-work, hemmed in with books of record and tin boxes full of docketed papers.

Outside of the railing were the desks of two officers of the court, whose proper titles my unfamiliarity with the place disables me from giving. They were both well in flesh, as I remember, and in spite of their blue flannel suits and the exercise of a wise discretion, by which one of them had discarded his waistcoat and neckcloth, they visibly suffered from the moist, close heat which the storm outside had driven into the court-

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room. From time to time one of them cried out, "Silence!" to quell a restive movement in the audience; and once the cravatless officer left his place, and came down to mine near the door, and drove out the boys who were sitting round me. "Leave!" he shouted. "This is no place for boys!" They went out obediently, and some others just like them came in immediately and took their places. They might have been the same boys, so far as any difference for the better in their looks went. They were not pleasant to the eye, nor to any other sense; and neither were the young men nor old men who for the rest formed the audience of this free dramatic spectacle. Their coat-collars came up above their shirt-collars; but, greasy as they were, the observer could not regret this misfit when chance gave an occasional glimpse of their linen, — or their cotton, to be exact. For the most part, they wore their hair very short, and exposed necks which I should, I believe, have preferred to have covered. Under the influence of the humid heat, and with the wet they brought from the outside, they sent up a really deplorable smell. I do not know that I have a right to criticise the appearance of some of their eyes, — they seemed perfectly good eyes to see with, in spite of their sinister or vacant expression and gloomy accessories; and certain scars and mutilations of the face and fingers were the affair of their owners rather than mine. Whenever they fell into talk, an officer of the court marched upon them and crushed them to silence. "This is no place for conversation," he said; and the greater part of them had evidently no disposition or capacity for that art. I believe they were men and boys whose utmost mental effort sufficed to let their mouths hang open in the absorption of the performance, and was by no means equal to comment upon it. I fancied that they came there, day after day, the year

round, and enjoyed themselves in their poor way, realizing many of the situations presented by experience of like predicaments, more than by sympathy or an effort of the imagination.

I had taken my place among them next the door, so that if my courage failed me at any time I could go out without disturbing the others. One need not be a very proud man to object to classing himself with them, and there were moments when I doubted if I could stand my fellow-spectators much longer; but these accesses of arrogance passed, as I watched the preparations for the play with the interest of a novice. There were already half a dozen policemen seated at the tables in semicircle, and chatting pleasantly together; and their number was constantly increased by new arrivals, who, as they came in, put their round-topped straw hats on one end of the semicircle, and sat down to fill out certain printed forms, which I suppose related to the arrests they had made, for they were presently handed to the clerk, who used them in calling up the cases. A little apart from the policemen was a group of young men, whom I took to be the gentlemen of the bar; among them, rather more dapper than the rest, was a colored lawyer, who afterwards, by an irony of Nemesis, appeared for some desperate and luckless defendants of the white race and of Irish accent. By and by two or three desks, placed conveniently for seeing and hearing everything against the railing on the clerk's right, were occupied by reporters, unmistakable with their pencils and paper. Looking from them I saw that the judge's chair was now filled by a quiet-looking gentleman, who seemed, behind his spectacles, to be communing with himself in sad and bored anticipation. At times he leaned forward and spoke with the clerk or one of the gentlemen of the bar, and then fell back in sober meditation.

Like all other public exhibitions, the police court failed a little in point of punctuality. It was advertised to open at nine o'clock, but it was nearer ten when, after several false alarms, the clerk in a rapid, inarticulate formula declared it now opened, and invoked the blessing of God on the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Even then there was a long wait before we of the audience heard the scuffling of the feet of the prisoners on what seemed a broad stairway behind the barrier at the judge's right, and before any of them came in sight they were commanded by the attendant policeman to sit down, and apparently did so, on the top of the stairs. The clerk now turned towards them with a sheaf of the forms which the policemen had filled out in his hand, and successively addressed them by name:—

"Larry McShane!"

"Here, sor."

"Complained of for being drunk. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, sor."

"Pay a fine of one dollar and costs, and stand committed to the House of Industry."

He jotted something down on the back of each indictment, and half turned to toss it on to his desk, and then resumed the catalogue of these offenders, accusing and dooming them all in the same weary and passionless monotone.

I confess that I had at the time the strongest curiosity to see them, but it has since struck me that it was a finer effect merely to hear their voices in response, and to leave their figures and faces to the fancy. Sometimes the voice that answered "Guilty" was youthful, and sometimes, I grieve to say, it was feminine, though under the circumstances it had naturally that subdued tone which is thought such an excellent thing in woman. Usually, however, the voices were old and raucous, as if they had many times made the same plea in the same place, and they pronounced

sir *sor*. The clerk's sheaf of accusations being exhausted, they all apparently scuffled down-stairs again. But a number must have remained, for now, after this sort of overture, the entertainment began in earnest, the actors on the scene appearing as they were summoned from the same invisible space behind the railing, which I think was probably sunk a little lower than the level of the auditorium, and which might, to humor the theatrical illusion, be regarded as the green room.

The first piece was what I may call a little Police Pastoral, in recognition of the pretty touch of poetry which graced it. A half-grown, baddish-looking boy was arraigned for assault and battery, and took his place at one end of that long table on which rested the clerk's desk, while a young girl of thirteen or fourteen advanced from the audience, and placed herself at the other end. She was dressed in a well-fitting ready-made suit, which somehow suggested itself as having been "marked down" to come within her means; and she wore a cheap yet tasteful hat, under which her face, as honest as it was comely, looked modestly up at the judge when he questioned her. It appeared that she was passing the apple-stand which the defendant was keeping for his mother, when he had suddenly abandoned his charge, followed her into a gate where she had taken refuge, and struck her; her cries attracted the police, and he was arrested. The officer corroborated her story, and then the judge made a signal to the prisoner, by which it seemed that he was privileged to cross-question his accuser. The injured youth seized the occasion, and in a loud, bullying, yet plaintive tone proceeded as best he could to damage the case against him.

He: "Did n't you pass my mother's stand with them girls the day before?"

She, frankly: "Yes, I *did*."

He: "And didn't you laugh at me, and call me an apple-woman?"

She, as before : "Yes, I *did*."

He : "And hain't you hit *me*, sometimes before this?"

She, evasively : "I've never hit you to hurt you."

He : "Now, that hain't the question ! The question is whether you've ever hit *me*."

She : "Yes, I have, — when you were trying to hold me. It was the other girls called you names. I only called you names once."

He : "I want to know whether I hurt you any when you hollered out that way !"

She : "Yes, you *did*. And if I had n't screamed you *would* have done it. I don't suppose you'd have hurt me a great *deal*, but you have hurt *some* of the girls."

The Judge : "Did he bruise you severely, when he struck you?"

She, with a relenting glance, full of soft compassion, at her enemy : "Well, he did n't bruise me *very* much."

The Judge : "Has he been in the habit of assaulting the other young girls?"

She : "He never did *me* before." Then, with a sudden burst, "And I think I was every bit as much to blame as he was ! I had no business to tease him."

Here the judge, instead of joining the hands of these children, and sending them forward with his blessing, to dance and sing a little duet together, as would have happened on any other stage, said that he would fine the defendant seven dollars. The defendant gave way to a burst of grief, and the plaintiff, astonished at this untoward conclusion, threw the judge a pathetic and reproachful look, and left the stand in painful bewilderment. I felt sorry for her, but I could not share her pity for the defendant, and my light mind was quickly distracted by the next piece.

I may say here that the features of the performance followed one another rapidly, as at a variety theatre, without

any disagreeable waits or the drop of a curtain. If I had anything to complain of it was the swiftness of their succession. I was not yet habituated to this, when I found the scene occupied by the two principal actors in a laughable little interlude of Habitual Drunkenness. A powerfully built, middle-aged Irishman, with evidences of coal-heaving thick upon his hands and ground into his face to the roots of his hair, was standing at one end of that long table, and listening to the tale of the policeman who, finding him quarrelsome and noisily drunk, and not being able to prevail with him to go home, had arrested him. When he finished, the judge said to the defendant, who had stood rolling his eyes — conspicuous from the black around them — upon the spectators, as if at a loss to make out what all this might be about, that he could ask any questions he liked of the plaintiff.

"I don't want to ask him anything, sor," replied the defendant, like one surprised at being expected to take an interest in some alien affair.

"Have you ever seen the defendant drunk before?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor ; I've seen him drunk half a dozen times, and I've taken him home to keep him out of harm's way. He's an industrious man when he is n't in drink."

"Is he usually disorderly, when drunk?"

"Well, he and his wife generally fight when he gets home," the policeman suggested.

The judge desisted, and the defendant's counsel rose, and signified his intention to cross-question the plaintiff : the counsel was that attorney of African race whom I have mentioned.

"Now, we don't deny that the defendant was drunk at the time of his arrest ; but the question is whether he is an habitual drunkard. How many times have you seen him drunk in the past month?"

"About half a dozen times."

"Seven times?"

"I can't say."

"Three times?"

"More than three times."

"More than twice you will swear to?"

"Yes."

"Now, I wish you to be very careful, please: can you state, under oath, that you have seen him drunk four times?"

"Yes," said the policeman, "I can swear to that."

"Very good," said the counsel, with the air of having caught the witness tripping. "That is all."

Aside from the satisfaction that one naturally feels in seeing any policeman bullied, I think it did me good to have my learned colored brother badger a white man. The thing was so long the other way, in every walk of life, that for the sake of the bad old times, when the sight would have been something to destroy the constitution and subvert social order, I could have wished that he might have succeeded better in browbeating his witness. But it was really a failure, as far as concerned his object.

"The question, your honor," the lawyer added, turning to the judge, "is, what is habitual drunkenness? I should like to ask the defendant a query or two. Now, Mr. O'Ryan, how often do you indulge yourself in a social glass?"

"Sor?"

"How often do you drink?"

"Whenever I can get it, sor."

The audience appreciated this frankness, and were silenced by a threatening foray of the cravatless officer.

"You mean," suggested the attorney smoothly, "that you take a drink of beer, now and then, when you are at work."

"I mane that, sor. A horse could n't stand it widout."

"Very good. But you deny that you are habitually intoxicated?"

"Sor?"

"You are not in the habit of getting drunk?"

"No, sor!"

"Very good. You are not in the habit of getting drunk."

"I never get dhrunk whin I'm at work, sor. I get dhrunk Saturday nights."

"Yes; when you have had a hard week's work. I understand that" —

"I have a hard wake's worruk every wake!" interrupted the defendant.

"But this is a thing that has grown upon you of late, as I understand. You were formerly a sober, temperate man, as your habits of industry would imply."

"Sor?"

"You have lately given way to a fondness for liquor, but up to within six months or a year ago you never drank to excess."

"No, sor! I've dhrunk ever since I was born, and I'll dhrink till I die."

The officer could not keep us quiet, now. The counsel looked down at his table in a futile way, and then took his seat after some rambling observations, amid smiles of ironical congratulation from the other gentlemen of the bar.

The defendant confronted the judge with the calm face of a man who has established his innocence beyond cavil.

"What is the reputation of this man in his neighborhood?" inquired the judge of the policeman.

"He's an ugly fellow. And his wife is full as bad. They generally get drunk together."

"Any children?"

"No, sir."

The defendant regarded the judge with heightened satisfaction in this confirmation of his own declaration. The judge leaned over, and said in a confidential way to the clerk, "Give him six months in the House of Correction."

A wild lament broke from the audience, and a woman with a face bruised to a symphony in green, yellow, and black thus identified herself as the wife of the defendant, who stood vacantly turning his cap round in his hand, while sympathizing friends hurried her from

the room. The poor creature probably knew that if in their late differences she had got more than she deserved, she had not got more than she had been willing to give, and was moved by this reflection. Other moralists, who do not like to treat woman as a reasonable being, may attribute her sorrow to mere blind tenderness, or hysterical excitement. I could not see that it touched the spectators in any way; and I suspect that, whatever was thought of her escape from a like fate, there was a general acquiescence in the justice of his.

He was either stunned by it, or failed to take it in, for he remained standing at the end of the table and facing the judge, till the policeman in charge took him by the arm and stood him aside. He sat down, and I saw him no more; but I had no time to regret him, for his place was instantly occupied by a person who stepped within the bar from the audience. I had already noticed him coming in and going out of the court-room, apparently under strong excitement, and hovering about, now among the gentlemen of the bar, and now among friends in the audience. He had an excited and eccentric look, and yet he looked like a gentleman, — a gentleman in distress of mind; I had supposed that he could not be one of the criminal classes, or he would scarcely have been allowed so much at large. At the same time that he took his place he was confronted from the other end of the long table by a person whom I will call a lady, because I observed that every one else did so. This lady's person tended to fat; she had a large, red face, and I learned without surprise that she was a cook. She wore a crimson shawl, and a bonnet abounding in blossoms and vegetables of striking colors, and she had one arm, between the wrist and elbow, impressively swathed in linen; she caressed, as it were, a small water-pitcher, which I felt, in spite of its ordinary appearance, was

somehow historical. In fact, it came out that this pitcher played an important part in the assault which the lady accused the gentleman at the other end of the table of committing upon her.

It seemed from her story that the gentleman was a boarder in the house where she was cook, and that he was in the habit of intruding upon her in the kitchen against her will and express command. A week before (I understood that she had spent the intervening time in suffering and disability) she had ordered him out, and he had turned furiously upon her with an uplified chair and struck her on the arm with it, and then had thrown at her head the pitcher which she now held in her hands. There were other circumstances of outrage, which I cannot now recall, but they are not important in view of the leading facts.

Further testimony in behalf of the plaintiff was offered by another lady, whose countenance expressed second-girl as unmistakably as that of the plaintiff expressed cook. She was of the dish-faced Irish type, and whereas the cook was of an Old-World robustness, her witness had the pallor and flat-chestedness of the women of her race who are born in America; she preferred several shades of blue in her costume, which was of ready-made and marked-down effect. This lady with difficulty comprehended the questions intended to elicit her name and the fact of her acquaintance with the plaintiff, and I noticed a like density of understanding in most of the other persons testifying or arraigned in this court. In fact, I came to wonder if the thick-headedness of average uneducated people was not much greater than I had hitherto suspected, in my easy optimism. It was certainly inconceivable why, with intelligence enough to come in when it rained, the cook should have summoned this witness. She testified at once that she had not seen the assault, and did not know that the cook

had been hurt ; and no prompting of the plaintiff's counsel could inspire her with a better recollection. In the hands of the defendant's lawyer she developed the fact that his client was reputed a quiet, inoffensive boarder, and that she never knew of any displeasures between him and the cook.

"Did you ever see this lady intoxicated?" inquired the lawyer.

The witness reflected. "I don't understand you," she answered, finally.

"Have you ever known her to be overcome by drink?"

The witness considered this point also, and in due time gave it up, and turned a face of blank appeal upon the judge, who came to her rescue.

"Does she drink, — drink liquor? Does she get drunk?"

"Oh! Oh, yes; she's tipsy, sometimes."

"Was she tipsy," asked the lawyer, "on the day of the alleged assault?"

The witness again turned to the magistrate for help.

"Was she tipsy on the day when she says this gentleman struck her with a chair, and threw the pitcher at her head?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "she was."

"Was she very tipsy?" the lawyer pursued.

The witness was equal to this question. "Well, yes, sir, she was. Any way, she had n't left anything in the bottle on her bureau."

"When did you see the bottle full?"

"The night before. Or in the evening. She commenced drinking in the night."

"What was in the bottle?"

"A pint of whiskey."

"That will do," said the lawyer.

The witness stepped down, and gently resumed her place near the plaintiff. Neither of the ladies changed countenance, or seemed in any wise aware that the testimony just given had

been detrimental to the plaintiff's cause. They talked pleasantly together, and were presently alike interested in the testimony of a witness to the defendant's good character. He testified that the defendant was a notoriously peaceable person, who was in some sort of scientific employment, but where or what I could not make out; he was a college graduate, and it was unimaginable to the witness that he should be the object of this sort of charge.

When the witness stood aside, the defendant was allowed to testify in his own behalf, which he did with great energy. He provided himself with a chair, and when he came to the question of the assault he dramatized the scene with appropriate action. He described with vividness the relative positions of himself and the cook when, on the day given, he went into the kitchen to see if the landlord were there, and was ordered out by her. "She did n't give me time to go, but caught up a chair, and came at me, thus!" Here he represented with the chair in his hand an assault that made the reporters, who sat near him, quail before the violence of the mere dumb-show. "I caught the rung of the chair in my hand, thus, and instinctively pushed it, thus. I suppose," he added, in diction of memorable elegance, "that the impact of the chair in falling back against her wrist may have produced the contusions of which she complains."

The judge and the bar smiled; the audience, not understanding, looked serious.

"And what," said the judge, "about throwing the pitcher at her?"

"I never saw the pitcher, your honor, till I saw it in court. I threw no pitcher at her, but retreated from the kitchen as quickly as possible."

"That will do," said the judge. The plaintiff's counsel did the best that could be done for no case at all in a brief argument. The judge heard him patiently, and then quietly remarked, "The

charge is dismissed. The defendant is discharged. Call the next case."

The plaintiff had probably imagined that the affair was going in her favor. She evidently required the explanation of her counsel that it had gone against her, and all was over; for she looked up at the judge in some surprise, before she turned and walked out of the courtroom with quiet dignity, still caressing her pitcher, and amicably accompanied by the other lady, her damaging witness.

Before she was well out of the door, a lady-like young woman in black was on the stand, testifying against a prisoner, who did not confront her from the other end of the long table, but stood where he seemed to have been seated on the top of those stairs I have imagined behind the railing. He looked twenty one or two years of age, and he had not at all a bad face, but rather refined; he was well dressed, and was gentleman-like in the same degree that she was lady-like. From her testimony it appeared to me that his offense was one that might fitly be condoned, and in my ignorance I was surprised to find that it was taken seriously by the court. She had seen him, from the top of some steps in the shop where she was employed, open a drawer in the book-keeper's desk, and take out of it a revolver and some postage-stamps; but on his discovering her he had instantly replaced them and tried to escape. She gave her evidence in a low voice, and, as I thought, reluctantly; and one could very well imagine that she might have regretted causing his arrest; but it was to be considered that her own reputation was probably at stake, and if his theft had succeeded she might have been accused of it. When she stood aside, the judge turned to the defendant, who had kept quite still, nervously twisting something between his fingers, and questioned him. He did not attempt to deny the facts; he admitted them, but urged that he had im-

mediately put the stamps and pistol back into the drawer, from which, indeed, he had hardly lifted them. The judge heard him patiently, and the young man went on, with something of encouragement, to explain that he only meant to take the things to spite the owner of the shop, on account of some grudge between them, and that he had not realized that it was stealing. He besought the judge, in terms that were moving, and yet not abject, to deal mercifully with him; and he stood twisting that invisible something between his fingers, and keeping his eyes fixed on those of the magistrate with a miserable smile, while he promised that he would not offend again.

The judge passed his hand to and fro over his chin, and now dropped his eyes, and now glanced at the culprit, who seemed scarcely more unhappy.

"Have n't I seen you here before?" he asked at last.

"Yes," I could hardly hear the prisoner assent.

"How often?"

"Twice."

"What for?"

"Theft," gasped the wretched creature.

The judge moved in his chair with a discomfort that he had not shown throughout the morning's business. "If this were the first time, or the second, I should have been glad to let you off with a slight fine. But I can't do that now. I must send you to the House of Correction." He nodded to the clerk: "Two months."

The prisoner remained, with that nervous twisting of his fingers, eying the judge with his vague smile, as if he could not realize what had befallen him. He did not sit down till the next culprit rose and stood near him. Then a sort of fatal change passed over his face. It looked like despair. I confess that I had not much heart for his successor. I was sick, thinking how, so far as this

world was concerned, this wretch had been sent to hell; for the House of Correction is not a purgatory even, out of which one can hopefully undertake to pray periculant spirits. To be sure, the police court is not a cure of souls; and doubtless his doom was as light as the law allowed. But I could have wished that the judge had distrusted his memory, or taken on his conscience the merciful sin of ignoring it. He seemed very patient, and I do not question but he acted according to light and knowledge. This may have been a hopeless thief. But it was nevertheless a terrible fate. The chances were a thousand against one that he should hereafter be anything but a thief, if he were not worse. After all, when one thinks of what the consequences of justice are, one doubts if there is any justice in it. Perhaps the thing we call mercy is really the divine conception of justice.

It was a thief again who was on the stage; but not a thief like that other, who, for all the reality there was in the spectacle, might have gone behind the scenes, and washed the chalk off his white face. This thief was of the kind whose fortunes the old naturalistic novelists were fond of following in fictions of autobiographic form, and who sometimes actually wrote their own histories; a conventional thief, of those dear to De Foe and the Spanish picaresque romancers, with a flavor of good literature about him. Nothing could have been more classic in incident than the story of the plaintiff, an honest-looking young fellow, who testified that he had met the prisoner on the street, and, learning that he was out of work and out of money, had taken him home to his room and shared his bed with him. I do not know in just what calling this primitive and trustful hospitality is practiced; the plaintiff looked and was dressed like a workingman. His strange bedfellow proved an early riser; he stole away without disturbing his host,

and carried with him all the money that was in his host's pockets. By an odd turn of luck the two encountered shortly after breakfast, and the prisoner ran. The plaintiff followed, but the other eluded him, and was again sauntering about in safety, when the eye of a third actor in the drama fell upon him. This was a young man who kept some sort of small shop, and who was called to the witness-stand in behalf of the prosecution. He was as stupid as he could well be in some respects, and very simple questions had to be repeated several times to him. Yet he had the ferret-like instinct of the thief-catcher, and he instantly saw that his look fluttered the guilty rogue, who straightway turned and fled. But this time he had a sharper pursuer than his host, and he was coursed through all his turns and windings, up stairs and down, in houses and out, and gripped at last.

"As soon as I saw him start to run," said the witness, who told his story with a graphic jauntiness, "I knowed he'd got something."

"You *didn't* know I'd got anything!" exclaimed the thief.

"I knowed you'd get ninety days if I caught up with you," retorted the witness, wagging his head triumphantly.

As the officer entered the station-house with his prisoner, the host, by another odd chance, was coming out, after stating his loss to the police, and identified his truant guest.

The money, all but thirty cents, was found upon him; and though he represented that he had lawfully earned it by haying in Dedham, the fact that it was in notes of the denominations which the plaintiff remembered was counted against him, and he got the ninety days which his captor had prophesied. He, too, sat down, and I saw him no more.

Now arose literally a cloud of witnesses, and came forward from some of the back seats, and occupied the benches hitherto held by the plaintiffs and wit-

nesses in the preceding cases. They were of all shades of blackness, and of both sexes and divers ages, and they were there in their solemn best clothes, with their faces full of a decorous if superficial seriousness. I must except from this sweeping assertion, however, the lady who was the defendant in the case: she was a young person, with a great deal of what is called style about her, and I had seen her going and coming throughout the morning in a high excitement, which she seemed to enjoy. It is difficult for a lady whose lips have such a generous breadth and such a fine outward roll to keep from smiling, perhaps, under any circumstances; and it may have been light-heartedness rather than light-mindedness that enabled her to support so gayly a responsibility that weighed down all the other parties concerned. She wore a tight-skirted black walking-dress, with a waist of perhaps caricatured smallness; her hat was full of red and yellow flowers; on her hands, which were in drawing with her lips rather than her waist, were a pair of white kid gloves. As she advanced to take her place inside the prisoner's bar she gave in charge to a very mournful-looking elder of her race a little girl, two or three years of age, as fashionably dressed as herself, and tottering upon little high-heeled boots. The old man lifted the child in his arms, and funereally took his seat among the witnesses, while the culprit turned her full-blown smile upon the judge, and confidently pleaded not guilty to the clerk's reading of the indictment, in which she was charged with threatening the person and life of the plaintiff. At the same moment a sort of pleased expectation lighted up all those dull countenances in the court-room, which had been growing more and more jaded under the process of the accusations and condemnations. The soddenest *habitué* of the place brightened; the lawyers and policemen eased themselves in their chairs,

and I fancied that the judge himself relaxed. I could not refuse my sympathy to the general content; I took another respite from the thought of my poor thief, and I too lent myself to the hope of enjoyment from this Laughable After-piece.

The accuser also wore black, but her fashionableness, as compared with that of the defendant, was as the fashionableness of Boston to that of New York; she had studied a subdued elegance, and she wore a crape veil instead of flowers on her hat. She was of a sort of dusky pallor, and her features had not the Congoish fullness nor her skin the brilliancy of the defendant's. Her taste in kid gloves was a decorous black.

She testified that she was employed as second-girl in a respectable family, and that the day before she had received a visit at the door from the defendant, who had invited her to come down the street to a certain point, and be beaten within an inch of her life. On her failure to appear, the defendant came again, and notified her that she should hold the beating in store for her, and bestow it whenever and wherever she caught her out-of-doors. These visits and these threats had terrified the plaintiff, and annoyed the respectable family with which she lived, and she had invoked the law.

During the delivery of her complaint, the defendant had been lifting and lowering herself by the bar at which she stood, in anticipation of the judge's permission to question the plaintiff. At a nod from him she now flung herself half across it.

"What 'd I say I'd whip you *for*?"

The Plaintiff, thoughtfully: "What 'd you say you 'd whip me *for*?"

The Defendant, beating the railing with her hand: "Yes, that's what I ast you: what *for*?"

The Plaintiff, with dignity: "I don't know as you *told* me what *for*."

The Defendant: "Now, now, none

o' that! You just answer my question."

The Judge: "She has answered it."

The Defendant, after a moment of surprise: "Well, then, I'll ast her another question. Did n't I tell you if I ever caught you goin' to a ball with my husband ag'in I'd"—

The Plaintiff: "I did n't go with your husband to no ball!"

The Defendant: "You didn't go with him! Ah"—

The Plaintiff: "I went with the crowd. I did n't know who I went with."

The Defendant: "Well, I know who paid fifty cents for your ticket! Why don't he give me any of his money? Hain't spent fifty cents on me or his child, there, since it was born. An' he goes with you all the time,—to church, and everywhere."

The Judge: "That will do."

The plaintiff, who had listened "with sick and scornful looks averse," stepped from the stand, and a dusky gentlewoman, as she looked, took her place, and corroborated her testimony. She also wore genteel black, and she haughtily turned from the defendant's splendors as she answered much the same questions that the latter had put to the plaintiff. She used her with the disdain that a lady who takes care of bank parlors may show to a social inferior with whom her grandson has been trapped into a distasteful marriage, and she expressed by a certain lift of the chin and a fall of the eyelids the absence of all quality in her granddaughter-in-law, as no words could have done it. I suppose it will be long before these poor creatures will cease to seem as if they were playing at our social conditions, or the prejudices and passions when painted black will seem otherwise than funny. But if this old lady had been born a duchess, or the daughter of a merchant one remove from retail trade, she could not have represented the unrelenting dowager more vividly. She bore witness to the blame-

less character of the plaintiff, to whom her grandson had paid only those attentions permissible from a gentleman unhappy in his marriage, and living apart from his wife,—a wife, she insinuated, unworthy both before and since the union which she had used sinister arts in forming with a family every way above her. She did not overdo the part, and she descended from the stand with the same contemptuous hauteur toward the old man who succeeded her as she had shown toward his daughter.

The hapless sire—for this was the character he attempted—came upon the stand with his forsaken grandchild in his arms, and bore his testimony to the fact that his daughter was a good girl, and had always done what was right, and had been brought up to it. He dwelt upon her fidelity to her virtuous family training, with no apparent sense of incongruity in the facts—elicited by counsel—to the contrary; and he was an old man whose perceptions were somewhat blunted as to other things. He maundered on about his son-in-law's neglect of his wife and child, and the expense which he had been forced to bear on their account, and especially about the wrongs his family had suffered since his son-in-law "got to going" with the plaintiff.

"You say," interpreted the judge, "that the plaintiff tried to seduce the affections of your daughter's husband from her?"

The old man was brought to a long and thoughtful pause, from which he was started by a repetition of the judge's question. "I—I don't know as I understand you, judge," he faltered.

"Do you mean that the plaintiff—the person whom your daughter threatened to beat—has been trying to get your daughter's husband's affections away from her?"

"Why, he hain't never showed her no affections, judge! He's just left *me* to support her."

"Very well, then. Has the plaintiff tried to get your daughter's husband away from her?"

"I guess not, judge. He hain't never took any notice of my daughter since he married her."

"Well, does your son-in-law go with this person?"

"With who, judge?"

"With the plaintiff."

"De ol' woman? No, he don't go wid de ol' woman any: *she's his gran'mother.*"

"Well, does he go with the young woman?"

"Oh, yes! *Yes!* He goes with the young woman. Goes with *her* all the time. That's the *one* he goes with!"

He seemed to be greatly surprised and delighted to find that this point was what the judge had been trying to get at, and the audience shared his pleasure.

I really forget how the cause was decided. Perhaps my train, which I began to be anxious not to lose, hurried me away before the *dénoûment*, as often happens with the suburban playgoer. But to one who cares rather for character than for plot it made little difference. I came away thinking that if the actors in the little drama were of another complexion how finely the situation would have served in a certain sort of intense novel: the patrician dowager, inappeasably offended by the low match which her grandson has made, and willing to encourage his *penchant* for the lady of his own rank, whom some fortuity may yet enable him to marry; the wife, with her vulgar but strong passions, stung to madness by the neglect and disdain of her husband's family,—it is certainly a very pretty intrigue, and I commend it to my brother (or sister) novelists who like to be praised by the reviewers for what the reviewers think profundity and power.

It was nearly a year later that I paid my second visit to the police court, on a day, like the first, humid and dull,

but very close and suffocatingly hot. It was a Monday morning, and there was a full dock, as I have learned that the prisoner's pen at the right of the clerk's desk is called. The clerk was standing with that sheaf of indictments in his hand, and saying, "John O'Brien!" and John O'Brien was answering, "Here, sor!" and the clerk was proceeding, "Complained of for being drunk guilty or not guilty pay a fine of one dollar and costs stand committed to the House of Industry," and then writing on the indictment, and tossing it aside. As I modestly took my stand at the door, till I should gather courage to cross the room to one of the vacant seats which I saw among the policemen, one of those officers of the court approached me and said, "No room for you here to-day, my friend. Go up on the Common." In spite of my share of that purely American vanity which delights in official recognition, I could not be flattered at this, and it was with relief that I found he was addressing a fellow-habitué behind me. The court-room was in fact very full, and there were no seats on the benches ordinarily allotted to spectators; so I at once crossed to my place, and sat down among the policemen, to whom I authorized my intrusion by taking my note-book from my pocket. I have some hopes that the spectators thought me a detective in plain clothes, and revered me accordingly. There was such a person near me, with his club sticking out of his back-pocket, whom I am sure I revered.

I had not come to report the events of this session of the court, but to refresh the impressions of my first visit, and I was glad to find them so just. There was, of course, some little change; but the same magistrate was there, serene, patient, mercifully inclined of visage; the colored attorney was there, in charge, as before, of a disastrous Irish case. The officials who tried to keep order had put off their flannel coats for

coats of seersucker, and each carried a Japanese fan; neither wore a collar, now, and I fancied them both a little more in flesh. I think they were even less successful than formerly in quelling disturbances, though they were even more courtly in the terms of their appeal. "Too much conversation in the court!" they called out to us collectively. "Conversation *must* cease," they added. Then one, walking up to a benchful of voluble witnesses, would say, "Must cease that conversation," and to my fellow-police-men, "Less conversation, gentlemen;" then again to the room at large, "Stop all conversation in the court," and "All conversation must cease entirely."

The Irish case, which presently came on, was a question of assault and battery between Mrs. O'Hara and Mrs. MacMannis; it had finally to be dismissed, after much testimony to the guilt and peaceable character of both parties. A dozen or more witnesses were called, principally young girls, who had come in their best, and with whom one could fancy this an occasion of present satisfying excitement and future celebrity. The witnesses were generally more interesting than the parties to the suits, I thought, and I could not get tired of my fellow-spectators, I suppose, if I went a great many times. I liked to consider the hungry gravity of their countenances, as they listened to the facts elicited, and to speculate as to the ultimate effect upon their moral natures — or their immoral natures — of the gross and palpable shocks daily imparted to them by the details of vice and crime. I have tried to treat my material lightly and entertainingly, as a true reporter should, but I would not have my reader suppose that I did not feel the essential cruelty of an exhibition that tore its poor rags from all that squalid shame, and its mask from all that lying, cowering guilt, or did not suspect how it must harden and deprave those whom it daily entertained. As I dwelt upon the dull

visages of the spectators, certain spectacles vaguely related themselves to what I saw: the women who sat and knitted at the sessions of the Revolutionary tribunals of Paris, and overwhelmed with their clamor the judges' feeble impulses to mercy; the roaring populace at the Spanish bull-fight and the Roman arena. Here the same elements were held in absolute silence, — debarred even from "conversation," — but it was impossible not to feel that here in degree were the conditions that trained men to demand blood, to rave for the guillotine, to turn down the thumb. This procession of misdeeds, passing under their eyes day after day, must leave a miasm of moral death behind it, which no prison or work-house can hereafter cure. We all know that the genius of our law is publicity; but it may be questioned whether criminal trials may not be as profitably kept private as hangings, the popular attendance on which was once supposed to be a bulwark of religion and morality.

Not that there was any avoidable brutality, or even indecorum, in the conduct of the trials that I saw. A spade was necessarily called a spade; but it seemed to me that with all the waste of time and foreign alloy the old Puritan seriousness was making itself felt even here, and subduing the tone of the procedure to a grave decency consonant with the inquiries of justice. For it was really justice that was administered, so far as I could see; and justice that was by no means blind, but very open-eyed and keen-sighted. The causes were decided by one man, from evidence usually extracted out of writhing reluctance or abysmal stupidity, and the judgment must be formed and the sentence given where the magistrate sat, amid the confusion of the crowded room. Yet, except in the case of my poor thief, I did not see him hesitate; and I did not doubt his wisdom — I am far from pronouncing his sentence unjust — even in

that case. His decisions seemed to me the result of most patient and wonderfully rapid cogitation, and in dealing with the witnesses he never lost his temper amid densities of dullness which it is quite impossible to do more than indicate. If it were necessary, for example, to establish the fact that a handkerchief was white, it was not to be done without some such colloquy as this:—

“Was it a white handkerchief?”

“Sor?”

“Was the handkerchief white?”

“Was it white, sor?”

“Yes, was it white?”

“Was what white, sor?”

“The handkerchief, — was the handkerchief white?”

“What handkerchief, sor?”

“The handkerchief you just mentioned, — the handkerchief that the defendant dropped.”

“I did n’t see it, sor.”

“Did n’t see the handkerchief?”

“Did n’t see him drop it, sor.”

“Well, did you see the handkerchief?”

“The handkerchief, sor? Oh, yes, sor! I saw it, — I saw the *handkerchief*.”

“Well, was it *white*?”

“It was, sor.”

A boy who complained of another for assaulting him said that he knocked him down.

“How did he knock you down?” asked the judge. “Did he knock you down with his fist or his open hand?”

“Yes, sor.”

“Which did he do it with?”

“Put his arms round me and knocked me down.”

“Then he did n’t *knock* you down. He *threw* you down.”

“Yes, sor. He didn’t *throw* me down. Put his arms round me and knocked me down.”

It would be impossible to caricature these things, or to exaggerate the charitable long-suffering that dealt with such cases. Sometimes, as if in mere

despair, the judge called the parties to him, and questioned them privately; after which the case seemed to be settled, without further trial.

I have spoken of the theatrical illusion which the proceedings of the court produced; but it often seemed to me also like a school where bad boys and girls were brought up for punishment. They were, indeed, like children, those poor offenders, and had a sort of innocent simplicity in their wickedness, as good people have in their goodness. One case came up on the occasion of my last visit, which I should like to report verbatim in illustration, but it was of too lurid a sort to be treated by native realism; we can only bear that sort when imported; and undoubtedly there is something still to be said in behalf of decency, at least in the English language. I can only hint that this case was one which in some form or other has been coming up in the police courts ever since police courts began. It must have been familiar to those of Thebes three thousand years ago, and will be so in those of cities which shall look back on Boston in an antiquity as hoary. A hard-working old fool with a month’s pay in his pocket and the lost soul with whom he carouses; the theft; the quarrel between the lost soul and the yet more fallen spirit who harbored her and traded at second hand in her perdition, as to who stole the fool’s money, — what stale materials! Yet I was as much interested as if this were the first case of the kind, and, confronted with the fool and the lost soul and the yet more fallen spirit, I could not feel that they were — let me say it in all seriousness and reverence — so very bad. Perhaps it was because they stood there reduced to the very nakedness of their shame, and confessedly guilty in what human nature struggles to the last to deny — stood there, as a premise, far past the hope of lying — that they seemed rather subjects for pity than abhorrence. The fool

and the lost soul were light and trivial; they even laughed at some of the grosser facts; but that yet more fallen spirit was ghastly tragical, as bit by bit the confession of her business was torn from her; it was torture that seemed hideously out of proportion to any end to be attained; yet as things are it had to be. If then and there some sort of redemption might have begun!

The divine life which is in these poor creatures, as in the best and purest, seemed to be struggling back to some relation and likeness to our average sinful humanity, insisting that if socially and publicly we denied it we should not hold it wholly outcast in our secret hearts, nor refuse it our sympathy. Seeing that on their hopelessly sunken level their common humanity kept that symmetry and proportion which physical deformity shows, one could not doubt that a distorted kindliness and good-nature remained to them in the midst of their depravity: the man was like a gray-headed foolish boy; the two women as simple and cunning as too naughty children. It could be imagined that they had their friendly moments; that in extremity they might care for each other; that even such a life as theirs had its reliefs from perdition, as in disease there is relief from pain, and no suffering, out of romance, is incessant. They had certainly their decorums, their criterions. On their plane, everything but the theft and the noisy quarrel was of custom and for granted; but these were misdemeanors and disgraceful. Like another hostess of the sort, the fallen spirit was aggrieved at these. "Do you think I keep thieves in my house? . . . The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before. . . . I'll no swaggerers. . . . There comes no swaggering here. . . . I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering." This is the sum of what she said that she had said in rebuke of the lost soul; that thieving and

that swaggering, they incensed her, and roused in her all the instincts of a moral and respectable person. Humanity adjusts itself to all conditions, and doubtless God forsakes it in none, but still shapes it to some semblance of health in its sickness, of order in its disorder, of righteousness in its sin.

I dare say that it was not a wholesome feeling, this leniency that acquaintance with sinners produces. There is much to be urged on that side, and I would like to urge it in considering the effect of daily attendance upon the police court of these spectators whom I have tried to study for the reader's advantage. I must own that the trial at which I have hinted did not affect them seriously, and I doubt if they psychologized upon it. They craned their necks forward and gloated on those women with an unmistakably obscene delight. If they were not beyond being the worse for anything, they were the worse for that trial. Why were they present? Theoretically, perhaps to see that justice was done. But if justice had not been done, how could they have helped it? The public shame seemed purely depraving both to those who suffered it and to those who saw it; and it ought to have been no part of the punishment inflicted. It was horrible, and it sometimes befell those who were accused of nothing, but were merely there to be tortured as witnesses. The lawyer who forced that wretched hostess to confess the character of her house used no unfair means, and he dealt with her as sparingly as he might; yet it was still a shocking spectacle; for she was, curiously enough, not lost to shame, but most alive to it, and, standing there before that brutal crowd, gave up her name to infamy, with atrocious pain and hate; her face was such a visage as hell-fire might flash into sight among the newly damned, but such as our familiar and respectable sunlight would do well not to reveal to any eyes but

magistrates' and priests'. Till one has seen such a thing it is incredible that it should be, and then incredible that it should possibly be of daily occurrence. It was as if the physicians in charge of a public hospital should permit that rabble to be present at a clinique for some loathsome disease, to see that there was no malpractice. If the whole trial could have taken place with closed doors, and with none present but the parties, the lawyers, and the court, what possible harm could have been done? I think none whatever, and I am so sure of this that I would not only have all the police trials secret, but I would never have another police report in print — after this! Then the decency of mystery, and perhaps something of its awe, would surround the vulgar shame and terror of the police court, and a system which does no good would at least do less harm than at present.

It will be perceived that like all reformers I am going too far. I begin with demanding secrecy in police trials, and I end by suggesting that they be abolished altogether. But in fact nothing struck me more forcibly in the proceedings of the police court than their apparent futility. It was all a mere suppression of symptoms in the vicious classes, not a cure. This one or that one would not steal, or assault and batter, for the given term of his imprisonment, but this was ludicrously far from touching even the tendency to theft and violence. These bad boys and girls came up and had their thrashing or their rap over the knuckles, and were practically bidden by the conditions of our civilization to go and sin some more. What else is to be done I confess that I do not know. Perhaps there is no cure

for vice and crime. Perhaps there is nothing but prevention, in the application of which there is always difficulty, obscurity, and uncertainty.

The other day, as I passed the courthouse, that sad vehicle which is called the Black Maria was driving away from the high portal into which it backs to receive its dead. (The word came inevitably; it is not so far wrong, and it may stand.) The Black Maria may still be Maria (the reasons why it should ever have been I do not know), but it is black no longer. On the contrary, it is painted a not uncheerful salmon color, with its false sash picked out in drab; and at first glance, among the rattling express wagons, it looked not unlike an omnibus of the living, and could have passed through the street without making the casual observer realize what a dreary hearse it was. I dare say it was on its way to the House of Industry, or the House of Correction, or Deer Island, or some of those places where people are put to go from bad to worse; and it was fulfilling its function with a merciful privacy, for its load of convicts might have been dragged through the streets on open hurdles, for the further edification of the populace. But I could not help thinking — or perhaps the thought only occurs to me now — that for all reasonable hope as to the future of its inmates the Black Maria might as well have been fitted with one of those ingenious pieces of mechanism by which some of our adoptive citizens propose to disable English commerce, and driven out to some wide, open space where the explosion could do no harm to the vicinity, and so when the horses and driver had removed to a safe distance —

But this is perhaps pessimism.

W. D. Howells.

AN ECHO OF PASSION.

I.

IN the midst of the stilly afternoon, Benjamin Fenn, lying on the grassy side of a hill at Tanford, looking over a low stone wall through the gap between a clump of light-leaved ash-trees and an oak which had gathered in its arms the shade of two centuries, gazed at a distant, mist-like sheet of water clasped in the wooded hollow far below. Its mild, humid sparkle was like a memory hidden away from the contact of every-day life, — a place in the past, where once he might have bathed his heart in a pleasant coolness, but which the dense growth of years had since concealed.

"It is strange," he said to his wife, "how that little Swallow Pond makes me think of the past; and yet I never saw it before."

In fact, they had but just come to Tanford, to spend the first vacation which the young chemist, employed by a large manufacturing house, had allowed himself since his marriage, five years before.

"I know what you mean," said she, looking up from her novel. She was nestled prettily on a traveling rug nearer the wall, with one of the lowest oak boughs darting out above and stretching its sharp-outlined leaves like a little roof above her pale golden head, — a sort of votive image, placed there for her husband to worship. "I have those sensations myself, sometimes, and I don't know what to make of them. How do you explain it, Ben? Is n't there something chemical, or physi— physiological about it, or something of that kind?"

A little bird in the neighboring birch-wood gave a loud, bright, astonished whistle at this question, and Mrs. Ethel's husband laughed under his soft reddish beard.

"There's more or less chemistry in everything," he answered, "and there's a little of nearly everything in chemistry. But I'm afraid it does n't account for this."

In his secret mind, his mood was by no means a laughing one. Had his wife, he asked himself, ever really experienced the sensation he had just felt? Hardly possible. Had she the least idea what he was thinking about? Equally impossible. Finally, would he be willing to tell her? To this question he conveniently deferred making any answer. He relapsed, instead, into the delicious dreaming quietude of a few minutes before, — gazing off again at the glimmer of Swallow Pond, with the rough blue mountains beyond; at the clouds which were lazily pulling themselves to pieces in the clear, airy blue above; at the sweet, fresh quiet of the solitary region that surrounded him. Now and then the definite but muffled sound of a woodsman's axe sent its regular "chock! — chock!" from some remote angle of the upland, ceasing again when the wielder rested his arm; and several times the rude tinkle of a cow-bell resounded along the shaven curve of the hill, from a pasture nearer the village. One of the cattle lowed.

"Do you notice, Ethel," Fenn suddenly asked, "that a slight echo — or perhaps it is a resonance — of that cow's lowing reaches us with the sound, and almost before the direct sound-waves?"

She did not respond at once; and when she did so it was with a slightly injured tone. "No, I have n't," she said.

"I'm not trying to humbug you," her husband assured her. "It's a very curious fact, which I never happened to observe before. In fact, I would n't have believed it, if I had n't just heard it."

"I suppose you mean *I* ought to have observed it," said the little saint under the oak-tree, not very sweetly.

"Not at all," said Fenn, quickly. "I thought it would interest you."

"Well, then," proceeded Ethel, with a light, saucy laugh, "tell the cow to tinkle or make some kind of noise again, and I'll listen."

"Please be serious," he begged, assuming a methodical expression. "This is a thing I can partly explain, if I could n't the other. We must be very near the spot where the rebound which makes the echo takes place; so we hear some reflected wave of sound just before the original pulse can travel way around the curve of the hill. Am I clear? It's very singular, though, very queer," he resumed, in surprise at his discovery. "There! Did n't you hear it, just then?"

The cow had lowed a second time.

"I think I did," said his wife. Then she burst into a hearty laugh. "What would that cow think, if she knew her own importance!" she exclaimed. "Do go and thank her, Ben, for her services to science. But no, that will make her too proud; she'll refuse to give any milk, and will abandon her domestic life, I'm afraid."

Fenn could n't help laughing, too, but his wife's levity irritated him. "How changeable you are!" he remarked, allowing a mild gloom to replace his smile.

"So are you," said Mrs. Ethel, who also had her reasons for annoyance. "You are always wanting me to be serious, to observe and all that; and then when I try to — as I did just now about that memory of the past, whatever it was — you won't encourage me."

"If that's the trouble, I'm very sorry, indeed," the husband declared, with a small sigh, but in almost too business-like a way, as if he were accustomed to these disagreements.

Mrs. Fenn, however, was not to be

pacified so easily. "I don't know that I mind that so much," she continued, "but I'm all out of sorts from reading, or trying to read, this wretched book. I can't imagine why you gave it to me. You'll never get over thinking I'm something to be experimented upon."

Fenn glanced carelessly at the volume in her hand. It was a translation of Goethe's *Elective Affinities*. "Women nowadays," he said, dryly, "especially the wife of a practical student, a man of serious mind like myself, ought not to shrink from investigation in any direction. I've expressed the same thing to you a thousand times before."

"Yes, a thousand times too often," retorted Ethel, looking prettier than ever in the flush of anger that lit her soft young features. "I think the book is atrocious, — unfit to read. It is wicked, and you ought not to have put it into my hands."

"My dear girl, you will never know the world, — you will never be ready to enter general society when I get rich enough for that, — if you don't take the trouble to read what I read, and what other people read, and to be versed in what the world talks of. This is only one of a thousand things, and not the most important, by any means. But you must cultivate a spirit of fearlessness, and make your knowledge wide."

"I don't want to know the world, if this is part of it," declared the young wife, with spirit. In a moment, she announced, with the air of heralding a fatal catastrophe, "I'm going back to the Institute."

The Institute was a large, nondescript wooden building with an immense colonnade, where they were boarding; so called because in winter it served the purpose of a country academy for young women. In summer it bloomed out as a prosperous hotel and seminary of social gossip, after a short season in the spring when it had no discoverable use of any kind.

"Don't let 's go back yet," Fenn objected, patiently. "It is so beautiful here."

"*You* can stay," said Ethel, still more solemnly, "and I'll leave the book with you."

She had risen as she spoke, and threw the novel down on the rug. Her face, which was fine and agreeable, had something rustic about it, though serene and luminous in its simplicity. Her eyes were round, rather than oval, above the long, smooth, charmingly modeled cheeks; and her eyebrows were of that half-uncertain kind, distinct enough, but altering in the degree of darkness at different points, — almost as if they were shadows thrown by a transient light, — and passing off into downiness at the ends, which give such a delicate softness to the brow. As she stood there, with the light hair straying loosely down her neck near her well-turned shoulders, the graceful bow-curve of her lips somewhat constrained by pique, any one examining her critically would have said she was a lovely young woman, more sentimental than accomplished, wanting the polish of a person often in society, but full of character.

Fenn, however, did not examine her critically. He was defending his dignity with an air of coldness; and as the Institute was not far off he assented to her proposition with an austere "Very well. I shall come before long," he added.

Then his wife turned and moved silently up the hill, through the birches.

When two people have been married five years, and do not yet understand one another, they must usually either be very happy at the prospect of a continual novelty in their intercourse, or else very miserable. Fenn, though devoted, had decided to be miserable.

He went on looking down into the landscape before him, after being left alone; but it no longer gave him the pleasure he had just been drawing from it. The fatigue of his life in the city

seemed to be returning and resuming its hold on him. He had married a penniless girl when himself almost without resources, and had toiled incessantly and ardently, not only for a support, but also to attain as soon as might be to a comparative independence, — for Fenn was ambitious; he longed for a time when he might cut more of a figure in the world, keep a large house, bring brilliant crowds about his wife and himself, enter upon chemical researches which would give him a reputation or professional standing. Though he described himself as a practical man and a person of serious mind, these visions floated continually before him. He had abstracted hundreds of hours from nights, after his commercial analyses and compoundings were over, to carry on experiments of his own, partly for the sake of knowledge, partly for fame, and partly with the aim of devising useful preparations which would make him rich. But, all this time, Ethel and he had not been entirely happy. They theorized about each other, and ended by having very untheoretical and downright quarrels. His devotion to his profession did not altogether please her. No child was born, who might have occupied and aided in developing her, and there was little in his life to soothe the overworked, restless man who had undertaken so much. Finally, he had broken away from his labors, and brought Ethel to Tanford, among the hills, thinking that they might recover strength and spirits there and make a fresh start. But as he lay here alone under the oak, he began to think the attempt would be a failure. Everything had gone delightfully for two or three days, but now there was a tiff again; it was always so; it seemed to him that he should not care any longer for the drowsy rustling of the leaves, the picturesque heights, the billowy farm lands stretching up and down over the broken country, the thick woods and deep, romantic hollows of

the place. Even as he looked again at Swallow Pond, in the bottom of the valley, the waters of memory there seemed to be troubled, now, instead of hazily calm and soothing.

What was this that emerged from his past, and haunted him so?

Three years before his marriage, when roaming over the country as an ardent young naturalist, — geologizing, botanizing, entomologizing, by way of diversion from his specialty, — he had taken it into his head to go and see a young lady, Miss Evans, whom he had once met in Cambridge, but who lived in the pretty region of Little Falls, in New York. She was a girl of great beauty, and sang (as people said) divinely. This voice of hers, which he had heard, returned to him at times, — a clear, vibrating strain, which startled him by singing in his ears as if it were actually present, even in the quietest, most deserted places, or amid the noise of streets. He seldom thought of her beauty, or incidentally, if at all. It was the sweetness of her tones that enthralled him. And when I say enthralled, I don't mean that there was any touch of love in the spell which she threw over him. He could have listened to her voice for hours, and followed it for unlimited distances; but that was all he cared for in her. Yet the recollection of its melody had such power over him that he gradually came to rate it among the necessities of his future that he should hear her sing again. This made it easy to yield to the fancy of going to Little Falls. As he thought it over, now, the whole thing brought a smile to his lips; yet it was a half-uneasy smile. Well, she had married, since, and was widowed. It was a Virginian whom she had chosen, with one of those mellow Southern names. Eulow, — that was the name. Fenn tried to think of her wonderful voice uttering these syllables, and found that his imagination reproduced the tone vividly.

On arriving at her father's house, a stately old country home, like many in that rich tract of the Mohawk Valley, the young man, who had n't much tact, and was led by habits of precise thought to be very explicit always, conceived an astounding plan of action.

"I dare say you never expected to see me here," he began, when Miss Evans was seated before him. "I have come to hear you sing."

"All the way from Boston?" she queried, with a laughing doubt in her dark eyes. And he fancied that her rich color grew more vivacious.

He rapidly explained the situation, with what might have been a misleading ardor. It was only his natural eagerness, a little heightened.

At this moment her father entered: an elderly, nervous gentleman, with an old-fashioned collar much crumpled under his loose curling hair, and a pair of Lille gloves only half drawn on. An invitation to Fenn to spend several days with them immediately followed.

"You can sing more than once for him, in that way, Anice," said her father.

"Perhaps once will be enough," she answered. "I dare say Mr. Fenn has been adding qualities to my voice, in his fancy, that it never had."

"I can soon tell whether that's so, or not," said he, with unconscious bluntness.

Anice sang two or three songs, and the young man sat with his reddish beard pointing sidewise and upward, his strong hands pressed upon his chair, the nails all alive with the pink of his vigorous blood, and a light of keen rapture on his handsome, sturdy face.

"It has not lost a bit; it has gained in power," he affirmed, decisively, at the end.

Anice was, very naturally, pleased, which she endeavored to conceal by poking fun at the young enthusiast, in various ways; while Mr. Evans, seeing

nothing dangerous in the posture of affairs, thought Fenn an excellent youth. The scientific student, however, had considered everything beforehand, and, as I have said, determined to be explicit. The next morning Miss Evans took him out for a walk about the farm, and he seized this opportunity, while they were skirting the dewy fields, to explain himself.

"It has occurred to me," he said, rather gently, "that you might not exactly understand my coming here, this way. You might think there was something underneath it. But my motive was just what I told you yesterday. I almost worship your voice, but I'm not a fellow with much sentiment, and I have n't any idea of making love to you. I know it is n't usual to speak plainly about these things," he continued rapidly, seeing a mixed, semi-quizzical look in her face, "but I want to enjoy your singing and your friendship in a fair, straightforward way, and it seemed to me a great deal better to avoid any embarrassments" —

Just here he found that he had precipitated the embarrassment he wished to avoid, and it tied his tongue. But Anice came to his relief with a laugh.

"Did you think that idea would ever have entered my head, about you?" she demanded, giving a fine edge to the last word that cut him a trifle, in spite of her gay good-feeling. "No, Mr. Fenn, there won't be any embarrassment at all. We shall be good friends, just as you propose; and as I'm very fond of singing I shall give you as much music as you like, while you stay."

Fenn indulged the absurd belief that everything had now been nicely arranged; but when he went to bed that night he discovered that he was in a mood of serious discomfort. The voice which had always hitherto been a pleasure of the ear and the intellect had that day stirred his blood, had thrilled his heart. All his senses were suddenly

open to Miss Evans's darkly moving beauty, and he could even fancy how he might be in love with her. The very act of definitely putting her out of the range of sentiment had excited this unexpected impulse to think of her in the nearer way, or at least had made him long for the liberty so to think of her.

"What an ass I have been!" he muttered, as he lay awake in the darkness, gazing at the square of stars framed by his window, with this new current of warm delight in her loveliness stirring in his veins. "I have put myself under a sort of bond, now, not to make any approach to admiring her in this way, and my visit is spoiled."

Possibly Anice suspected this revulsion on his part. At all events, she employed — whether voluntarily or not — all the power of her personal presence over him, during the succeeding days. In the open hospitality and free relation that brought them together there was opportunity enough for him to see her in various phases, and the charm of her dark hair, her glowing eyes, and vigorous grace of action grew upon him swiftly, as he watched her at the piano, in their walks, or on their drives with the retired lawyer, her father. One afternoon there was a picnic near the river, with some neighbors, at which Fenn was chagrined by observing the attention paid her by a young railroad officer from Albany. The last day that he remained with them was a Sunday; and as he sat with Mr. Evans and Anice in their pew in the ugly church, with the warm breathing of the breeze in the horse-chestnut trees heard through the open windows, he fancied that he must do something, say something, before going away, which should annul the effect of his horrible blunder. He was not sure that he might not even make a move to put himself in the light of a captive heart. At least he might open a correspondence with her.

But the young mistress of song gave

him no chance, not the least opening, for a new explanation. She had taken him at his word, and treated him with a frankness and seeming directness that were more fatally in his way than the most ingenious reserve and coyness could have been; and she made it impossible for him to depart otherwise than as an eccentric friend, or a cousin from whom nothing in the way of tender regard could possibly be looked for.

"I have got precisely what I bargained for," he said to himself, as the train bore him away; "and yet I feel that I've been cheated."

For a time he wondered whether an approach by letter would be successful, and whether, after all, that was not what Miss Evans suspected him of intending. What kept him thinking about her was this inability to fathom her mode of taking him. He was almost ready to stake his future for the sake of finding out whether there was a laugh at the bottom of her heart, when she thought of him, or something more flattering. Even at this moment of recalling the affair, "There was always mystery in Anice," he said to himself. "Every woman is something of a mystery; but she had a special mystery within that of her sex. How odd it would have been, if I had followed out that romance!" But he had not done so. A year later he met Ethel, and then he married her. Anice and her voice became a dream, a vagary which had lost its hold upon him. Yet did he not sometimes remember with a strange thrill how, two nights before he saw her last, she had sung Adelaide, with the moonlight breaking through the vine along the veranda, and pouring in to mingle with those insidiously passionate and touching strains?

As he was reminding himself of this, Fenn started up from the grass and listened, with a singular expression, almost of fright. He could have sworn that the ghostly voice of eight years ago was floating through the air. First, a faint,

momentary hum, then the full voice, freighted with mystic pathos, came around the heavy mass of the hill, from some spot not a quarter of a mile away.

Yes; it was true! The peculiar echo he had noticed had come to him first, like a sound made faint by the years; and then the voice rang out softly. It was Adelaide. The same tones were embodying the song. Fenn was sure he could not be mistaken in their identity; and that Anice Evans — Anice Eulow — had by some chance drifted to Tanford, and was at that instant so near him that he could hear her singing. The voice and the blended echo went on, like the past and present mingling in his thoughts. Trembling, he could not tell why, Fenn threw himself upon the ground once more, and waited in a kind of trance until the breaking melody ceased.

II.

For a moment or two he listened, to see if it would recommence. There was no further sound. He rose; he tried to persuade himself that the whole thing had been an hallucination. But this, again, made him shake his head; and, gathering up mechanically the rug and the book which had been left by his wife, he climbed over the wall, and set off across the field, in the direction of the songstress's voice, as if obeying it. The sun was getting low, and birds began to dart about above his head; the cows went on tinkling their bells in a discontented, drowsy manner. Fenn scarcely knew which way his steps were taking him, except that he was moving around the hill. Presently he came to a farm-house, which appeared to be driven into the steep slope like the head or bill of some creature clinging there, with a huge barn spread out disdainfully, tail-wise, towards the landscape. The house had vines and bushes about it, giving it a fresh and pleasant air;

but there was nothing to indicate that this was the place from which the song had come. The chemist paused, nevertheless, and while he was observing the lifeless buildings a figure suddenly emerged from the barn, — a man carrying a hoe. Fenn saw that he grasped it in a hand only partly thrust into a silk glove; then the crumpled stock and tumbled hair at the man's neck began to look familiar. It was Mr. Evans.

The young man did not hasten up to intercept him. On the contrary, he allowed the lawyer to disappear around the corner of the barn, on some errand of amateur agriculture. Fenn then moved forward with an assured step towards the japonica clump that rose stiffly by the side door of the dwelling. Behind the hedge of branch and leaf that guarded the wide porch there, he felt sure he should find Anice Eulow; and in another moment he stood face to face with her.

"Did n't I hear you singing?" he asked, taking off his hat, and bending forward to look at her, with an odd appearance of having just discovered a new creature whose attributes he did n't wholly understand.

She rose in astonishment from the hammock where she sat languidly half reclining. "Is it possible? Is it you, Mr. Fenn?" In an instant her manner had melted into easy friendliness, like that of the days at Little Falls, as she went on: "You are as abrupt as ever, I see. It was eight — oh, it was *very* long ago you heard me singing. You speak as if a few weeks had passed."

She offered him her hand, at the same time, and he took it; noticing as he did so that her beauty had deepened and expanded wonderfully since he had seen her last, — a beauty which, being concentrated upon no one object, seemed to exhale itself in a wasted richness about her, like the perfume of violets, as she stirred, and spoke, and looked at him.

"No, I'm sure it was a few moments ago," he said, earnestly. "I was half-way round the hill. I was sitting there — Yes, a few moments, and yet it is the same song of years ago."

"Adelaide?" she asked, with a soft, melaucholy questioning of the brows. And as she said it one would have thought her very eyes might sing.

Fenn made a silent affirmation.

"Ah, yes," she returned, "I had just come from the piano a moment, when you appeared there. Really, you were almost too like a ghost, Mr. Fenn. And so you remembered? How curious! — you remembered that that was the song."

He was surprised that she should suspect him of being able to forget it. Reflecting, in a moment, that she had herself named the melody, he asked, with the old bluntness, which seemed to have returned to plague him, "Remembered? Of course. And you did, did n't you?"

She avoided his glance, and, while apparently hearing him and preparing to answer, glided into reverie, from which she again started. "How absurd this is, to be talking of old songs, when we meet here as friends that might almost have forgotten each other! You have n't allowed me a single question about yourself, yet; and then — why, one would think you would ask a few about *me*." She said this with such a light, friendly, innocent coquettishness that the young man drew in a new breath of surprise and pleasure, and smiled. She had resumed her graceful pose in the hammock.

"I never thought of that," he said. "I don't seem to have any questions. I know you were married, and that your name is Mrs. Eulow, but I always think of you as Anice Evans. You know that's natural enough; but you must n't imagine I was dull and unsympathetic about what was happening to you. I had been hoping I should meet your

husband, some time; and then, when I heard he was dead"—

He hesitated, as if fearing that he had touched a mournful chord too harshly.

"Yes, it was very sudden and strange. How little we thought or knew of our lives, you and I, when you came up to the Mohawk to see me!" murmured Mrs. Eulow.

"What has impressed me most," he replied, "was the degree of feeling one person could have for another, in such a sorrow, without being able to express it. I could n't write to you. I hardly thought I knew you well enough, or that you remembered me enough, to make it acceptable."

His sincerity of manner roused a fresh interest in Mrs. Eulow. For men and women who have been apart since the dawn of maturity to meet thus, after entering separate careers and suffering alteration, is like what we can fancy an encounter would be, in some other world, of two persons who had known each other in this. They are the same, yet obscurely different. The definiteness of their former relation is gone; an uncertainty takes its place, which may result in attraction, repulsion, or indifference. But in the first moments there is always a pleasant excitement. Fenn and Mrs. Eulow were both occupied with this, and little spaces of silence broke their conversation, during which a singular, vague communion of thoughts would establish itself.

"And you had found we were here, — father and I?" she resumed, as if continuing this mute interchange.

"Not until I heard you sing. I caught sight of your father as I came towards the house. I have n't the least idea what brought you here; yet, after the first instant of surprise, it seemed perfectly natural. The fact is,"— Fenn bent his head and brushed his fingers together, with a nervous laugh, but went on boldly, as if there could be nothing compromising in the announce-

ment,—"I happened to be thinking about you, just before your voice reached me."

Mrs. Eulow's eyes flashed, softly, in the gathering dimness of the porch. Or was it a wandering spark of the sunset, which at this moment began to fill the liquid air?

"And now please to account for yourself," the widow demanded gayly. "'What have been your adventures?'" as they used to say, in the old romances. Why should you have come to Tanford, any more than I? Your wife is with you, of course." She glanced at the rug and the book, silent witnesses of Ethel's existence.

Fenn, too, looked at these objects, with a foolish fear that they might reveal the cause of his wife's not being present. "Oh, yes," he said. "We are staying in Tanford,—up at the Institute, if you've heard of that. We shall be here a number of weeks."

"I shall be so glad to see her," Anice assured him. "And your children. Oh—have you children?"

Fenn felt a burning sensation in his eyes. The suddenness of this had brought a bitter moisture to them, which he was wholly unused to. "No," he answered, in a strong, deep voice; "Ethel and I have only each other."

"Ah, think how much more that is than I have!" exclaimed Mrs. Eulow, with a swift tenderness of sympathy, a genuineness of tact, which went to his heart. "I hope Mrs. Fenn and I shall have some nice talks and drives together. Papa and I hired this whole house for the summer, from a good farmer who has mortgaged his very bones, I believe; and he goes on with the farm, but lives in another house, so we are very comfortable. But you have more people to see at your Institute."

"Yes. We don't know many of them, though, and summer boarders don't always show to advantage."

"Just the thing! I was hoping it

would beso!" cried Mrs. Eulow. "Now you and Mrs. Fenn will come down often. And I have a good saddle horse."

"I don't think Ethel rides," said Fenn, awkwardly.

"But she reads. You won't think me too curious, will you, if I ask what that book is?" she went on, pointing to the gray muslin-covered volume, which he had laid on a chair. "I'm always so interested in what people are reading."

He took it up and handed it to her, rather reluctantly. "I must say, Ethel does n't like it."

Mrs. Eulow read the title. "Nor I. Do you?" Her tone was quite simple and direct.

"Oh, it's worth while reading. It's curious," said Fenn.

"Yes; but that's all. I don't detest Goethe, as so many people do," she explained. "But then this story is so cold and mechanical. It chills you, like a talking automaton. His mind must have been a strange one, I think,—a sort of stoniness in it. The idea of a poet making a cold theory of these things,—a chemical law of human passions! You can't put down mysteries in terms of arithmetic."

"I think you're right, no doubt," said Fenn. "Love and science don't always go well together." And he fell to thinking whether this remark had not a special bearing on his life.

"So you see, Mrs. Fenn and I shall agree, exactly."

"You remind me that I must go," he said, making haste to get up from his chair. "The sunset is almost gone over Sheep's Back."

"But you must speak to papa. How queer that I did n't think of calling him! All this is such a surprise." She rose, returning him the book as she moved towards the steps, with a lingering movement of the arm that produced an effect as if she were dropping her hand gently into his, although she was

evidently unconscious of this. His own fingers closed upon the volume, but his eyes watched the hand,—white, firm, and beautiful, yet with a sadness, he chose to think, in all its motions and even its contour.

She called Mr. Evans, in her sweet voice, which retained all its vernal strength. "I don't believe he will hear me," she said, after waiting; and Fenn wondered if any one else could be so deaf.

"Shall we go and find him?" he suggested.

"Oh, yes; and then I will show you my horse,—just like old times," said Mrs. Eulow, taking up her noiseless, cool black skirt in one of those sad hands, and descending the steps.

Finding the barn open and deserted, they went in. The farther end gave upon the rugged, woody valley, which fell away almost cavernously in the gathering twilight, showing the pond far below, gleaming faintly like a pearl from the depths. Over Sheep's Back mountain the sunset was slowly dissolving into the mysterious green pallor of a lingering summer evening. Without a word, they traced their way to the wide doors, and looked out at the landscape. "Ah, how peaceful and fresh it is here!" she sighed at last.

They had quite forgotten Mr. Evans.

A horse was whinnying and pawing in one of the stalls, and this sound recalled her. "Poor Star!" she said. "He knows I'm here. Shall we go back and look at him? I can't conceive where father is; but you know how restless he was,—always half doing things, and trying to feel very busy. He's just the same now, and greatly agitated just at present about the badness of your New England farming."

So they went in and saw Star, a fine bay stallion, who put his nose down to be stroked by his mistress. She fed him with hay, through the crib; and then Fenn also patted him on the nose.

As he did so, his usually firm hand trembled. He drew it away quickly.

"Well, I must give up seeing Mr. Evans to-night," he said abruptly, almost with irritation. "Please remember me very warmly to him, Mrs. Eulow."

He was about to go by way of the house; but, remembering that the road wound around just below the barn, he turned in that direction again. "Good-night," he said, but was afraid to offer his treacherous hand.

"Good-night, Mr. Fenn. Father will be so glad to hear of your being here, I'm sure." She accompanied him to the door; but he leaped down at once to the bank below. Then he turned.

"You must come up to the Institute. Ethel will be greatly pleased."

"I shall come to-morrow," said Mrs. Eulow, in her gentlest tone, "if she will let me. Tell her how much I'm looking forward to it."

He waved another farewell, with his hat, and walked briskly up the road.

When he had got as far as the bend towards the village, an irresistible desire to look around seized him. Anice was no longer in the wide door-way. He was relieved, yet disappointed. "But why," he asked himself, "should I feel either way about it? She could n't possibly stand there gazing after me. What sense would there be in it?" Nevertheless, he sat down on the road-bank, a little farther on, and mused. He pretended to himself that he wanted to cut a walking-stick, and selected a straight wild cherry, which he attacked vigorously; and then, having severed it, he held it idly in his hand. If he had been able to pronounce upon the feeling with which he had looked up at Anice Eulow, when he left her, he would have known that it was not — as he believed — a wave of compassion for her loneliness and possible suffering that had beaten against his heart, but a sudden pity for himself because he could not

touch her, could not raise her hand to his lips or press them upon her forehead. To what end? So far was he from any thought of profanation that he did not at the moment even suspect the real scope of that dim longing which her deep and friendly eyes had awakened in him. . . . He gave up the attempt to unravel his confused reverie; lopped a few twigs from the cherry; threw it away, and took up the burden of the rug and the book. But before he reached the hotel he had come to this conclusion: "It is not in Anice that the mystery is which I was thinking of, just now. It must be in me. She is a sweet, natural, true-hearted woman; that's all. It's very simple."

"I was getting very anxious about you," said his wife, as he stepped within the big colonnade, which was adorned by a number of listless figures, in chairs or promenading, among them being two or three young men in straw hats seated with piratical recklessness on the railings at each end. "Have you been under the oak, all this time?"

"No; but it's hard saying what I have n't done. I've visited a house and a barn, taken a new walk, cut a cane, and met a friend whom I had n't seen for years."

"Do I know his name?" asked Ethel, as they went through the hall to the tea-room. The angry ripple of their small dispute had passed away completely.

"It's not my luck that she should be a man," said Fenn. "But you will have a delightful companion, now, Ethel. It's Mrs. Eulow. I don't think I've ever mentioned her to you, have I? Did you ever hear me speak of her singing?"

"No. At least I don't remember it. But I hope she'll sing for us here, if she's going to stay."

The tea-room, which had about it the desolateness of a recent battle-field, still contained one tardy occupant, — a col-

legian with bent shoulders, frouzy hair, and eye-glasses, whose lean awkwardness made him look like a harmful bug with prominent vitreous eyes, suddenly stiffened in alcohol so that he could n't unbend. His rigid presence restrained their conversation for a few moments, and gave Fenn time to reflect with satisfaction upon his wife's lenient mode of accepting his absence and of treating his friend the widow as a matter of course. Whatever else they had passed through, these companions had never yet been vexed by even the most evanescent fear that they were not bound up in one another; and the man, remembering this, was at once aware that a flaw in their trust at this particular moment would be inopportune and, in some indirect way not clear to him, exceedingly perilous. When the noxious student had at last carried himself stiffly out of the room, Fenn answered Ethel's questions about Anice with great vivacity and a steady conscience.

"It's very simple," Fenn had informed himself. But when, before retiring to rest, he went out alone upon the balustraded roof of the colonnade, and stood for a moment under the warm, thick stars, he suffered a renewed palpitation of those wayward ardors which had first thrilled him when looking at the starry field through his window in the old Evans home. What did this mean? He told himself that it was wrong; more than that, it was unreal, impossible. He was sure that he loved his wife as devoutly as ever. The wedded affection of five years could not waver and yield in an afternoon to the mere resuscitation of a chimera. And yet here were these old emotions pushing themselves upward and blossoming again like flowers in an early spring. This same fancy of the flowers brought him some relief; for at least, he argued, he was no more responsible for any reviving sentiment than he was for the blossoms of spring. Every season must

bring back its old associations, and at any moment there might float across his heart some wild fragrance of a forgotten passion, like that of the hidden arbutus. Acquitting himself thus with a simile, he went off to his room.

Sleep and the malicious frankness of dreams had something else in store for him. Far on towards dawn he found himself standing where the solid ground fell away into darkness and mist, in the lower spaces of which he discerned a pearl of fabulous size. It appeared to him that he plunged downward to secure it, and when he rose again to where he had been standing, Anice Eulow was beside him.

III.

There can be few positions more comfortless and provoking for a man than to be present at the first meeting of two women in whom he is deeply interested, feeling that he must observe what impression they are making on each other. Fenn began to see this before the expected call took place. Yet why should he pay any heed to their mutual impressions? He was satisfied with his wife, was he not? And the fact of his having chosen her ought alone to command the respect of any other woman who professed a friendship for him. Then, again, if Ethel should n't happen to like Mrs. Eulow, why need that prevent his rejoicing as much as ever in his old friend? This kind of reasoning was all very well; but it did not allay his discomfort. Lay our plan of action never so nicely, determine our relations to people with what independence we will, industrious fancy will break in and demolish in a single hour the whole structure. Fancy is perpetually playing with things as they are, and arranging them as they ought to be; and by and by this play is found to be the most palpable and terribly effective earnest.

The first interview, however, passed off easily enough. Mr. Evans was greatly exhilarated at meeting again the stalwart enthusiast about his daughter's singing; the two women glided together without any visible shock, Mrs. Eulow's gloved hand clasping Ethel's bare and unsophisticated little fingers with soft cordiality.

"We came early," said the widow at length, breaking through the busy web of miscellaneous talk, "for two reasons: we thought we should be more likely to find you; and then father wants you both to come and take an early dinner with us, at the farm-house."

Ethel's round eyes brightened, and she and her husband settled the thing by a glance.

"You will come, then?" said Mrs. Eulow, with a smile that would have convinced the most hardened social skeptic.

"We will all walk down together, if you say so," put in her father.

"Can you get ready, Ethel?" Fenn asked, with a singular desire to appear indifferent.

His wife rose. "It's only putting on a bonnet and something," she said; and then she turned to Anice. "Would you like to see our beautiful apartment? Will you come up?" she suggested.

Fenn was afraid this was too familiar; but country boarding makes its own standard of manners, and besides Anice assented so promptly that the movement was spontaneous. As they went out, he saw that it was an excellent chance: it put him wholly at ease. It is generally a good sign for newly acquainted women to run off together, in this way. What can the mysterious initiation be, the informal freemasonry by which, with the aid of a looking-glass and a little millinery and a few aimless sentences, they establish an understanding, when closeted in a room by themselves? I should hardly dare to ask, and I don't believe they could explain; but if they come

down looking highly pleased with themselves, you may be sure the rite has succeeded. It was so in this instance. Neither Anice nor Ethel would be likely to deploy the least "gush;" the widow made no claim upon the wife on the score of old acquaintance with her husband, and Ethel did not offer the smallest pretense of having frequently heard of Mrs. Eulow, because in fact she never had heard of her until the day before, and contented herself with suppression of that truth. But as they came out from the room, and were about to descend the bleak, uncarpeted stairs, Mrs. Eulow put her arm for an instant around her companion's girlish figure, and Ethel gave her a quick affectionate glance before the pressure was withdrawn again; not a syllable being uttered on either side.

The little wife looked wonderfully pretty in her cream-tinted *crépisse* with bands of black lace coming down over the front. She carried a brilliant Japanese sunshade, and walked in advance with Mr. Evans.

"You are very happy to have found such a wife," said Mrs. Eulow, whom Fenn was attending. "You must allow me to say that much."

"I'm glad you agree with me," he answered, hardly knowing what to say. Nothing is more welcome to a man than a compliment upon his wife, and yet when it comes from another woman he is embarrassed by not being able to utter all that he feels. At this moment, notwithstanding those freaks of sentiment which had troubled him the day before, Benjamin Fenn worshiped Ethel, and would have felt a fierce indignation at any doubt cast upon his loyalty to her.

But as he moved along side by side with Anice, he was thinking continually about the husband whom he had never seen. He had tried to sound her father on the subject, in the few moments they had had alone; but he fancied the old gentleman did not want to talk about

Eulow. "What a pity that I never saw your husband!" he now said, abruptly.

A slight cloud crossed her face. "You may think it strange," she said, "but I'm not certain that you would have liked him. He was so different."

"From me, you mean? Or from you?"

"Both," was the reply, after a slight hesitation. Anice began to see her mistake in saying too much.

"I'm afraid I have done wrong to talk of it," said he. "The thought crossed me, and I'm forever thinking aloud. But as to difference, you and I are a good deal unlike, and yet we have been good friends, when we knew each other."

"When we *knew*? You speak as if it were all over." She half smiled, yet as she turned her eyes towards his, under the shade of her parasol, there was an intensity in them, unexpected to both.

"Oh, no," he assured her. "That was a careless phrase. I hope we are only beginning."

The tone was that of compliment, and he, too, smiled. But neither of them could forget that swift exchange of glances which revealed something under the words.

"Don't let us talk of those times," she said, with the first trace of confusion she had betrayed. "At least, not of what we have just spoken about. I like to remember your coming to Little Falls; but you must take me now just as I am. When one has suffered, and everything has changed, it is pleasant to meet an old acquaintance, and have it go on as if nothing had happened."

Again she seemed to have said too much, or to have said what might bear too much meaning. But it could n't be helped.

"Every one suffers," said Fenn, unguardedly. Then, after an instant, "And do I seem the same to you that I used to?"

"Almost exactly," returned the widow. The announcement seemed to give

her nearly as much pleasure as it gave him. Her color was rising, from the exercise perhaps, and her eyes beamed.

Fenn glanced from her to his wife, and unconsciously compared them. Ethel was like some gay tropical bird, in her light dress and bright colors. With Anice, the black walking garb touched here and there with dark violet, though wrought with not a little elegance, was a mere accompaniment to her superb figure and the face so gentle but commanding. They were silent for some time, until Fenn, in his rapid, investigating way, declared, "I smell English violets. Don't I?"

"Do you want me to deny it?" asked Anice, laughing, and quite at ease again.

He answered seriously and in surprise: "No. Why?"

"I thought you were determined to have an argument, you began so vigorously," said she, still with humor. "Besides, it's a maxim, is n't it, for men of science to deny until a thing is proved? — and I might supply the denial, at any rate."

"But really," he resumed, "I felt sure of it. Perhaps you use violet for a perfume."

"I don't think I'm bound to tell you that," she returned. "But I will, since you're so puzzled."

"Then that's the explanation. You do use it."

"No."

He appeared greatly mystified, and she made no secret of enjoying his bewilderment. "You have violet ribbon, at any rate," he presently discovered, with amusing satisfaction, after carefully surveying her.

"Yes; but it's not so life-like as to have a perfume."

"Well, I give it up, then," said Fenn, in assumed despair. "The color is an aniline dye; I know that. But even that does n't explain my perfume. I must have imagined it."

And they had now arrived at the

farm-house, where Mr. Evans and Ethel, who had been chatting all the way with much animation, were waiting for them. The dinner, taken in a room which looked out on Sheep's Back and the valley, was simple but remarkably good: it was evident from all the appointments that father and daughter had plenty of money, and they were so far lifted above the average American lot as to have good servants. Mr. Evans even opened a bottle of champagne, for which the circumstance of his having got it extraordinarily cheap served as an indirect apology.

"When Anice and I went abroad with Eulow for his health—it did n't avail after all, poor fellow!—we stopped one day at a little village in the Champagne country, and"—

His daughter here interrupted, by talking to Fenn, possibly not liking the odd conjunction of Eulow's death and a special importation of champagne, a case of which had been brought with them for summer use; so her father continued his narrative to Ethel. There was no interruption of harmony, however, and the conversation progressed very entertainingly. As they were finishing dessert, and the young man, lifting his glass, was sipping from it slowly and gazing across the bowl at the hazy hill outside, Mrs. Eulow made some allusion to the garden at Little Falls,—"close by where the bed of English violets was, you remember."

"That's it!" exclaimed Fenn, setting

down the glass so sharply as to risk its stem. "I had forgotten all about it. But when I met you, last evening, a kind of reminiscence must have come to me: I know I thought there was a violet perfume, then. Ah, yes, that explains it. It was association."

There was a light, mischievous sparkle in Mrs. Eulow's eyes, as if she had half suspected the cause of his hallucination about the violets, and had purposely brought out the explanation; but she smiled with him at the discovery. Ethel and Mr. Evans, noticing the excitement, were allowed a share in it; Anice giving the details with a charming grace.

"It's as remarkable in a mental way," said the chemist, positively, "as my echo is in acoustics!" And this gave rise to a fresh explanation, on his part.

During all this, Ethel had been looking at her husband a little pensively. He was always energetic, but it struck her that just then he was excited. It was strange to her, also, to find him gliding back into the past so easily,—a past of which she knew so little,—accompanied by this accomplished woman, of whom she likewise knew almost nothing. It was odd that Ben should have reminiscences, associations with her, so penetrating, of which she, his wife, was ignorant. But the surprise and slight dissatisfaction aroused by this were only momentary, and faded away in the general good-feeling and interest of the occasion.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE GUERDON.

To the quick brow Fame grudges her best wreath,
While the quick heart to enjoy it throbs beneath;
On the dead forehead's sculptured marble shown,
Lo, her choice crown,—its flowers are also stone.

J. J. P.

A SUNDAY AT POROS.

I HAD received an invitation to spend a September Sunday at Poros, a little island in the *Ægean* Sea, lying to the southeast, and about five hours distant by steamer from the port of Piræus. It is one of a group made famous in the Greek revolution of 1821 by the bravery of its Albanian settlers, in defense of a country which they had never adopted for their own till this moment of danger came. Some two centuries ago, Albanian fugitives, who had fled from their northern home on account of the oppression of their Turkish rulers, alighted like wild sea-birds on the rocky cliffs of Hydra, Speza, and Poros. Here they built their nests high and secure, above the reach of invasion, feeling themselves safe as long as they could keep control of the surrounding waters. Joined from time to time by small companies of their countrymen, they gradually increased in numbers, and formed themselves into a more stable community, with laws and habits of its own. For a moderate sum and the additional contribution of one hundred and fifty sailors annually to the Ottoman fleet, they purchased from the Turks the right of self-government. Fearless mariners and shrewd traders, the men were constantly engaged in expeditions which were not without a wild corsair element. Piratical or not, these excursions were often remunerative, and led them not only through the length and breadth of the Mediterranean, but also to the Atlantic shores of Spain and France. Thence, in exchange for their supplies of Russian wheat, etc., they brought back gold; and from the Levant, diamonds and precious stuffs. The gold they concealed in deep wells built for the purpose within their houses, and they decked their fair wives and daughters in the silks and jewels. At the time of the revo-

lution, these Albanian settlements had developed into a colony of rich and imperious merchants, who lived in their island homes with a rude, barbaric luxury. They held themselves aloof from the Greeks of the main-land, and regarded them as strangers and almost as enemies, to be treated with suspicion and reserve. Although the revolution of 1821 was directed against their old oppressors, the Turks, these islanders were slow to break their habit of distrust and identify themselves with the cause of the Greeks. They were, indeed, too comfortable, and felt themselves too secure in their eyries, half palace, half fortress, to engage rashly in a struggle of such uncertain issue. When they understood, however, that it was to be a war of extermination, meaning death not only to the Greeks themselves, but also to every occupant of Greek soil, the instinct of self-preservation, as well as hatred of the Turk, urged them to take part in the national cause. Once embarked, they threw themselves into it with a wild enthusiasm and a dauntless daring, due partly to their nature, and partly to their training as freebooters of the sea. They brought to it moreover, the hoarded wealth of many years. Albanian captains, Albanian ships, and Albanian gold became the strength of the Greek and the dread of the Turk. The successful close of the revolution found them as firmly allied with the Greek nationality as they had previously been alien to it, and there are now no names more honored and beloved in Athens, no families more influential in its polite circles, than those of the Albanian leaders in the war of 1821, the Tombazis, the Miaulis, the Condouriotis.

My good fortune had brought me into friendly relation with a young lady who

was the direct descendant of one of these heroes. Often she had talked to me with enthusiasm of her home on the *Ægean* Sea, "my country," as she called it; applying the word in a narrower sense, even, than its reference to her native island, for these sea-girt settlers held not only their goods and their gold, but even their dead, locked within the narrow precincts of their own land. The path to my friend's door lay literally between the tombs of her ancestors, and this custom still holds good on some of these old estates.

It happened, then, that one fair September day, in compliance with her oft-repeated "You must see my country before you go back to your own home," I joined her on board one of the steamers which run between Nauplia and Piræus several times a week, stopping always at these islands on their way. Leaving Piræus at seven o'clock in the morning, we reached our destination, the island of Poros, at two o'clock. Greece is so often regarded as a link between half-barbarous Turkey and Western Europe, rather than as sharing European civilization, that to the general reader it may be a matter of surprise that two ladies could safely make a trip of this kind without the protection of a gentleman, or even the attendance of a servant. And yet my companion, about twenty-two years of age, had responsibilities and an independence of position rare for her sex and age even in America. Her mother was a widow, and their large estate, with its extensive lemon and olive plantations, was superintended exclusively by her daughter. This young girl directed the sales of fruit, and conducted the foreign business correspondence with Turkey, France, and England in the three languages. She chose her own overseer, and, though living in Athens, made visits almost every month to the estate, which was reached either by a rough horseback journey from Poros, or by

boat from Hydra, over a sea liable to be blown into fury by a hurricane at a moment's notice. By her friends she was called the Squire, and many older and more experienced persons came to her for advice on many topics. On her own domain she was treated as the guardian of the people. She was godmother to almost every child born on the place, and was expected to take an interest and feel a certain responsibility in the future career of the children thus commended to her care. With all this, she was studying foreign languages, going to balls, and taking her place in the world, like any other young lady of fashion. It is true she was an exception in her own country, but so she would be in any other. I was sorry that, being called back to Athens by circumstances sooner than we expected, I did not after all see my friend's property. Perhaps we owed in part to her position the consideration and courtesy with which we were treated, but I believe that any ladies might have made the same excursion unmolested.

The journey, short as it was, recalled centuries of interest. Gliding out between the two guardian light-houses of the port, we crossed the bay of Salamis, its beautiful views enriched by every association of history and art, to the island of *Ægina*. Our short pause there gave us a cursory glimpse of its ancient temple, sketched against the sky, and its modern town. Having landed some of our passengers here, we kept on our course once more for Poros.

This island lies very near the mainland, curving sharply toward it at either end, so that the coast and the island shore together form a protected harbor, almost closed at the west and south by its two portal-like entrances. Steamers usually come in at the one, and pass out at the other. From within, this inclosed sheet of water seems like a mountain lake, one shore of which (the island shore) is barren and rocky, while the

other is green with fragrant orange and lemon groves. The town of Poros stands midway between the two entrances of the harbor. The first impression, as it lay basking in the sun, on the day of our arrival, was that of a white, glittering mass of houses and church towers rising steeply, terrace above terrace, from the water's edge to the high, rocky peaks, which were picturesquely crowned with windmills. So precipitous is the ascent that the upper houses can be reached only by flights of stone steps, or by narrow, steep alleys winding irregularly between the buildings. The one street runs immediately along the shore, and is paved with large, rough stones. Here are the shops and the market.

A throng of idlers were lounging on the quay, and watching the arrival of the steamer, around which a number of small boats promptly assembled, to take off passengers and freight. Selecting one of the many loquacious, eager, loose-trousered, fez-capped boatmen who crowded about us, we were soon comfortably established on the gay rugs which covered the seats of his *caïque*. He directed our course to a large square house, standing a little out of the town, and having, as is common for all the better class of houses there, a pier of its own. At this pier we landed, and, crossing the intervening road, entered the grounds by a gate-way which opened on a covered stone stair-case, leading up the side of the house to a terrace at the back. Here was the door-way, where we were met by a bright-eyed, smiling maid-servant, who showed us across the hall into the drawing-room. To my surprise, this was furnished with great elegance, in old-fashioned style. The whole arrangement was far more luxurious and comfortable than one would expect to find in any correspondingly out-of-the-way place in America. I had seen no such drawing-room in Athens, where modern decorative art is unknown, and the houses are either bare

and comfortless, or furnished after the more ordinary French or English manner. This elegance was perhaps due, in part, to the foreign associations of our host. He had been ambassador at St. Petersburg, and a great favorite of the late Czar, which accounted for the numerous photographs of the royal family of Russia adorning the walls of the drawing-room. The English books in the book-cases were, no doubt, a reminiscence of boyish days, when he had been sent to school in England. But the old jewel-mounted swords and pistols hanging on the wall were heir-looms, the mementos of wars and warlike exploits, in which this family had bravely borne their part. As we stepped from the room to the balcony in front of the house, a vision of beauty met our gaze. We looked across the harbor to the shore of the main-land, where rose the mountains of Damalà, greenly, bluey, pinkly, grayly, varying like an opal, as the sun lighted or the clouds darkened them. At their base, green lemon groves stretched for miles. On the island shore, near enough for picturesqueness, far enough to hide any shabbiness of detail, Poros, with its red-tiled roofs and brilliant white walls, was drawn in vivid contrast against the intense blue of the sunny Greek sky. It was breathlessly still. No one was moving; there was that absolute suspension of activity which in warm climates marks the hottest hours of the day. Streets are deserted, and even the most poorly paid servant claims the right to repose. A few drowsy, dreamy-looking sails were seen in the bay, and nothing broke the quiet but the ripple of the tiny waves on the beach in front of the house.

Nearer at hand, and hardly a stone's throw from where we stood, were the arsenal buildings. Poros has always been the chief naval station of Greece; the dry dock and the repair shops for the men of war are here. Its perfectly protected harbor, the only one in this

region, is the refuge of all sailors from the sudden caprices of the Ægean Sea, and in war time the bay of Poros has been successively filled, according to the fortunes of war, with Russian, Greek, or Turkish vessels. The governor of the naval arsenal has one of the best paid posts in Greece.

We were called from our enjoyment of the view by the maid, who had come to offer us "*glukò*" and water. *Glukò*, translated, simply means sweet, and the name is eminently true of Greek preserves, made as they are from sugar boiled with various fruits, — citron, lemon, orange, rose-leaves, and the gum-like mastic of Chios. An endless variety of *glukò* is accounted indispensable in any well-kept Greek household. All young Greek girls are taught to make that, if nothing else, for every Greek husband takes a pride in offering to his guests a *glukò* and a cup of Turkish coffee as an accompaniment to the constant cigarette. This custom is of Turkish origin, and is passing into disuse in the polite circles of Athens. Its disappearance is to be regretted, for in a warm climate this frequent slight refreshment, always followed by a glass of cool water, is both agreeable and diverting. Usually brought on the arrival of a visitor, it serves as a kind of background for conversation. No one is expected to take more than a spoonful, helping himself from the common dish with a spoon which is served to him with his glass of water, and afterward replaced according to etiquette in the glass, showing that both have been used.

The lady of the house, who had been absent, now appeared, a tall, graceful woman of some fifty years, dressed in the island costume. The most striking peculiarity of this costume is the head-dress, worn until lately by rich and poor alike, and differing only in delicacy and costliness of material, according to the wealth of the wearer. A handkerchief, be it of lace, embroidered muslin, or silk,

or of some coarser material, is thrown over the head and drawn closely around the face, leaving only a border of hair uncovered; the ends are crossed under the chin and tied behind, the hair hanging in long braids beneath it. It is by no means invariably becoming, and gives a certain uniform roundness to the faces thus framed, as it were, in a circle. When the face is young and smooth, the effect is pretty enough, but the white, or in case of mourning the black folds against an old and worn cheek give it an almost ghastly look. Until quite recently, the kerchief has made an important part of the trousseau of any Albanian girl from these islands. Twelve dozen would not have been accounted an unusual number for a wealthy maiden to possess, and to these were added the inherited ones. They were made up of all materials, from the favorite gold-colored satin, embroidered with gold thread or bright silks, to the lighter embroidered muslin for warmer weather. Probably, for the better class, no kerchiefs of this kind have been made in the last twenty-five years. They are worn now only by a few older ladies and by the poorer women, whose kerchiefs are made usually of cotton cloth, which they dye black themselves if they are in mourning. The costume is not otherwise remarkable, the silken skirt being long and flowing, and the waist worn rather open, showing often a beautiful bust. The ladies have small feet and hands, and when in full dress their fingers are covered with jewels. The poorer women and servants wear full, short skirts of dark material, and loose jackets; and their coming is generally heralded by a loud scuffling noise from their large sandals, which flop up and down as they walk.

Madame B—— was most kind and cordial in her reception, again offered us *glukò*, and pressed us to pass a week with her, which was the more hospitable since our arrival was unexpected.

It is true my companion was her niece, and had the claim of kinship. To the first compliments succeeded the question, almost an invariable one if the new guest be a lady and married, "Have you a son?" If the reply is in the affirmative, there follow many congratulations; if not, then, with a sigh, "The poor burned creature!"

After a short time my friend and I prepared to pass the cool close of the day in the lemon groves, across the water, on the main-land. Summoning the same old boatman who had brought us from the steamer, and was still waiting at the pier, in hope of further employment, we crossed the smooth, shining bay to the opposite shore, where, half hidden among the trees, were some low buildings. As we drew near, we saw fishing-rods and lines projecting from the windows, and found that the gentlemen were fishing from the parlor, which opened most conveniently for the purpose upon the water. As soon as we were recognized there was a rush of the whole party to welcome us, and I was introduced to all the family, sons and daughters in law, children and grandchildren. Immediately followed the first act of hospitality, the *glukò* and water; but as the house was small, we adjourned to the garden, and took our refreshment there. This garden made part of one of the most beautiful lemon and orange groves of the region; not as large as some others, but admirably managed and most carefully tended. It was planted by the grandfather of the present owner, a noted naval commander in the war of Greek independence. After peace was made, and while Greece was slowly reviving from the general devastation resulting from the revolution, grants of land were made by the Greek government to those who had contributed most largely, by personal bravery, ships and money, to its success. This estate was one of those so bestowed in acknowledgment of honorable ser-

vices. It lies in Argolis, near the foot of the lofty mountains of Damalà, not far from the site of the ancient city of Troezen, and is a most enchanting place. Leaving the house, we followed a garden path some quarter of a mile or more in length, bordered by tall black cypresses on either side, and dividing the orange-trees on one hand from the lemon-trees on the other. This brought us to a large bower, covered with smilax, the out-of-door sitting-room of the family when the drawing-room overflowed with guests, as now. Here must be thick shade even in the hottest hours of the southern day. Presently cups of Turkish coffee were served, together with a sweetmeat called *Lounóvmia*, also Turkish, the best being from Constantinople and Syra. It is a paste made of rice, flour, sugar, and mastic, flavored with some essence, according to taste. Sometimes pistachio nuts are added.

As I sipped my coffee, I could watch from my seat in the bower the quaint and pretty method of irrigation constantly going on in the grounds. A horse was patiently treading his round about a large deep well, alternately lowering and raising, as he did so, a number of buckets. By a simple machinery, the full buckets were made to empty their contents into wooden troughs, these again distributing the water in smaller streams, the direction of which was determined by furrows winding through different sections of the garden. The direction may be varied at will by opening some sluices and closing others, so that to-day the lemons, to-morrow the oranges or the olives, may be watered. Even special trees are singled out for watering by thus guiding a furrow toward their roots, just as children turn mimic streams on to their play gardens. This process of irrigation is indeed as primitive as it is thorough and economical. Some of the lemon-trees were immense, — as large as the largest apple-trees with us. There are four

seasons of gathering during the year, and the quantity of fruit yielded by a single fine tree is amazing. Some of the single trees on this estate gave several hundreds of lemons annually; from one tree fifteen hundred lemons were gathered in especially productive years. No fruit should be left on the boughs in the season of flowering, for it weakens the tree to bear the two together. In the spring, the delicious fragrance of the blossoms is almost overpowering. Indeed, this kind of farming, in which every stage has a peculiar charm, seems truly ideal. The drawbacks are the occasional hard winters and the diseases of the leaf, by which a whole region is sometimes impoverished. Any neglect of the irrigation, or its interruption by drought, is fatal.

Beside the orange and lemon plantations, a part of this estate was devoted to olive groves. At this season the olives were green. They are commonly allowed to turn black, and then gathered to make oil. The purest and best oil is, however, made from the green fruit, but it requires such a quantity that the process is a costly one, and people make only a little for their own consumption, the oil for the market being prepared from the black, over-ripe fruit. The oil-mill on this estate was a clumsy wooden machine, but they are introducing iron ones worked by steam, which give a larger proportion of oil for the same quantity of fruit. They are more expensive, but the owners assured me that they paid for themselves in one or two years. These iron machines are the same as those used in Italy and France, and a company has been formed for their manufacture at Piræus.

The sun was so low by the time we had seen all the lemon and orange groves that we did not hesitate to venture up the mountain-side. Some of us were mounted on horses, others on donkeys, the saddles being of wood and the bridles and stirrups of rope. We wandered

leisurely along narrow paths, leading through a thick wood of plane-trees, to a height from which we had the most wonderful view of the sea and the mountains of the Morea glowing in the light of the setting sun. I notice that the Greeks care for no view that does not include at least a glimpse of the sea. The moon was rising when the sun went down, and it was bright moonlight when we dismounted on the shore and entered our boat again, promising to repeat our visit to the garden the next day. Moonlight in Greece is especially beautiful, from the clearness and purity of the air.

As we moved past the little town of Poros on our return, it seemed transformed into a pile of stately buildings, like a creation of Aladdin's lamp. Lights clustered in the market-place and glimmered on the hillside, and their reflection in the quiet water made the scene doubly enchanting.

At eight o'clock we had reached the house, where a cordial welcome from our kind hosts and an excellent supper awaited us. We were served at table by a pretty Bulgarian boy, about nine years of age. Like many other children, he had been separated from his parents by some sad chance during the Turko-Russian war, and after changing hands several times, found himself at last on board a small Greek vessel bound for Poros. Here he landed. He had forgotten his name and his native tongue, and knew no language but that of signs. Madame B—— had taken him into her family, where he was fast becoming a useful member of society, answering with pride to his new name of Spiro.

The next morning (Sunday) we were up betimes, for we intended to spend the day with our friends on the opposite shore; and in that country whoever would avoid headache must make all excursions either before or after the noonday heat. We found them all in

the arbor, where we rested for a while, talking and laughing, and watching the only industrious being in sight, namely, the horse on his daily round, turning the cooling stream into new channels toward the more thirsty trees. Later we adjourned, at the invitation of the younger brother, a law student, to his study, so curiously situated that it is worth description. The garden was separated from the mountains by a road, into which the garden-gate opened. A winding stair led up to a room built over this gateway, which was once used as a kind of watch-tower. Here, remote from disturbance, but overlooking his whole world, this young man studied the knotty questions of his profession, and prepared himself to become a member of that grave body, the Areopagus, which still sits in judgment in Athens. He seemed very happy among his books, and said no one could disturb his meditations when his door was barricaded, unless they overthrew his tower. To the older brothers fell the care of the plantations. Their library consisted chiefly of French and Italian works on the care and cultivation of the fruit. They were anxious to introduce all new improvements on their estate. In these regions, however, the small incomes of most land-owners prevent them from advancing in proportion to their really liberal and even radical ideas. Our conversation this morning upon the agricultural interests of the country led to much discussion as to the general condition of the kingdom. My hosts spoke with enthusiasm of the probable annexation of Thessaly to Greece (this was in 1879, when the question was still pending), of the opportunities it would open to young men, of the future railroads, and the advantage of bringing Athens within two days' journey of Continental Europe. They lamented the burdens of the farmers, who were paying tithes as they had done under Turkish rule, and the oppression under which

the shepherds suffered. Both of these grievances have received careful attention in the last two years from the Greek government, and a much better state of things is already established. The Greeks are great talkers and disputers, and their conversation almost always turns to politics, as they sit together, alternately sipping coffee and drinking water, arguing the while about the different factions and their supporters. One notices how critical they are, no less ready now to pick flaws in their neighbors than they were in the best days of the republic.

Our talk was interrupted by the eleven-o'clock breakfast, served in the house; after which we all retired to the wide, divan-like couches, so universal in the houses here, to take a siesta before starting for our afternoon excursion to a neighboring monastery. A visit to the nearest monastery is always a favorite expedition in the country. The suggestion usually comes from the mother, or some of the older people. This is perhaps because the mother is usually the most religious member of the family. Most Greek women are, however, religious, and the older ones keep their fasts and feasts scrupulously. Aside from religious sentiment, a visit to the monastery usually means an excursion to one of the prettiest spots in the region. Built for a defense, as well as for a devout solitude, their sites were selected with the greatest care, often on a cliff overhanging the sea, or on the edge of some steep precipice; the more inaccessible the better, since these monasteries in past times were often the refuge of women and children, while husbands were fighting for the deserted fireside. This monastery, as we approached it in our row-boat, seemed a great fortress-like pile. Time-stained and overgrown with ivy, it stood on a rocky promontory, some hundred feet above the sea, against a background of trees. We landed, tied our boat, and mounted the

cliff by a winding, shady path through the woods. The latter part of the way was a stiff climb. Heated and out of breath, we were glad to rest at the spring near the summit, and refresh ourselves with a draught of the purest water I have ever tasted. Indeed, this spring is considered holy, and a handsome stone fountain has been erected over it. A few steps now brought us to a deep ravine, spanned by a bridge, at the other end of which was the gateway of the monastery. It seemed as if nature had thus prepared for man an escape from his enemies, in a country whose every inch of ground has been contested with bloody strife. In the days when Turks were hunting Christians like hounds, these places of retreat had need to be well chosen. An old and decrepid monk had been toiling up the pathway in advance of us, and now at the gateway we overtook him, hot and panting as he was under the weight of a pile of fagots carried on his back. He gave a weary, faint nod, and motioned us to enter. We went around the buildings to the front of the monastery, where were other monks, seated on benches, so placed as to command a most beautiful view. They seemed a poor and degenerate fraternity, not more than a dozen in all, and their garments looked rusty and worn. They were kind and cordial in their greeting, and urged us to sit down. They had just

finished their evening litany and were watching the sunset, each one twirling in his hand his *kompologion*, a string of beads, not a rosary, but simply a plaything to employ the restless fingers. This is a very universal habit, and monks, especially if unemployed, are always twisting and playing with their *kompologion*. An insane monk, the liveliest member of the community, and, as it seemed, a sort of pet with the others, now became our guide to the chapel (repaired within the last ten years), to the tombs of patriots buried within the court-yard, and to the interior of the monastery, where only a few rooms were habitable. The establishment was very poor, having an income barely sufficient for the support of the present monks, and likely to be suppressed for want of means after their death. Indeed, the great work of Greek monasteries is done, and a noble work it was. During four hundred years of Turkish tyranny, they have helped to preserve the Greek language and the Greek spirit in an oppressed people, and have offered a refuge to Greek mothers and children when their houses were invaded by deadly foes.

As we said good-night and descended the darkening pathway, the rare beauty of the hour and the scene sealed our lips, and we walked silently down to our landing-place. So ended my Sunday in Poros.

Eunice W. Felton.

AND JOE.

I.

THEODORA JUSTICE sat, with a wearily comfortable air, before an open fire in the sitting-room of her friend, Margaret Denton, M. D.

"The worst of it is, I have lost my

ambitions," said Theodora. "I used to have such fine dreams." She laughed a little. "I meant to do a few things for the amusement of other people, and a great many for my own pleasure. This morning I came across a plan I drew last year for a Gothic library. I also

found a programme I made at the same time for a series of literary and musical entertainments, and a list of guests to be invited from New York and Boston. With this paper was another; and what do you suppose that was? A set of colored designs I had drawn for pre-Raphaelite costumes wherewith to adorn my own person. They were quite pretty, too, though you'll find it hard to believe; but I don't care for them now, nor for the library, nor the parties."

Her smile was dreary, but before her friend could answer there was a knock at the door, and a servant came in to say that "Ann Reilly was very bad," and wanted the doctor.

"Let me go with you," said Theodora.

"Certainly," answered Margaret; "but it is not a pleasant sight you will see."

Miss Justice was the daughter of the manufacturer who owned the principal share of the factories and houses of the town, but she knew nothing about the people whom she visited with Margaret that night. It was the first time she had ever been in any of their homes, and all her idea of duty towards them had hitherto been satisfied by a half-formed resolution that some time she would build a Gothic library or found an art gallery for them. Now, with new, vague thoughts, she followed Margaret, who took the occasion to visit several patients. They toiled up dark, narrow stairs. They went down into basements. They found a dying girl's chamber lighted with tapers, and the garment in which she was to be buried lying beside her on the bed. And then they went into a pleasant sitting-room, belonging to a French Canadian family. A carpet was on the floor, a bright-colored cloth over the table; the chimney shelf was covered with gaudy toys and ornaments. Some flower-pots were on the window sill, and a melodeon stood against the wall. Three or four hand-

some girls sat round and talked eagerly with the doctor.

After leaving this place, Miss Justice and her companion turned towards home, but had gone only a few steps when they came upon a crowd of jeering boys surrounding a lad who sat forlorn and silent upon the sidewalk. A red light from the window of a little oyster shop streamed about them all.

"He had an awful fit this mornin'," said one boy.

"I say, Joe, did you have any dinner to-day?" shouted another, as he turned a somersault that brought him directly in the way of the two ladies as they approached the group.

"What is the matter?" asked Theodora, sternly.

A chorus of voices answered, "He's starvin', he is!"

"Starving! What do you mean? Who is he?"

The boys giggled, and were silent a moment, till a red-headed Irish urchin said, with a grin, "Joe Huckleberry, *we* call him. His mother's turned him out. I gin him a piece of bread this mornin', an' he sleeps round, in the Company barn an' woodsheds."

"Joe Huckleberry!" repeated Theodora.

"Yes, that's what we call him. Can't just say his name. He's French."

Margaret placed her hand on Joe's shoulder. The boy had remained all this while looking on the ground, apparently waiting in an uninterested mood for some one to do something with him. He looked up now with a silly smile.

"He has fits," said the Irish boy.

"Awful!" cried another. "I seen him bite the ground, jest like a dog, in one on 'em."

"They comes on anywheres — in the street, or in the mill, jest where he happens to be," added the red-haired youth, confidentially.

"Joe, has your mother turned you out-of-doors?" asked Margaret.

"No," said the boy. "It's my brother-in-law."

"Do you live with your brother-in-law?"

"I did, but he's turned me out."

"What did he do it for?" asked Theodora.

"Dunno," said Joe. "He never liked me, nohow. Could n't bear me afore he married my sister. Half killed me, one day, lickin' me in the street, jest for nothin'. Come across me, an' thought he would, I s'pose."

"When did he turn you out?"

"Night 'fore last."

"And where have you slept?"

"Got in ag'in that night, after they was all asleep, an' went up in the garret an' slep'."

"And last night?"

"Got into the Company barn."

"What have you had to eat?"

"Nothin' much."

"Where is your mother?"

"She lives with my brother-in-law."

"Did she want you turned out?"

"No. She gin me some bread yesterday an' this mornin'."

"Is she kind to you?"

"Yes."

"Is your sister kind?"

"Yes."

"Then what is the matter?"

"Dunno."

"Do you work in the mill?"

"I did. I worked up to Slade's; but my father come away from there, an' lef' me, an' then I was turned off, an' I come down here."

"Oh, you have a father? Where is he now?"

"He's at my brother-in-law's."

"Did he want you sent out into the street?"

"He said I might as well be."

"Why don't you try to get work in the mill here?"

"I don't think they'd give me none."

"Why not?"

"I've worked here afore."

Theodora smiled at this ingenuous confession, but said gently, "Come with me, and I'll see that you are taken care of to-night."

Joe rose, and stood slouching at the lady's side, while she said to the Irish urchin, "Will you go and tell Joe's mother and his sister's husband that I want them to come up and see me this evening, if possible."

"Dunno who you be," said the boy, promptly.

Theodora felt slightly ashamed to find herself a stranger to these boys, but was relieved when two voices whispered loudly, "It's Miss Justice," and the youngster, thus informed, darted off on his errand.

"Now, Joe," said the lady, "come with me."

They started, the boy slinking along beside his stately companion, while Margaret walked thoughtfully one or two steps in advance. The crowd of boys stared, giggled, whooped, followed, and at last one voice cried out, —

"He, he! Joe's got a gal!"

"Why don't you give her your arm, Joe?" shouted another.

Theodora's blood was on fire, but she never turned her head. They were not many rods from her home. Did those few feet of roadway divide civilization from barbarism? Was it God's fault, or was it partly hers, that men and manners changed thus, as one went "down street" from her dwelling?

"Keep close to me, Joe," she said, but her voice shook with indignant shame. Margaret waited for them to come up with her. The boys, still hooting and chuckling, gradually dispersed, and the trio went on unmolested.

The two women took Joe into the kitchen, and gave him supper. When Theodora examined her *protégé* in the light, her heart sank. He was about fourteen years old, slender and loosely made. His hands were long, dirty, and repulsive. He had reddish, watery

eyes and a small, pinched nose. His mouth hung open, and showed traces of tobacco juice about it. The whole face was pale, unhealthy, and idiotic.

"He looks like a parasite on humanity," whispered Theodora to Margaret; "the creature of a horrible, mocking chance."

"God knows why he lives," said Margaret, simply.

Theodora answered, smiling, "Evidently, science has n't spoiled your religion yet."

In process of time Joe's brother-in-law, Andrew Moore, arrived, and was ushered into the dining-room, where the ladies proceeded to cross-examine him. He was a good-looking young fellow, about twenty-five years old. He admitted at once that he had set the boy adrift.

"I was in hopes, ma'am," said he, "as he would get took up, an' sent to the Reform School. I've got the whole family on my hands, — the old man 'n' the old woman, an' the little uns. My woman hain't worked much since her baby was born, though the baby's three or four months old. We are considerable in debt. Joe's just the ruin of his fam'ly. They can't stay nowhere on account of this boy. They git turned out of every place they go to. You know rich folks, when they has some one as ain't quite right, can hire somebody to keep 'em out of mischief; but it comes hard on poor folks, as can't spare neither time nor money to take care of 'em."

"But don't you think it was cruel to turn him out, when he had nowhere to go?" asked Theodora, a little astounded by the young man's cool way of looking at the matter.

"Well, you see, miss, it was a question between turnin' him out or the rest of 'em. I can't feed 'em all, even with old Huckleberry's help. He'll drink 'most all he earns, any way; an' Annie's that sickly she ought not to work at all.

Then Joe's dangerous when he's mad. He throwed a stone as big as my two fists right through the kitchen winder, an' then I told him to clear out. It might ha' killed the baby, let alone my havin' to pay for the winder."

"He says you beat him," said Theodora.

"Well, I've tried to lick the badness out of him," frankly admitted the young man. "You can, out of some boys, you know."

Finally young Moore was induced to promise to take Joe in for a few days, till Miss Justice could make some other provision for the unfortunate lad. As Moore went out of the door, Joe's mother appeared. She had been at a neighbor's, and had only just received Miss Justice's message. She seemed a decent woman, of English origin, though she was born, she said, and had lived in Canada and the States all her life. Her first husband, the father of Andrew's wife, was an Englishman; Joe and her three younger boys were the children of her second marriage with a French Canadian. No, her husband did n't work much, and he did drink; but he was always good-natured, and she had n't no fault to find with him. Joe was the trial of her life. If he had work, he would n't stick to it. He bothered the neighbors, and the family were forced to move from one place to another continually. They had moved four times in a little over two years. They were at "Slade's," the first of the winter, and had been pretty comfortable there, though it was a hard life for her, making the little they could earn feed them all. She could n't ever think of getting clothes with their wages. The three younger children did not go to school, because they had no shoes; and it was surprising to see how much they ate, for all they stayed in the house so much, — butter especially. Nights she had plenty to do, getting breakfast ready and drying her husband's and Joe's shoes for the next

morning. There was so much snow that winter, it kept their shoes wet nearly all the time. She had to wash and dry their clothes in the night, too. And Joe was such a torment, and he acted bad about his work; and so they packed up, and she come down here; and then his father come too, and left the boy there, hoping he would get "took up" and put somewhere. She should n't like to complain of him herself, but if he had got into some trouble and been put into the Reform School, may be it would n't have been so bad for him. She had n't done nothing but cry the last three days; but she could n't blame Andrew for not wanting him round, after he throwed that stone in the window which came so near hitting the baby.

Margaret and Theodora scarcely knew whether to blame or sympathize, and both suspected that her husband's drinking had more to do with the family destitution than the wife would admit. They dismissed her with some presents of food, and let her take Joe with her, who stumbled a little going out into the darkness.

Theodora came back from the door with a puzzled look.

"Joe is the problem," she said. "His family can't solve it. Can I?"

"You can try," said Margaret. "Dear, ought you not to know your operatives, and seek to be their friend, and not merely their mistress?"

Theodora threw out her arms with a mournful gesture.

"A friend," she said, — "that is what *they* need; but for *me*! Was I made for Joe?"

Margaret's pulses beat in sympathy with this rebellious outcry of a disappointed heart, but her soul saw farther than did Theodora's dimmed eyes, and she answered, —

"Not more than Joe was made for you. You need some one to work for. It may be God made him to keep you from aimless idleness."

II.

Andrew Moore walked away from Miss Justice's in a bad humor. It was the first time he had ever been in a grand house, the first time he had ever sat in a handsomely appointed room and talked with an elegant woman. Theodora's calmness irritated him. He resented her superiority. She was very lovely to an educated eye, that could appreciate the beautiful head covered with light brown hair, the delicate features, her supple motions, and the waving lines of her figure; but this young fellow perceived none of these perfections. He only felt that she belonged to another world from his, and was angry because, in some indefinite way, he seemed to himself inferior in her presence. He was vexed also because he had been overpowered by her, and had promised to take Joe back.

"I dare say," he said to himself, "that girl thinks she can boss everybody in this village, if she's a mind to."

Then he thought of the little weak-minded woman who waited for him, with her sickly child, in his squalid home, and grew angrier still, and, calling his sins and follies "his luck," he cursed the evil fortune that had joined him to this ill-starred family.

"I've more 'n half a mind to cut the whole concern," he muttered. "I meant fair enough, as fair as I could, when I married her, but I did n't quite count in Joe! She would n't do nothin' if I left her. They're too poor to go to law. I don't care a dime for her, — and yet I'd kinder hate to leave her. She's *such* a little fool."

Andrew Moore was a native American citizen, having been born two weeks after his father and mother landed in this country. They were Irish Protestants of a low class. Andrew grew up in a manufacturing town, and graduated early from school into the mill. In due

time he became a mule-spinner. There were absolutely no refining influences brought to bear upon his young life. American republicanism has relieved the child of foreign parentage from the somewhat despotic discipline of the Old World, but it has not always, even in New England, provided much to take its place.

It is a notorious fact that the children of Irish parents are a turbulent, disturbing growth in our civilization, if we call a social condition by the name of civilization which is very inadequate to produce the best results in all its component parts. In manufacturing towns, employers might do much to elevate their work people, if they would recognize a moral tie as existing between the two classes bound by the business relation. Manufacturers, also, would do wisely to remember that semi-barbarism is very dangerous when dowered with the power and freedom of democracy. If conscience will not induce the providing of time and means for more education of the ignorant among us, it may be well that danger stands ready to be itself the safeguard of the republic it threatens, since fear may supplement the tardy moral senses of the rich and rouse them to the necessary action to secure the enlightenment of the poor.

Andrew spent the days of his youth in the mill, his evenings in the street and in saloons, his nights in the filthy air of crowded tenements, while the Sundays were passed in playing games of base-ball, or attending cock-fights. The Protestant churches where he lived did not greatly concern themselves about the young Irishman's spiritual welfare. He would have stood more chance of receiving some religious training had he been a Catholic, under the unsleeping watch of Rome.

Andrew had come to Newbridge a little more than a year before this February evening. Joe's family were then living there. Joe's half-sister, poor lit-

tle Annie, toiling day after day, with scarce a single girlish hope or pleasure, had almost immediately fallen in love, with Andrew. It was a genuine love though probably a feeble one, as the pitiful creature had hardly vitality enough for a strong emotion. He had been amused with the tribute of silly affection laid at his feet, and although the girl was neither pretty nor winning he had been moved, occasionally, when passing her in the mill entries, to give her a rude kiss, or a jocular clutch of the arm, which he intended as a caress. Joe had noted these evidences of intimacy, and had told of them as a joke. Andrew, hearing of this tale-bearing, had fallen upon Joe in the street, and beaten him violently. The matter came at last to the ears of the French step-father, who was honestly fond of Annie, and who swore he would have no "fooling" round the girl. "S'e be silly," he said, "but s'e no be bad. He s'all marry or he s'all quit."

There was a dance in one of the tenements the night after old Huckleberry made this declaration. Dances in the houses were forbidden, but the "Company's" rule was often evaded. The festivity began at ten, and lasted till dawn. It was a rude, bacchanalian affair, and by morning Annie's step-father had extorted from Andrew, who was then half drunk, a promise that he would marry Annie the next day. The promise was fulfilled, though the bridegroom was perfectly sober when the ceremony took place. A little genuine pity for Annie urged Andrew to this step, but the act also pleased him because he felt that he thus defied his own past, and asserted his complete independence of it. The wedding was celebrated according to Catholic rites. Soon afterwards the Huckleberrys moved away from the village.

Andrew, after his marriage, went to work in a neighboring town. Annie stayed at her place in Mr. Justice's mill.

Soon came a strike in the factory where Andrew was employed. He joined in it, and for some months Annie supported them both. Fortunately the strike concluded, and Andrew went to work again in time to allow Annie to leave the mill a few weeks before her baby was born. Then they set up housekeeping, and Andrew changed work again and went into Mr. Justice's mill. They sent for Annie's mother to come and keep house and care for the baby, when Annie went back to the factory. The French father was expected to support his own children, and they hoped to get rid of Joe; but Huckleberry had thus far done very little towards maintaining his part of the family, Joe had come back, Annie had been unable to work much, and Andrew, owing to her illness and his own long idleness during the strike, was heavily in debt.

On all these things the young man moodily pondered, as he walked slowly down the street, after his interview with Miss Justice. He thought also of something else,—something which seemed to rise like a real substance before his eyes, till, as he came into the light of a lamp-post that guarded the bridge over the river, he scarcely started as he saw his thought embodied before him. He stopped, staring at a woman, who stared boldly back as soon as she saw him. She was young and handsome, with curly reddish-brown hair, gray eyes, and rosy gleams in her transparent skin. She held in her hands a milliner's box. Her dress was decent, though a little tawdry. Andrew grew white as he looked at her.

"How came you here, Nell?"

"How came *you* here?" retorted she.

"Well, I was n't lookin' for you," said the man.

"Nor I for you," answered the woman. "I was n't pining for a sight of you, when I come to Newbridge."

"It was just a happen, then?" asked he, a little uneasily.

"Just a happen," said she. "An' now, I tell you what: you just let me alone, an' I'll let you alone. I'm not proud enough of you to want folks to know you're my husband."

Andrew started, and looked into the darkness surrounding the lighted spot where they stood, as though he would search out some possible listener. "No, for God's sake, Nell, don't tell!" he cried, in a low tone.

"Eh," said she. "Why not? It's no such uncommon thing for a drunken brute to beat his wife as I need be ashamed to tell of it. The only uncommon thing in our doin's, as near as I can make out, was that I would n't stand it, as most Irishwomen do. I was reared too much like a Yankee, I guess."

As she spoke, her face and figure were defined in strong light and shade, with the dark river as a background. Andrew, who had never loved that pale-faced Annie, who waited for him with her child a few rods away, felt this woman's beauty pierce his heart like a knife.

"You know, Nell," he said, "I did n't mean no harm. You should n't mind what a man does when he's drunk, an' don't know what he's doin'."

"Drunk or sober," said Nell, "it hurts when a man beats you. It hurts deeper than the skin, too."

"You struck back," said Andrew, "or I would n't have hit so hard. It maddened me."

"It madded *me*!" said she savagely. "An' just you remember till you die, Andrew Moore, that I've struck you in the face. Now le' me go."

He caught her arm. "Where be you a-goin', Nell, at this time o' night?"

She laughed at his suspicion. "You fool," she said, "I'm goin' up to Miss Justice's, to take a bonnet to one of her girls."

"I don't believe you. It's too late."

"No, it ain't," she said, snappishly.

"She only ordered it this evenin', 'cause she's goin' early to-morrow mornin' to

Blackstone, to see her mother, who's sick."

"Did you ever see Miss Justice?"

"No; what of her?"

"Nothing; only I hate her. Where do you live?" he added, after a minute.

"Oh, don't you wish you knew?"

"Well, I'll tell you where you work," said he. "You're the new girl in Mis' Carey's shop."

"Who told you there was a new girl there?"

Andrew made no answer, for it was Annie who had told him. Nell waited a little while, and looked at him keenly.

"Who told you? Some girl, likely. Well, take care what you do."

"Take care yourself," he said, angrily. "If you don't behave yourself, I'll take your wages."

This frightened Nell, as she thought she had heard that a husband could possess himself of his wife's earnings; but Andrew knew, even while he spoke, that his threat was made in aimless rage, since he had far more to fear than she, if he announced himself as her husband. Each feared the other with distrust, and then Nell said defiantly, —

"I dare you to lay a finger on my money, and don't you never speak to me again, night nor day. I've had enough of you."

She started up the road along the river bank. Andrew watched her, and a low groan escaped his lips as she vanished in the shadows of the pines that overhung the stream. Then he said aloud to himself, —

"I ain't a Catholic; I don't believe in them popish ceremonies." He paused, and then added, "But, good God, how shall I make sure she don't hear about Annie?"

He went home at length. The family lived in a basement tenement; that is, the house was built on a slope, and the rooms they occupied were level with the ground in front, but in the back came up against the bank. The Huckle-

berry family had also an attic room, where Joe slept. Andrew and Annie had a small room to the right of the kitchen. Huckleberry and his wife had one at the left, and beds were made up at night upon the kitchen floor for the younger children. All the windows were fastened down, as Huckleberry hated a breath of fresh air. Much bad odor was thus kept in, and much was kept out; for these rooms faced a lane which was used as a back yard for a row of houses similar to this, and heavy and vile was the air that clung to the unsavory ground. The tenants of the houses were ignorant, and did not avoid practices which increased the filth of their surroundings. The Company, of which Mr. Justice was a chief member, took some pains to disinfect and cleanse the lane, but the pains were not sufficient to effect the purpose. Ignorance was at the root of this, as of most other evils: the people were too ignorant to be clean; the owners were to a great extent ignorant of the uncleanness of the people.

As Andrew entered the outside door, which opened directly into the kitchen, and looked into the dismal interior he thought, "What a bright kitchen Nell kept! She is my wife. A man has a right — it's his duty to live with his wife."

The mother sat with Joe crouched on the floor beside her. The light of the kerosene lamp fell full on the boy's sleepy, stupid face. He shrank into the shadow as Andrew came in. Annie rose from another corner of the room, laid her baby in its cradle, and came forward to meet her scowling husband, saying, —

"Andrew, I've made griddle cakes for you. Don't you want some? You did not eat much supper."

His eyes softened as they fell on the puny creature, and he said gently, "Yes, I'll eat 'em; but you'd better go to bed. You're not strong enough to set up late an' go to work early, too."

Pale little Annie smiled faintly in answer to the kindly tone. She had a

forehead so high and peaked that it was almost deformed. Her skin was unhealthy, but her features were small and well shaped, and her smile was sweet, pathetic, and helpless. She did not know how pitiful she looked, not having brains enough to contrast herself with other girls. She was used to hardship, to dull pain, and she seldom felt and never expressed vivid sensations. She was pleased by Andrew's kindness, glad when he asked her how the baby was, but not very pleased or very glad. Her side ached, and she had no faculty for a pleasure that would overcome the sense of that pain.

There was no joyousness in that household, where care, anxiety, and ignorance dominated every mood. Andrew's heart, capable of fiercer passions, was heavy in this dull atmosphere. He ate the cakes that Annie's tired hands had made for him, and watched the girl furtively as she took up the baby and fed it from a bottle. He was thinking, "How shall I keep Nell from hearing about her?"

Theodora, ignorant of the new factor which Nell's appearance had brought into what she termed the "Joe problem," spent the next day looking for a place suitable for the boy. She told her father about the family, and he commented a little sadly, —

"It is a fact, my dear, that among factory operatives families seldom attain to assured comfort, unless they are exceptionally fortunate in matters which they cannot themselves control, such as birth, death, and health, or unless they are so exceptionally gifted with prudence and virtue that they have a genius for poverty. The ordinary mill hand who marries another ordinary mill hand, who has numerous children, with frequent doctors' bills to pay, — excuse me, Margaret! — and who often loses work from one cause or another, struggles against odds which are beyond the powers of common men and women to

overcome. This family is probably made of miserable stuff morally, but one such member as that boy would prove in most operative families the decisive ounce to turn the scale of fortune against them."

"Then we get more than our share, and they get less than theirs, out of the mill," said Theodora warmly.

"It would seem so," said her father; "but it is all according to the laws of trade."

"Oh," cried she, "if eternal justice is anywhere, it must be everywhere! I do not know," she continued, "that one has a moral right to use against a poor man the full brute power of wealth any more than he has to use against a weak man the full brute force of physical strength."

"Nor," said Margaret, "do I believe it a wise policy."

"I agree with you in my heart," replied Mr. Justice; "yet, look at history. Everywhere the weak man goes to the wall. Everywhere the strong man steps forward, with his foot upon his feeble brother's corpse. The great races flourish and civilization grows — or *seems*, at least, to grow — because through unnumbered throes of agony, silent, helpless, unutterably pathetic, the weak races fall, and die where they fall, and their blood enriches the soil from which our glories spring."

"No, no!" cried Theodora, like one in pain. "It cannot be that it is better for the world that men should be cruel and selfish than it would be for them to be kind and helpful."

"But look," responded her father; "there seems to be no other way for nations to advance."

"Where is God, then?" asked his daughter.

"Perhaps," Margaret's quiet voice suggested, "it is evolution; and I am not sure but it will prove as easy to find God in evolution as in Calvinism."

"Our nation," said Mr. Justice, "is

built on the Indian's grave ; and yet, so far as we can judge, we are a people, notwithstanding all our crimes, better worth having in the world than the Indian, if only one of the two races can survive."

"Yes," said Margaret ; "but we should have been of more value still had we been noble enough to live with the Indian, and civilize instead of butchering him."

"I think we are the savages," sighed Theodora.

"Then," replied her father, "if savages must fight, I don't know that it impugns God's moral intention that he allows the nobler people to conquer ; since, after a time, ashamed of its own barbarity, the victorious race may so far civilize itself that it may evolve the virtue of consideration for the weak, too fine a flower of civilization to be its first blossom."

"In other words," added Margaret, "of the two barbarians, the white and the red, victory is granted to the white, because, in spite of his crimes, he is likely to learn to care for the Indian sooner than the Indian, if victorious, would learn to care for him."

"But the factory," urged Theodora. "We must not comfortably forget our own sins, while discussing the nation's."

"It is much the same thing," said Mr. Justice.

"All moral questions are own cousins," observed Margaret.

"There may be better systems than ours," continued Mr. Justice ; "but no manufacturer yet dares use other methods. We are afraid to risk the terrible strain of commercial crises with a new policy. And we are ambitious ; the greed of success has seized our souls. It is not wealth merely that we want ; we desire to be greatly successful in the pursuit we have chosen. That passion is the moral bane of the business man."

Margaret spoke slowly : "Drink causes most of the pauperism of the operatives."

"Yes," assented Mr. Justice frankly ; "but it is their poverty that makes them drink."

This was a new idea to Theodora, and, pondering on it, she said no more. She wondered also at her father. Had he been thinking all his life of these problems which now vexed her young mind for the first time ? The truth was that Mr. Justice had a sensitive rather than a strong moral nature. He lacked the believing heart necessary to combat evil persistently. He saw objections to any proposed social remedy as plainly as he perceived arguments in favor thereof. Perhaps his mind had not the finer quality which could compare accurately, and see which side of a moral question was the more deserving, when both sides merited great consideration. Pained and disheartened by the misery he encountered in the world, and sure of no cure, he had sought to save himself from suffering by avoiding direct contact with the troubles of the poor. He prosecuted his business, and endeavored to convince himself that, as he could not wholly relieve his operatives from privation, he was not responsible for any of their misfortunes. He had tried also to escape self-condemnation by reflecting that it would not be well to ward all trouble from any people, and would not allow his mind to dwell on the difference between a course of action tending to reduce a class to the condition of helpless dependents and one which would stimulate manly self-help, while giving encouragement, assistance, and removing unnecessary burdens. Mr. Justice's ideals were high, but they mocked his indolence and selfish ambition from afar. He had not even tried to reach up to them, but through all the years, undesired convictions settled in his heart and claimed a place there.

All night after meeting Nell, and all the next morning at his work, Andrew Moore was haunted by the memory of a fair, scornful face, and by the fear of

punishment for his crime. The lightest allusion to him in Nell's presence, he realized, might lead to the mention of his marriage to Annie, and at that thought he trembled. At noon he took his way toward Mrs. Carey's shop, and by watching and following he ascertained that Nell's walk to her boarding-place led her through the woods. He scrambled through the underbrush, and intercepted her. She greeted him rather rudely as he approached. He talked with her a few minutes, and became convinced that thus far she had told no one of their relation, and had heard nothing of Annie. This comforted him for the moment, but when he returned to the mill, that afternoon, his terror came back. He felt that he must decide to do something at once. That evening he met Nell again.

"I've told you over 'n' over," she said, "that I did n't want to have nothin' to do with you."

"But I can't let you alone," said Andrew; "and I won't, neither."

She looked at him curiously. "I declare," said she, "I believe you are soft on me still. Thank you, but I have n't no inclination that way."

She went by him, upon this, holding her graceful head very erect. She felt pleased and proud. She had had admiration from many men, but to have her own husband violently in love with her was an experience so unlike what seemed to befall most women that it elated her greatly, and dimmed the memory of the drunken rage in which he had beaten her, two years before.

That evening, Annie sat patiently beside the kitchen fire, rocking her baby in her lap.

"I wonder why Andrew don't come home," said Mrs. Huckleberry.

Joe spoke up, with his mouth full of baked potato:—

"The last I seen of him, he was up in the woods, gabbin' with that new gal that works in Mis' Carey's."

Annie said not a word, and when Andrew finally came she only followed his motions with disquieted eyes. She never thought even of asking him anything about the girl.

The next forenoon, Andrew went boldly to Mrs. Carey's store. The mistress herself came forward to meet him. Nell sat in the rear of the room, herself half hidden by a curtain, but she saw him very plainly. All night his desire to see her face again had been greater even than his fear of the law which he had broken. Her image had come between him and Annie when he had tried to look at the mother of his child. Joe had refused to go up to his attic to sleep, and then had had a fit in the kitchen, waking everybody at midnight. The baby had cried, and Annie had toiled over it for hours. Andrew had helped her a little, but most of the time he had lain still, watching her, listening to the screams of the child, to Joe's hideous noises, to the chatter and cries of the other children,—thinking all the time of Nell. He pitied Annie still, but he had begun to pity himself more; and also he had called in his *conscience* to help him to the decision that it was his *duty* to return to his first marriage vows.

As Andrew talked with Mrs. Carey, Nell said to herself, "That is my husband, and there he stands like any stranger!"

In a moment Mrs. Carey called out, "Nell, bring me a chair!"

"There's one there," said Nell, in a reluctant voice.

"It's rickety," answered the shopwoman. "I don't dare trust my weight to it, and I want to reach the upper shelf. Come yourself."

Nell came out from behind the dark curtain that shut off the back part of the shop. She stood still, waiting for her mistress to pass out from behind the counter. A light from above struck her auburn hair, and turned some floating

curly rings to gold. When the older woman had bustled by her, Nell came slowly down the store, looking at the dark, passionate man before her as if he were empty space. She sprang on the tottering chair, reached up lightly, and took from the shelf a box. Andrew's senses were smitten with pain as he marked her strong, graceful motions. She stepped down, put the box on the counter, opened it, and carelessly displayed its contents. He dared not meet her eyes, and bent his face downward. His head was handsome, and Nell suddenly noticed that his shoulders were shapely. Accidentally, his hand touched hers. He started violently. She looked at him with cool surprise, and their eyes met in one long gaze. Then he turned his glance away again. Instantly, Nell's mood changed. The unconscious loyalty of her nature asserted itself. She felt the bond so hard to break, though it is not always made of love or even of passion, which holds a woman to a man whose wife she once has been. Her lips began to tremble.

"He might say one kind word," she thought.

After a moment, as he did not speak, she turned to fly from him. He reached across the counter and held her. She bent her eyes with a hunted, beseeching look upon him.

"Let me go," she breathed.

"No. My God," he cried, in a low voice, "I love you, Nell, better 'n my life! Meet me to-night at five at the station, 'n' we'll go back to Fall River together, 'n' not tell nobody here, but we'll begin again, all new, there. Bring what money you have. Don't be afraid to trust me. I'll be your best friend. We won't tell nobody here, because it would just make talk, if folks knew we'd been married all this time. Will you come? Nell, you *must* come."

"I'll — see," said Nell slowly, but Andrew detected a yielding tone in her voice.

"Well, don't say nothin'," he said. "Only come, for the love of old times, an' better times than you ever knew."

Here Mrs. Carey reappeared, and Andrew hurried out of the store. His head was dizzy, and he stumbled over Joe, who sat upon the steps. Moore gave the boy a savage kick, and Joe raised his bleared eyes, and angrily watched his brother-in-law walk away.

"I'll fix him," muttered the lad.

Nell, meanwhile, stood alone in the shop, for Mrs. Carey had followed Andrew out. The girl felt very uncertain what to do. She had never loved Andrew very much, even when she married him, but now her heart yearned towards him somewhat. Stronger still was the impulse of loyalty. Her nature was more true than she wanted it to be. She had wayward, rebellious desires, and she tried to follow them, but she could not long disregard any obligation. She did not understand the turmoil in her mind. She only knew that Andrew, as his steps died away in the distance, seemed drawing her after him.

Joe pushed open the door, and shambled in. He stopped before Nell, and stared coarsely at her.

"Well," she cried at last, "would you know me again in a crowd?"

"Who be you?" said Joe.

"Who be I? Who be *you*?"

"I'm Joe," said he. "I'm Annie's brother, 'n' you'd better look out wot you do, or I'll have you took up. I'd like to git him took up," he added, with a chuckle.

"Who's Annie?" asked Nell.

Joe grinned sarcastically. "As ef you did n't know!" he said disdainfully.

"Well, I don't know, an' I don't care, neither," said she, turning from him.

But Joe followed her. "Don't you know?" he asked earnestly.

"No, I don't."

He studied her face. "Mebbe," he said at last, "he's playin' a game on you! I seen him an' you gabbin' to-

gether lots o' times. Mebbe he is! Will you help me pay him up?"

"Tell me what you mean," resumed Nell, in a steady voice. "Who is Annie?"

"She's my sister," said the boy slowly. "She's his wife."

"Whose wife?"

"His'n, — Andrew Moore's."

"You lie!"

"No, I don't," said Joe; but as he spoke he backed towards the door.

"Stop!" cried she. "Before God, I didn't know nothin' of this." Her breast heaved, and the words came hard from her lips. "Tell me, where does this Annie live?"

But Joe was frightened out of his plan of making her his accomplice in some scheme of vengeance upon Andrew, and he answered promptly, "I sha'n't tell ye."

"Oh, I won't hurt her. I'll — be a friend to her. Has she been married long?"

"None o' yer business."

"Oh, yes, it is," panted Nell. "Do tell me. Andrew Moore has played me a worse trick as ever he played her."

She entreated, she stormed, but Joe fled before her passion, and told her no more. Left alone, she steadied her head with her hands, and sat down on the floor. This, then, was the reason for Andrew's urgent desire to keep their former relations private. "He has a wife here," she said to herself, "an' he wanted to clear out with me, 'n' not let her know. Then," she added slowly, "he liked me best!"

III.

Annie came home from her work early that noon. She was ill, and told her mother that she had fainted in the mill. She sat down, looking very white, and took up her baby.

"I seen Andrew into Mis' Carey's, talkin' with that gal ag'in, this mornin'," said Joe, leering up at her from his seat on the floor. "Ef I was big enough, I'd lick him, — pay him for some o' the lickin's he's gin me. She said she did n't know nothin' about his havin' a wife here. Took on like blazes about it."

The mother plied Joe with angry questions, but the boy rose and slouched out without further speech. Annie simply said, after a long pause, "I guess Miss Justice ain't goin' to do nothin' about takin' Joe away, after all."

In a few minutes Andrew came in. As he entered the kitchen, Annie's pale face shone like a white gleam in the dark, dingy room, and his heart contracted with pain and something like tenderness. He sat down by the table, and thought how unlucky it was that he was so "soft-hearted." He could not look forward to possessing Nell without the shadow of Annie's suffering falling across his joy.

Mrs. Huckleberry set out Andrew's dinner sullenly, and he ate it silently. After a few minutes, Annie came and waited on him. Once, as she passed him, she laid her fingers very lightly on his shoulder. He bent his head low over his plate.

"Set down," said the mother gruffly. "You're not fit to be waitin' on him. Sick yersel'."

Andrew looked up to see Annie stagger as she tried to lift a kettle from the stove. He sprang forward, caught her in his arms, carried her into their room, and laid her on the bed. He leaned over her, and she saw tears in his eyes. She raised her hand feebly to touch him. He turned away. "Don't go back to work again to-day," he said, and went out of the house, meaning never to enter it again. He groaned aloud as he closed the door. Just then he saw into his own heart, and knew how cruel and selfish it was. But in a few minutes he

lifted his head, squared his shoulders, and tried to smile, saying to himself, —

“Now, there’s lots of fellers would n’t think nothin’ of leavin’ a girl like that. I ain’t half so bad as them. An’ if Nell ’n’ me get on pretty well, I guess I can send Annie some money before long, an’ may be I can come an’ see her once in a while.”

That afternoon Annie sat alone in the kitchen, with the baby on her lap. Her mother had gone to do a neighbor’s washing. The girl felt very ill, and her heart was even heavier than usual. She sang softly to the baby, and the song sounded like a long, low moan. She heard steps on the frozen ground outside, and looked up to see a face at the window. It vanished, and an instant later the door opened; a woman came in with a firm step, and walked across the room to Annie.

The girl recognized her with a sinking heart: it was the woman Joe had seen with Andrew. Silently the two looked at each other. A faint angry color rose in Annie’s cheek, but Nell’s face did not change, till she glanced down at the baby, when her eyes grew dark with a meaning Annie could never have fathomed.

“That is my husband’s child,” Nell thought, “and it is not mine.” Aloud, she said, “That is *your* baby?”

“Yes,” said Annie; still Nell stood and looked at it. “What do you want?” faltered the mother, finally.

Nell started, as from a dream, and then laughed slightly, but unquietly. “I wanted to see it and you,” she said. “Don’t you never worry for fear o’ my doin’ you any harm. I never knew Andrew was married — to you, till that boy — Huckleberry Joe, they call him — told me so to-day. You see, I used to know Andrew, years ago, when we was young — an’ I — was silly. That’s all. But I thought may be folks might be tellin’ you stories as would trouble you. Don’t listen to nothin’ of the sort.

I’m goin’ away to-night. If Andrew ever treats you bad, you send for me. Mis’ Carey ’ll know where I am. She’s my cousin. Good-by.” Annie, bewildered, stared at her visitor. Nell paused, and then said, “When I’m clean gone, Andrew will never think o’ me again. I know him. So that ’ll be all right. I’d like to take the baby a minute.”

She stooped, lifted the child in strong, tender arms, carried it to the window, gazed wistfully at its tiny face, touched her lips lightly to the puny cheek, then brought it back to the young mother, smiled a rare, sweet smile, and passed out into the frosty air.

“Oh,” moaned Annie, “how pretty she is!”

IV.

Andrew Moore left the station, where he had waited in vain for Nell, and took the path through the woods to Mrs. Carey’s house. The sun was sinking in the west, and showed like a red fire through the pines. As he turned a curve in the path, he saw a woman walking in the rich light, a little distance before him. He ran till he reached her.

“Why did n’t you come?” he cried.

“I had other business. I went to see your other wife.”

“Oh!” he groaned.

Nell faced him defiantly. “Yes,” she said. “An’ I told her as you an’ I was old acquaintances, an’ nothin’ more; an’ now I tell you that I’m goin’ away from here, — but not with you. So my advice to you is to make it up with Annie, and be good to her.”

“Annie is no wife of mine,” he said doggedly, “and you are. If you were a decent woman, you’d go with me.”

Nell’s eyes blazed. “Jest stop that,” she said, in a trembling voice. “I won’t be insulted. I married you fair an’ square; so did *she*. What you’ve done has set *me* free, but has bound you to her. I’ll get a bill, an’ you can marry

her over again, if you've got scruples about the first time."

The man begged and entreated. He threw himself upon the ground at her feet. He wound his arms about her knees and pulled her down towards him.

"I could n't!" she cried, struggling. Then she looked into his upturned face. "Since I saw that girl's baby," she said, "I could n't like you if I tried; and I would n't live with you if I did like you."

His eyes fell, his head drooped, but still he clung to her, and as she moved she dragged him along the frosty ground, while the red sun sank out of sight between the forest stems, and a darkness fell upon the two. He lifted up his face once more to hers, but her heart only grew still and cold at the sight. Afterward, after many days, alone in her chamber, she often cried and shuddered, and her heart ached, remembering that dark, despairing face, with the unearthly glow upon it from the wintry twilight heaven above.

"It's hell," he cried, "you're leavin' me to! Don't you see what that family are? They'll keep me poor an' wretched all my life. It's hell with them. It's hell without you. And I love you, Nell, — oh, my God, how I love you!"

"Make heaven out of your hell," she said. "I must."

He could not comprehend her, but his arms fell to the ground. He no longer dared touch her. She stood free, but now that she was free she felt that she could not leave him thus.

"Why did you marry her?" she asked sternly, as he crouched at her feet.

For a moment there was no answer; then he said, "I was mad with you, and" — he hesitated again — "when old Huckleberry teased me to marry her I pitied her. I was soft-hearted. I could n't leave a girl, like other fellers do. It was all her fault."

"Now," said Nell, "you've said the meanest thing a man can say, an' what

a man always does say when he's ruined a girl. Just you mind: if you treat her badly, I'll have you arrested for bigamy."

Her indignation restored her strength, and she left him, not once looking back to see him, lying there on the earth.

Annie's husband went back to her that evening, but he found no peace for his alarmed soul. He reflected that he was entirely in Nell's power, and that at any moment, should she be seized with a revengeful impulse, she could cause his arrest. He knew that she had left the village on the evening of that fateful day, but he knew not whither she had gone. Sometimes he thought he would seek her out, and try once more to win her; but he was afraid to face again those wrathful, accusing eyes. His present life grew more irksome to him. He ceased to feel any tenderness for Annie, and the child irritated him. His conscience was drowned in a flood of fear and self-pity. After a day or two of this sort of torment, he made up his mind to leave the place, and "tramp" his way to some distant part of the country, out of the reach of Nell's possible vengeance. So there came a night when Annie waited in vain for the father of her child. The next forenoon the neighbors told the young mother that on the day before he was seen going out of the village on the train.

That afternoon, Theodora Justice stood at the door of the basement where Joe's family lived. She had found a farmer who, for a consideration, which in her new-born zeal she intended secretly to furnish, had promised to take Joe and try to teach him farm work.

Miss Justice looked at the row of dark, damp tenements, and her gray eyes grew thoughtful. She entered the dingy, ill-odorous kitchen, and her heart felt heavy. The women within were slightly clad. Her own garments were warm and rich. Was she clothed from the rents paid for these wretched rooms?

She told her errand, and received in return an account of all the occurrences of the past few days.

"Annie won't believe," said the mother, "that that girl has gone off with Andrew, but I know she has."

"Had you had trouble with your husband before?" asked Miss Justice.

"No, miss, we never had no trouble."

"He was a good husband, then?"

The mother made answer, "Oh, he wa'n't none of the best, nor none of the worst."

Miss Justice could not understand why these women showed so little emotion as they talked of these things. Their voices were simply dreary and hopeless, though Annie's eyes were red from weeping.

"I'll have to do something with my baby," said the deserted girl. "I can't take care of it, an' work in the mill; an' if I could put it somewheres, mother could go out washin' a good deal."

"If Joe goes," said the elder woman, "we could get on pretty well, if it wa'n't for the baby."

"But how can you bear to send your baby away?" cried Theodora.

"Well," said Annie, "it would be hard, for I think it is getting real cunning. If I'd known how things was to be, I'd ha' tried to send it off when it was first born. Then I should n't ha' cared."

She bent over the child a little wistfully. When she raised her eyes, she met Theodora's puzzled, compassionate glance. So these two gazed at each other, — both women, both creatures who had suffered, both daughters of the factory; but how differently had the factory dealt with them!

Theodora put out her hand, and lightly touched Annie's shoulder. "My poor child," she said, "stay at home for a few days and rest, and take care of the baby, and we will see what can be done for you."

"I *have* to stay at home," answered

Annie, simply. "I'm so sick, I can't work now, but I'll be better in a day or two."

"Indeed," said the mother, "Annie ain't fit to work. She's been to the mill many a mornin' when she was too sick to hold up her head; but poor folks can't stop to mind such things."

"What is the matter?" asked Theodora.

"I have a pain in my side," said Annie. "It's standin' so much does it."

"Do you stand all the time you work?"

"Yes."

"Have you no time to sit?"

"Not much; an' we hain't no chairs, an' the overseer won't let us sit on the floor."

"You could sit down, now and then, if you had chairs?"

"Yes. There used to be chairs, but they is all broke."

Theodora drew a deep breath. It was only through negligence, she was sure, that new chairs had not been provided; but this young mother, whose rest was broken all night, must suffer all day from such oversight.

"Well," thought the lady, "I don't know but it is worth while to live just to remedy such neglect."

She left the girl sorrowfully, and went straight to Mrs. Carey, to learn what she could about Andrew and Nell. Mrs. Carey, although her cousin, had known nothing about Nell till she came to the village, a few weeks previously. She did not even know then that the girl had been married, and nothing had roused her suspicion, since Nell's maiden name had also been Moore. After her final interview with Andrew the young wife had confided her story to Mrs. Carey, and charged her to watch what happened to Annie, but on no account to reveal to any one the fact of her own marriage. Consequently, when Miss Justice questioned the milliner, all she received in reply was Mrs. Carey's as-

sertion that Nell was not with Andrew, and that she did not know where he was. Theodora was not wholly inclined to believe her statements, especially as the woman refused to tell where Nell had gone. Such clumsy manœuvres and palpable mysteries would probably soon have resulted of themselves in a complete enlightenment of the whole affair, had not a higher power taken the matter into its own hands, and arranged all things according to some deeper sense of fitness.

That very evening Margaret came to Miss Justice. "I have been," she said, "to see Annie Moore. She is very ill, and needs a competent nurse."

"Hire one, and I will pay her," said Theodora.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Justice, looking up from the Tribune.

Margaret briefly stated the case. "In her exhausted condition," said she, "it is a serious matter. She has worked when she should have been in bed. I doubt if she lives through the night."

Theodora drew a long sobbing breath. Mr. Justice ordered out the coachman, sent for medicines, nurse, everything that could be needed, and himself walked with Margaret and Theodora down to the house where the sick girl lived. He paused at the door, while the women went in.

"These tenements are abominable," he thought. "It's a dozen years since I have been in this part of the village and seen them. Theodora shall have her way, and shut them up."

In a moment, his daughter came out to him. She put her hands on his shoulders, and looked in his handsome eyes, so like her own.

"Father," said she, "I shall stay here to-night."

"Very well," he answered, kissing her.

Theodora was useful that night, for the nurse for whom they sent could not come, and she, under Margaret's direc-

tions, with the mother's assistance, took charge of Annie. Mr. Justice returned at midnight, to see if he could be of any service. His servants came and went all night on errands. Margaret had another patient in a critical condition, and was forced to be away part of the time, but no braver battle with death was fought that night over the couch of any lady in the land than that struggle to save this poor Annie, who had been so little heeded till she lay dying.

It was a strange scene, that dimly lighted, squalid room, with the white face upon the pillow, and the pale, lovely lady sitting by the bed. Old Huckleberry roamed restlessly in and out, and looked at his step-daughter's quiet face. The mother, when otherwise unoccupied, sat at the foot of the bed and tended Annie's baby. The small children were asleep on the kitchen floor, but Joe crouched in a corner of Annie's room, and watched his sister with a look of only half-human suffering in his eyes. Little as Annie had cared for him, she had always been gentle to him, and he felt something like affection and sorrow now, and was stupefied by a sensation of so high an order.

Although much of the time Annie required attention, there were long quiet intervals, when Theodora had nothing to do but think of these factory people, who seemed to have some claim upon her, which hitherto she had not recognized. Her heart began to go out to them, just because many of them were sick and sorry, and needed her. She felt that it would not be hard to labor for them, because she would love them. Once, when Annie moaned, Theodora bent over her, with lips that trembled a little.

"Poor baby," murmured the dying girl.

"Don't be troubled," said Theodora. "I will see that it is well taken care of."

They waked Annie's little brothers, who came into the room, half asleep,

and climbed on the bed to kiss their sister. They laid her baby's silent mouth to hers. Huckleberry wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and went for the priest. The room was hushed. The mother knelt beside her daughter. A woman came from the upper part of the house, and, kneeling, with a candle in her hand, read prayers in a mumbling voice. Annie stirred uneasily, and asked, "Where's Joe?"

Theodora repeated the faint whisper aloud, and the boy started from a light slumber, and came to the bed.

"Good-by," said Annie. "You never meant no harm in anything, I know."

Joe slunk back, and sobbed in his corner on the floor. Annie never spoke again. Through it all she had never mentioned Andrew; but when she lay dead in the morning light, her little face, scarce whiter than in life, was still sad.

Theodora took the baby home to keep until she could find a suitable person to care for it. It was a puny creature, and when Margaret came to see it she said it was so feeble, and had been so drugged by its ignorant grandmother, that she doubted whether it could live. Theodora remembered then that the old woman had taken the baby into her own room a little while before Annie died, because of its crying, and that after she brought it back it had slept constantly. Full of unnecessary remorse lest she, by her inattention, had been partly to blame, Miss Justice spent most of the day, after her night-watch, tending the child. The little life, however, flickered and went out, and late that afternoon the tiny body was laid beside the mother's. Living, she had not been a beautiful child, but in death she was lovely as a little angel carven in marble, — white, but blue-veined under the closed eyes. Theodora placed the fair head on Annie's arm, and as she looked at these two, lying peacefully together, her heart swelled within her, and she turned away quickly to hide her tears.

As she left the house, a woman stopped her.

"You're Miss Justice?" asked the stranger.

"Yes."

"Well," said the other, "I'm Nell Moore."

"Oh! Where is Andrew?"

"I dunno," said Nell.

"You don't?"

"No. Oh, you needn't think he went off with me. No, ma'am! I'm done with him. I married him fair enough."

"Married him!" cried Theodora.

"Yes," said Nell. "It can't do her no harm to tell now. I meant to see you an' tell you, when I heard to-day how kind you'd been to her, for I wanted to show you I was an honest woman, fit to take care of a child. So I brought my certificate," and Nell calmly produced the proof of her marriage, which Theodora scanned with astonished eyes. "We quarreled," went on Nell, "an' separated, an' he come here; an' he made believe marry that girl, — but she thought it was all right; an' I did n't know nothin' about her, an' when I found out it turned me against him more'n all he'd done to me; an' I pitied her, an' I could n't see as I could do anybody no good except by clearin' out, an' so I went. I've been stayin' to Bordentown, with Mis' Carey's sister; an' I heard he had left her, an' that she was dead, poor thing, an' so I come right over this afternoon, an' thought I'd speak to you about it."

"You and Andrew did not go away together!"

"Not much," said Nell frankly. "An' I'm goin' to get a bill from him. I won't be bothered with him no longer. What I wanted to see you about was — that baby. There's nobody wants it, I s'pose, an' I know Andrew well enough to know he won't worry himself about it. So if you can manage that I can have it, an' no fuss nor talk made, I'd

take the best of care of it. I can earn enough to support it, an' I'd be much obliged to you."

Theodora stood amazed. "You would take that baby?" she said.

"Yes," said Nell. "I'm fond of children, an' I saw this one once, and took a fancy to it." She paused, grew red, and then added hurriedly, "It might ha' been mine, you know."

Theodora choked, as she said in a low tone, "The poor little baby is gone too, and will be buried with the mother to-morrow."

Nell started. "Then Andrew is clear of all that," she said, "and of me too. He can begin business all over again." She laughed a little bitterly, as though some faint self-consciousness had come to her, which made her feel, in spite of all her outward show of decision, that it would not be as easy for her as it would have been for him to break through the meshes of the moral net in

which her life was held. In a moment more, she said, "Well, I'm sorry about the baby. It was a blessing for Annie to die. As for me, I've got to make the best I can of living on."

She turned to go, but Theodora touched her.

"Nell," said she, "come and see me sometimes. Let me be your friend. Don't go like that. I've known trouble, too."

At the simple words, Nell's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Thank you," she said. "I'll come to you once in a while, then. Good-by."

Theodora saw that it would be no kindness to detain her, and stood still watching the lithe, handsome figure, till the gathering gloom of the winter evening wrapped it round and shrouded it from view. Then she turned her steps homeward, saying to her tired self, "She is beyond my help, and Joe is left to me."

S. A. L. E. M.

THREE WORLDS.

I.

In youth the world, a newly blown
Prismatic bubble,
Shows the enchanted soul her own
Enchanting double.

The light and dew of heavenly dreams
Filled my young vision,
And life rose clothed in orient beams,
Bright apparition!

Then love in each fair bosom beat,
A pure emotion;
And friendship was a long and sweet,
Ideal devotion.

Woman was truth; and age was then
Holy as hoary.

Strangely about the brows of men
There shone a glory,

A radiance shed by my rapt sight
And reverent spirit;
How changed the life, how paled the light,
As I drew near it!

'T was my own ardent youth (alas,
How unsuspected!)
Whose image in the bubble's glass
I saw reflected.

O magic youth, that could suffuse
The bright creation
With its own dreams and rainbow hues
Of aspiration!

II.

The wondrous years no more were mine,
When fervent Fancy
Remade the world by her divine,
Sweet necromancy.

But still, as paled that earlier flame,
My zeal grew warmer
To serve my kind; and I became
A world-reformer.

For every problem then I saw
Some new solution,
Could I remodel human law
And institution!

To wed in work the heart and mind,
Make life a mission
Of wise good-will to all mankind,
Was my ambition.

Bondage and ignorance should cease;
Reason and culture
Should banish war, the dove of peace
Succeed the vulture.

But patiently as I reshaped
The old equation,
I found some factor still escaped
My calculation.

No philosophic scheme, nor act
Of legislature,
Can yoke the storm and cataract
Of human nature.

A thankless task has he who tries
To chip and model
The world to just the form and size
Of his own noddle.

Is it because of hopes long tossed,
Or heart grown harder?
Now I have also something lost
Of that last ardor.

No dungeon door will cease to creak,
Nor chain be broken,
For any word I hoped to speak,
But leave unspoken.

My noon is past, as many things,
Alas, remind me!
Slowly about my shadow swings,
Lengthening behind me.

The unaccomplished task laid down
I leave to others;
The voice, the victory, and the crown,
To you, my brothers!

Not doubting, though my lips be dumb,
But trusting wholly
In that fair time which yet shall come,—
Shall come, though slowly.

Not in our hurrying years, but late,
Through generations,
The race shall rise which I await
With perfect patience.

Youth's brave illusion, manhood's hope,
Vision of sages,
Are augury and horoscope
Of future ages.

A harp-like sound is in my ear,
A far-off humming:
I see the golden cloud, I hear
The chariots coming!

III.

Nearer and sweeter than I thought
 One world has waited,
Though not the world my fancy wrought,
 Or hope created :

A world of common light and air,
 Of earth and azure ;
Of love girt round by fear, and care
 Dearer than pleasure ;

Of simple wants and few, good-will
 To friend and neighbor ;
And each day's cup each day must fill
 With thought and labor ;

Furtherance and help, with ample scope
 For tears and laughter ;
Of child-like faith, and earnest hope,
 In the hereafter ;

Patience in pain ; in every ill,
 Cross, and privation,
If not contentment, patience still,
 And resignation.

My brother's wrong I may not right,
 But I can share it ;
My own I'll study less to fight,
 And more to bear it.

I'll till my little plot of ground,
 And pay my taxes,
And let the headlong globe go round
 Upon its axis.

Aspire who may to seize the helm
 And guide creation ;
If I can rule my little realm
 With moderation, —

My own small kingdom, act and thought
 And chaste affection,
Trained powers, and passions duly brought
 Into subjection,

The world of home, of wife and child, —
 Good-by, ambition !

I'll live serenely reconciled
To my condition.

With years a richer life begins,
The spirit mellows:
Ripe age gives tone to violins,
Wine, and good fellows.

I'll marry action to repose,
Busily idle,
As through great scenes a traveler goes
With slackened bridle.

To loftier aims let me aspire,
To higher beauty;
Freedom to follow my desire
Be one with duty.

About our common mother earth
Flow seas of ether;
Heaven holds her in its starry girth,
The clouds enwreath her.

Forever mystery, love, the soul's
Boundless ideal,
Like a diviner ether rolls
About the real.

And second youth can still suffuse
The bright creation
With its own dreams and rainbow hues
Of aspiration.

J. T. Trowbridge.

JOHN BAPTIST AT THE JORDAN.

A SPONTANEOUS camp-meeting, with no precedents, and no committee of arrangements. There are no well-adjusted seats for hearers; there are no convenient cottages for visitors. They are all in the open air, in the open country, where most of them never were before. Many of them are living as they never lived before. All of them believe that, this time, something is to happen. And, from east, west, north, and south, they

have flocked together here, first to be baptized by this prophet John, and then to follow wherever he chooses to lead them.

From the uncultivated plain, dry and desert indeed, you descend over a line of white, clayey hills to a flat or terrace, which seems the basin of an old lake. This is covered with low shrubs of the "agnus castus." A second descent brings you upon another terrace, which

is a thick jungle of willows and tamarisks. With one more descent you come to the river-bed. The river itself is not broad, sometimes not more than sixty feet wide, and the depth, except in floods, from six feet to four. On the eastern side of the river, as it would seem, in a country without villages, where men must encamp if they stay at all, are gathered these crowds, who are called together by the announcement that Elijah has appeared. It was from this very wilderness that Elijah disappeared. And now he has come again!

We are apt to read the Bible in that stupid, Gradgrind way which results in keeping the whole story on one level. We take it as all wonderful and all a matter of course at the same time. So the average feeling about John Baptist—if people take the trouble to have any feeling about him—would be, I suppose, that it was the most natural thing in the world for him to go out into the desert, to dress like a Bedouin, and to live like one. But, in fact, it was just as much a thing of course, and just as little, as it would be to-day for the only son of a manufacturer in Akron, or a lawyer in Pittsfield, to leave his father's house and family, leave all the associations to which his father and mother were bred, leave all his "reasonable prospects for life," and go up into the Upper Missouri country, or the wild lands of Lake Superior, or the forests around Katahdin, and live there alone in the fashion of Indians. The distance of removal is greater in these modern illustrations, but the contrast between the life of John's father, which in the natural order of things he would have inherited, and the life which he chose is not greater. To all which we shut our eyes, and plunge on, mumbling, "Oriental custom," "Eastern ways are so different from our ways." But if ever there were people of set ways, they were priests of the regular course of Abia. So that when a young gen-

tleman of one of these hierarchical families went off alone into a wild country, and took on himself the costume and the life of a Bedouin Arab, the matter was not such a humdrum and every-day business but what people should inquire about it. And those people who found he was dead in earnest came together to know what had happened and what was going to happen.

Nor was this an "Oriental custom," as we say so blandly, a thing of every day, like going down to a camp-meeting at Martha's Vineyard now. All sorts of people came together here who were not accustomed to come into the wilderness, and they came from all sorts of places. They were people not much used to seeing each other, too. Real Bedouin, who were quite at ease in camp life, came face to face with quiet people, town bred, who were a good deal astonished to find themselves sleeping under the stars, or sitting round a fire together, telling stories in the open air before bed-time came. Jerusalem Jews were not over-civil, as we know, to Galilee people; and neither of them had much fancy for the people who belonged to Edom, on the eastern side of the river; and all of them hated the soldiers through and through. But old prejudices or old likings were, in this case, swayed and overruled by the eager desire to know what Elijah had to say, if he were Elijah, and what Elijah wanted them to do, so that they might be free of these grinding oppressions.

How large a troop of them assembled, or how long they stayed, no one can tell. But this is clear: that John and his camp-meeting excited much more of the attention of that country for many years than did Jesus and the multitudes who surrounded him. Here was a camp with a leader. It all looked as if it might be used for a purpose. These people assembled as if they meant to do something. It was just at a time when war was lowering on the frontier;

war, too, with which, as it proved, this camp-meeting had a very close connection. The attachments of the Bedouin were but fickle at best. They made a sort of screen between the king of Arabia and the Roman Empire. All Syria, as far east as Euphrates, had been fought over back and forth, in that endless contest between West and East. The great Roman Empire of the West and the great Parthian Empire of Asia scowl at each other across this narrow Palestine and Edom.

In the life-time of many of these people, the cities of Judah had entertained now Roman and now Asiatic armies on their campaigns. But now there has been peace, or at the least an armed truce, for years. This truce Herod, like the mad fool he is, has managed to break. His wife was the daughter of the Arab King Aretas, — a political marriage, if you please. It held in check all these wild tribes along the Eastern frontier, good at fighting and hard to hold, as General Miles would tell you to-day, or General Crook. Herod has repudiated this Arab beauty, because he has fallen in love with his brother Philip's wife. He has married his sister-in-law, and has sent the Arab beauty home, disgraced, to her father. Her father does not like this. It is just what Arab kings like least. He has declared war against Herod. And so it is that these soldiers of Herod's, who come and go in the throng by the Jordan fords, and consult the new Elijah as the others do, are very closely mixed up in the imperial politics of the time. And the politicians on both sides begin to watch this encampment, to know what it is, in the affairs of their time, which the new Elijah seeks. Is the mass-meeting to befriend Herod and the Roman side, or will it work a division?

Of that matter the end is dramatic indeed, and of the tragic sort. "When the armies met," says the historian of that day, "all Herod's army was de-

stroyed by the treachery of some deserters, who, though they were of the tetrarchy of Philip, Herodias's deserted husband, joined with the Arabs. Now some of the Jews thought that destruction of Herod's army came from God, and that very justly, as a punishment of what he did against John that was called the Baptist." The Jews were quite right in that opinion, and before he had done Herod probably thought so, too. He had time enough to think it over. This dear-bought new wife, the Herodias of all our pictures, persuaded him to sail to Rome to pacify the emperor he had provoked by his folly. But emperors are not fond of tetrarchs who provoke war. Caligula will not let Herod and his handsome wife go back again. He sends them into Western banishment. He takes the kingdom from Herod, and gives it to his cousin Agrippa. And Herod and Herodias, in the beggary of exiles in barbarous Spain, have the satisfaction of thinking, all their lives long, what was the cost of the gift of John Baptist's head, which the dancing-girl gained the night of the birthday party. Disgrace and exile and beggary are what our handsome queen bought, the night she asked for that head "in a charger." That is what happens to the guilty. To the rest of us, who had no hand in the death of John or the war with Aretas, the end of that matter is brighter. It is partial evil working out into universal good. Some five and twenty years after this cruel business, Paul is brought up to his trial before the authorities of his day, — Paul, on whose life, as it proves, the destiny of modern Europe and modern civilization hung. Will Paul fare any better than John Baptist fared? No fear. Twenty-five years have changed all that. When Felix hears him, his Jewish wife, Drusilla, sits by and assists. When Festus hears Paul, King Agrippa comes in to hear Paul plead. Felix trembles. Festus

is courteous. Agrippa is almost persuaded. Paul is treated almost as their peer. "This man might have been set at liberty, had he not appealed unto Cæsar." Wonderfully civil is the king to the reform preacher. Yes; for he and his sister here remember the history of their house. But for another reform preacher and what Herod did to him, Agrippa and Drusilla would be the exiles begging bread. Agrippa remembers and Drusilla remembers the folly of their uncle, when, on that drunken night, he sacrificed the prophet's head and his own throne together. They are sitting on the seat from which he fell. "The less we have to do with these 'kingdom of God' people the better. Our uncle Antipas did not succeed with them very well." In that civility of Festus and Agrippa and Drusilla, Paul is sent to tell the truth to Nero, and to write a new chapter in the history of the world.

But in following these soldiers, and what came of them and theirs, I have gone beyond my story. What John Baptist said to them, or rather what got written down thirty or forty years after of what he said to them, was the rather grim direction, "Do violence to no man, nor accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages,"—no bad direction to be given to any soldiers off duty by any preacher in any time.

War with the Bedouin is no trifle to people who are established in the exquisite country north of John's encampment, in what they thought the security of the Roman arms. There has lately been published a wonderful book by Waddington, lately the French prime minister, describing and illustrating his wanderings and researches in that region, in days when he had leisure to wander. It is the country just north of John Baptist's desert, on the east of Jordan. People call it to this hour the most beautiful country in the world. But, since the time of the Saracen in-

vasion it has been good for nothing for living in by quiet people, thanks to just this sort of Bedouin lawlessness, which Herod provoked when he made war with King Aretas. And so in John's time any of these people living there—say, the young gentleman up above, "who had great possessions," whom we hear of afterwards—took the sort of interest in the war questions that the chief of a wheat farm in Dakota would take to-day, if he found there was a prospect of an inroad from Sitting Bull and his seven hundred warriors from the Canada side of the line.

West of Jordan, in more closely settled regions, there was, at the same time, social ferment down to the very dregs of things. The poor were desperate, and the rich were angry. The taxes which were imposed upon them seemed to wring the last penny from the poor, and the rich saw with disgust how the farmers of the revenue, with their vulgar new wealth, grew every day richer and richer. As to intrigue of politics, I think there is not in all history such a calendar of murders as those by which the throne of Herod had been established, now split up into these quarter thrones, or "tetrarchies." And the hatred which the gentry and the common people had for the Herods was in proportion to the cruelty with which, through blood, they had waded to their thrones. Then, for reformers, you had a reformer at every corner. You had pensive brooders and dreamers. You had sticklers for the old forms, even to the letter. You had ascetics, who left the abodes of men, and went into the wilderness. You had other ascetics, who showed off their fastings and their washings in the cities. You had philosophers, who could refine down the old faith to mean anything or everything in their subtleties. You had, as we have to-day, men hanging round the government, without any real religion but the worship of themselves or of

their liege lords. Such men worshiped Herod or Tiberius, and for the rest maintained religion as a good thing for the people.

It is fair to say that all these classes were represented in the throng, larger every day, which camped around John, on the eastern side of Jordan. To such a throng as this it is that Elijah, if he be Elijah, proclaims the good old Hebrew war cry, "No king but God!" For that is their interpretation of "The kingdom of heaven is at hand."

We look back on all this with eager interest, because we know what came of it. We squeeze dry, very dry indeed, every scrap of record there is left. But, alas, there is very little record. History is pitiless in such matters. The thing which was to be done was not to be done in the way that camp-meeting expected. Therefore the camp-meeting has left very little record of itself. So there was an immense parade in this dear Boston of ours fifty years ago, when we celebrated our second centennial. But nothing particular came of the parade, and so, after only fifty years, it is hard to make old people remember that there was any such display. Still we hunt for the record of the camp-meeting now, and clothe the whole scene with what Mr. Choate once called "a reflex and peculiar glory," when he spoke of the glamour which we throw on the rather unpicturesque environments of Plymouth Bay. This glamour of the "peculiar glory" has the more sway, because in modern times we separate so sharply the times and the methods of studying the camp-meeting, and the rest which follows, from all other study. There is a classical atlas and a Bible atlas. A bright boy or girl studies the classical atlas at the public school, and the Bible atlas at the Sunday school. They read about Cleopatra in Shakespeare, on Saturday. But on Sunday, when they must not read Shakespeare, they read about Herod, Cleopatra's lover, in the Bible.

In that way there grows up a superstition about profane history and sacred history. A dull boy might be excused if he thought Caligula and Tiberius were always swearing, because they come into profane history, and that Pilate and Caiaphas should have glories round their heads, because they appear in sacred history.

Out of all this ridiculous superstition has grown what Mr. Tiffany has called the "isolation theory of Scripture," a phrase admirably chosen. And people who are not dull boys really imagine, without much thought, that these New Testament affairs passed on a stage as much separated from the ordinary life of that century as is the valley of the Ober-Ammergau from Wall Street or Threadneedle Street. But there never was a greater mistake. Not simply in the tides of war, but in the affairs of commerce, the people who lived in Judea were then mingling with all the rest of the world. It seems as if even then Jews were the bankers of the world. They had the aptitude for trade which their father Jacob had, and which makes their descendants to be the tradesmen in New Mexico to-day. They touched with a thousand nerves, both of motion and of feeling, all parts of all continents excepting Australia and America. Neither the Scotchman of to-day nor the New Englander of to-day, though these are the typical wanderers of our time, have penetrated into places distant from their homes with more pertinacity than was shown by those Jewish bankers and merchants who were Christ's contemporaries. And, on the other hand, not London, nor Vienna, nor New York, those Babels of all nationalities, could make out a larger catalogue of races or of languages jostling together, now kindly and now morosely, than we could find in these little cities of Judea and Galilee. A letter from Britain, a carved ivory fly-flap from the cataracts of the Nile, and a tassel of silk from China might

be lying together on the divan on the side of a parlor in Tiberias, when a Roman officer should come in from parade, fling off sword and gorget, and throw himself on the couch, while he ordered wines from Greece and perfumes from India for his refreshment. So cosmopolitan was the country that it is an undecided question what was the language which men spoke most commonly in the streets. And it is probably certain that people with as much knowledge of men and as much in society as Jesus, John Baptist, Simon Peter, and the apostle John spoke indifferently in one of two languages. They either spoke in Greek to people not to the manner born, — and these were perhaps half the persons around them, — or they spoke in the Aramaic, which was the proper language of their country, to persons whom they knew to be natives, to Syrians or Arabs. It is an open question whether such an address as the Sermon on the Mount, to such an audience as heard it, was not delivered in the Greek language, in almost the words, indeed, in which we read of it to-day.

The unarmed throng of people, sincere and insincere, curious and determined, Jew and Gentile, Westerner and Easterner, who came down to the camp-meeting by Jordan, would all be forgotten this day, but for one arrival. There is one among these unnamed converts whose name will not be forgotten. In the carpenter's shop of Nazareth, Jesus hears of John's baptism, and he suspects that the Time has come. In what agony of waiting he has lived through thirty years we may guess, but we cannot tell. The early writers battled it a great deal, stating it in this mechanical phrase: "Did the Holy Spirit come on him at his baptism for the first time?" We ought to be free from such wooden habit of limiting the work of God, — of Infinite Unlimited Spirit. Enough for us to know that when Jesus went to John his life for us begins. From that

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moment the duties of a carpenter of Nazareth, careful for his mother, watchful of his brothers and sisters, give way to the infinite duty of a Saviour of the world. By going down to the wilderness, Jesus shows his estimate of John's work, and he shows also that he is not outside or above John's work. He virtually says, when he goes down there, that he comes in the order of Providence, not outside of it. Centuries have been seething in the great cauldron of history; conquerors have risen and fallen; armies have rallied, fought, and passed away; and now a whole people has waked to the only voice that would wake it, — all, that Christ might come and see and conquer. It is wretched superstition which supposes that this mission was all outside the world, that it was foreign to the world's own strivings and hopes for salvation. It is, on the other hand, all wrought in with the world's own effort. All history since has flowed from it and is tinged by it. At the moment the world needed him, at the moment he could serve it, its Saviour came. Nay, for that moment he even waited, an obedient son, caring for his widowed mother in her home in Nazareth.

"How does the baptizer look upon him? With a quiet countenance, as he would regard an ordinary person. Had he not already conceived for Jesus an unspeakable reverence? He has just now refused to baptize him, before whom he felt himself as nothing. Again and again he has said that he was not worthy to unloose the latchets of Jesus' shoes. To John's mind the moment was one of breathless excitement." These words are Dr. Furness's, and he goes on to say, "To Jesus as well the occasion is of untold interest. Whatever it was to others, the rite was no formality to him. We can scarcely conceive what were his feelings. Binding himself irrevocably, and in spotless pureness of spirit, to the work he undertakes for the world; giv-

ing himself up [how much that means!] — giving himself up to the perfect will of God, he has now, if he never had it before, a complete certainty of his own life and destiny. He makes real before the world the wish, the purpose, the eager desire, which has before existed in the depth of his own bosom." God knows now that he is willing. Men know now that he is devoted. And in that hour of self-consecration he knows that God is with him. The spirit of God is with him, is upon him, and from that moment he has no fear that he is left to human mistake or human failure.

This certainty in his own heart, this consecration before men, this surrender to the will of God, all show themselves in the illumination and glory of face and bearing, as John leads him to the sacrament, and as the solemn service passes. It is expressed in language not unworthy in the gospels, when they write, a generation after, that, "coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens open. He saw that the spirit of God descended upon him, and lo, a voice from heaven: 'This is my beloved son. In him I am well pleased.'"

What if that voice from heaven was heard by himself alone? He heard it, and from that moment it was the key to his life. "Thou art my son, and I am thy Father." And if John Baptist did not hear the voice, he knew the truth.

He knew that the very spirit of God was shed, then and there, on him whom he baptized. "Why, I saw it," he says, — "I saw the spirit descend, as a dove descends." Poetry and art have caught up the word not unfitly, and the gentleness, the purity, — shall I say silence? — of the swooping dove have been from that moment the types of the gentleness, the purity, the silence, and the certainty of the work of God's own spirit upon his child.

Silent, pure, loving, gentle, and sure. And therefore it is not in the noise and bluster of John's great camp meeting that the Saviour stays. He has been willing to show that he is of the world, and not above the world. He is son of man, though he be son of God. But his kingdom is not of observation. His reign is not to be marked by camps, or the gathering of armies. Let John Baptist complete his work of preparation. Not till preparation is over will the Nazarene begin. So is it, — very likely to John's disappointment, perhaps to the surprise of Mary Mother and of the others who knew that his leaving Nazareth meant something for mankind, — so is it that, all willed with God's own spirit, Jesus leaves the camp, leaves the throng of men, and goes alone into the wilderness. It is not in camps, it is not in throngs, it is in the lonely life of the obedient son, that the rescue of the world is to begin.

Edward E. Hale.

HINDU HUMOR.

"ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought," is one of the many wise passages contained in the Dhammapada of the Buddhists; and the Hindus, among whom Buddhism originated, illustrate the truth of this saying. The earliest civilized of the Aryans,

they have witnessed growth and decay and new growths in the other branches of the great Indo-European family; their country has been invaded by Persians, Greeks, Arabs, Moguls, Portuguese, Dutch, and Danes, and has finally succumbed to the English rule; their

primitive religious creed has been modified and corrupted by the mysticisms of philosophers, the innovations of Buddhists and Jains, and the proselytizers of Islam and Christianity. But through all these centuries of change, the Hindus have retained not only the physical, but the mental and moral characteristics which distinguished their ancestors in the long bygone ages, when Hindustan had not come into contact with other nations. Up to a certain point, the Indo-Aryans developed rapidly. Free from foreign influence, and living in a country where the actual necessities of life were easily satisfied, they met with few difficulties to impede their progress. While Persian, Greek, and Roman struggled and fought, the Hindu thought and dreamed. His dreams and meditations are embodied in his religion.

The history of every nation is colored by the people's conception of the supernatural, and their theories of life and its meaning; this is preëminently the case with the Hindus. Their every word and every action are the direct outcome of their religious beliefs, and to study their literature intelligently, and duly comprehend what there is in it of sublime or of humorous, is impossible without the knowledge of the principal tenets of their faith. The belief in Nirvana, or final annihilation, which is the basis of their religion, developed from the physical features of their country. From their primeval home in Central Asia, they had crossed the snowy Himalayas and settled in the neighborhood of the Seven Rivers, where the sky was unclouded, the land fair and fruitful, and the air soothing. The enervating climate generated in the soul of the Hindu a dreamy languor and a great longing for rest. It was the *dolce far niente* of the Italian, or the *Kaf* of the Mahometan, intensified. Like the lotus-eaters, he felt that "there is no joy but calm." Yearning for a state of passivity, he was nevertheless forced into activity by the cares

of life, and mere existence seemed to him a deadly curse. It has been natural to men to represent those pleasures which they ardently longed for, but could not obtain, in this life as the supreme joy of the life to come. Mahomet promised his converts an eternity of black-eyed houris and sensual enjoyments. St. John, like the Talmudists, drew glowing pictures of an expensive heavenly city, with walls of shining gold and streets of precious stones. But the Hindu, who believed activity to be the cause of sin and misery, and individuality the greatest evil, imagined perfect happiness to consist in annihilation, in a final absorption into Brahm, the Atman or One Great Self. Reformers arose. Buddhists and Jains rebelled against the cruel distinctions of caste; schools of philosophy were formed, and Sankyasts and Nyayists dived to depths of metaphysical speculation unfathomed by Neoplatonists or German mystics; in the course of time Vishnu, Siva, and Krishna were respectively worshiped as the greatest of the gods by devotees separated by deadlier difference than that dividing the Christian sects. But in the chaos of dissent there was at least one point upon which all agreed: they aimed at exchanging the activity of existence for an eternity of rest. Call it by whatsoever name they would, — Mukti, Moksha, Nisreyasa, Apavarga, or Nirvana, — all looked forward to the final destruction of the Ego and a glorious release from action. Never has a people's religion been so cruelly at variance with the reality of life. When a man's grows with his growth, and widens as his intellect expands, there is progress. The more the Hindu strove to attain his end, the further he seemed from it. His first-formed ideal in its very conception implied non-activity, and hence the essence of progress was wanting. "There is nothing real but Brahm" was his profession, while his humanity rebelled against the belief in a world of shad-

ows, and love for wife, family, and fellow-man refuted his theory of eternal truth. This doctrine has left a deep impress upon the Hindu character and mind. It has been an insurmountable obstacle to the higher forms of civilization, and with its intense pessimism has hindered any great development of the nobler passions or of the intellect. Genius, under such a system, is crushed, and the soul of poetry and art is missing.

The Hindus have their epics, their dramas, their popular tales, and their poetry. Their Vedas contain passages sublime as any to be found in the sacred books of other nations. Their law-books are full of wise and humane counsels. Their epics celebrate the actions of men and women not unlike the heroes and heroines of Homer; and their dramas bear a strong affinity to ours, — a fact which led Schlegel to declare that the English version of the *Sakuntala* of Kalidasa presents so striking a resemblance to our romantic drama that we would conclude its translator to have been unduly influenced by his love for Shakespeare, if his accuracy were not well established by all Sanskrit scholars. But still, we cannot look to Indian literature for an *Œdipus*, a *Hamlet*, or a *Faust*, nor, conversely, for an *Eulenspiegel*, a *Panurge*, or a *Sancho Panza*. The dogma of quiescence prevented the creation of the great types of tears or of laughter which have been the glory of the literatures of other countries, and which will live forever. According to our conception of the tragic, the Hindus have no tragedies, and the humor which many of their writers possess is a humor distinctly their own. While the true humorist laughs at the follies of mankind, and, even as he laughs, loves them because they are so human, the Eastern humorist, inspired by Brahmanism or Buddhism, laughs at men for rejoicing or despairing in a world which has no reality. He never could thor-

oughly understand the "brotherly sympathy with the downward side" which was the inspiration of Shakespeare, Rabelais, and Cervantes.

It is at first difficult for the Western reader to define what is earnest and what is humorous in Sanskrit works. That which strikes us as grotesque and ludicrous is to the Hindu sublime and serious. The difference in the standards of taste adopted by Eastern and Western Aryans is admirably exemplified in their types of godhead. The Greek gods and goddesses are beautiful and perfect in form; Hephæstos, whose trade is little suited to divinity, is misshapen; and the horns, tails, and goats' feet of Pan and the satyrs harmonize with their semi-bestial natures. The Norse gods are strong, brave, and energetic, and are models of complete manhood. The Hindu gods, however, are tremendous monsters, with eight arms and three heads, like Siva; with an elephant's head, like Ganesa; or black, bloody, and terrible, like the much-feared, much-honored Durga. In the *Mahabharata*, Arjuna begs for one glimpse of the infinite, universal deity, and Krishna appears, with many arms, stomachs, eyes, and mouths with projecting teeth, in which the sons of Dritarashtra are sticking, even as the pilgrims, concealed in the salad, were held fast in the teeth of Gargantua. There is, moreover, the same wild luxuriance in everything Indian. The *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* are the longest of all epics. The *Pansha-tantra* and other popular tales consist of stories connected by a single thread; and there are stories within stories, until an uninitiated reader, before he is half-way through this labyrinth of incident, has lost the thread that was to guide him. It is in keeping with the rich fertility of the Hindu imagination that the early metaphysicians evolved the most tremendous humorous conception that has ever entered into the mind of man.

When the philosopher paused, in his speculations on the infinite, to look out upon the world about him, he saw a land teeming with life and beauty, and men and women who lived and struggled, loved and hated, laughed and cried. The contrast between the truth which he in his wisdom had divined and life as it seemed aroused within him a grim sense of the humorous. After all, he asked himself, what was the world, what was creation, but *Maya*, a delusion? — a joke, colossal in design, which Brahm, the one reality, had imagined for his own amusement. It was even as Heine fancied it might be, the dream of a jolly, tipsy deity.

There is an incident in the Scandinavian mythology that is very suggestive of this idea of *Maya*, and which may be a survival of the pre-Sanskrit or early Aryan age. Thor and Loki once were entertained for a night in the burg, or castle, of *Utgard-Loki*, and while there they were subjected to mortifications and trials so keen that at the first appearance of dawn they hastened to depart upon their journey. *Utgard-Loki* accompanied them for a short distance, and after taunting the two great Asas on their late experiences told them that all their adventures in *Jotunheim* had been deceptions, which he, the great *Jotun* juggler, had continued for their discomfiture and his own amusement. Upon this, Thor, with eyes flashing and knuckles grown white, lifted the mighty *Mjölner*, and turned to crush his tormentor. But lo, giant and castle had disappeared, and there was nothing to be seen but the great grassy plain in which the duped Asas were standing. The fairy foxes, in the minor mythology of Japan, are sometimes represented playing tricks like this one of *Utgard-Loki's*. But when compared to the stupendous satire which has for butt existence itself, the humor of the *Jotun* and the fairy foxes seems like child's play.

The supernatural enters largely into

Indian literature, and it was as necessary to the Hindu poet and story-teller as the doctrine of fatalism was to the Greek dramatist. Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles made good use of the Greek Pantheon, but their deities are more like men than gods; even the Titan Prometheus awakens our loving commiseration, because he is the champion of humanity. In the mediæval romances, fairies and demons and unearthly monsters are as plentiful as bees in a flower garden, but here, as in the Greek myths, the human element predominates. With the Hindu, the human is strictly subordinate to the supernatural, and our interest is checked and our sympathy withdrawn when we discover that the characters are not men, but gods. Rama is an incarnation of Vishnu, and the favorite Indian hero Aryuna is a portion of the essence of Indra; while Sita and Draupadi "with her dark skin and lotus eyes" are forms of the goddess Lakshmi. The result of the battle described in the *Mahabharata* is dependent upon Krishna, and in the *Ramayana* the hero, aided by the monkey-god Hanumani, has for enemy Ravana, the demon with ten faces, twenty arms, copper-colored eyes, and bright teeth, "like the young moon;" who, by the practice of austerities during ten thousand years, had become greater than the gods themselves. The contempt of things earthly led to this exaggeration. It naturally follows that in the Sanskrit masterpiece of humor the true hero of the tale is a demon, who proves himself to be greater than royalty, and superior to that asceticism which of all human prerogatives the Hindu most respects.

This masterpiece is the *Baital Pachisi*, translated by Captain Richard F. Burton as *Vikram and the Vampire*, and is a work essentially typical of Indian humor. It is the most thoroughly mischievous satire that has ever been written, in any age or in any country, but

the satire has nothing in common with Western humor. The nominal hero of the book is the Raja Vikramaditya the Brave, usually called Vikram, who is the King Arthur, Charlemagne, or Haroun-al-Raschid of Hindustan. He is represented as having possessed all the virtues of a monarch and a sage. He was fully conscious of his superiority to the rest of mankind, and, intoxicated with pride and power, held himself to be unrivaled. He was, in fact, *Wisdom* incarnate. Now, according to the story, there was a Jogi, or anchorite, who, many years before Vikram had become king, had been terribly and miserably duped, and resenting his wrongs, and laying the blame on Vikram's father, he determined to be revenged upon the son. Disguised as a merchant, and calling himself Mal Deo, he came to the city of the Rajah, and presented him with fruit, which was found to contain rubies of rare size and brilliancy. When asked by the Rajah what he would receive in return for such lavish gifts, he answered, "I am not Mal Deo, but Shanta Shil, a devotee. I am about to perform magical rites on the banks of the Godavari, in a large *smashana*, a cemetery where bodies are burned. By this means the eight powers of nature will all become mine. But, to perfect my spells, I must be aided by a king. This thing I ask of you as alms: that you and the young prince, Dharma Duay, will pass one night with me, doing my bidding. By your remaining near me my incantations will be successful." This Vikram consented to do, though, having formerly received a warning of the anchorite's vow of vengeance, he began to suspect who the so-called Mal Deo really was. However, as duty and law exacted, on the night appointed, he went with his son to fulfill his promise, and the sight which met their eyes when they first found the Jogi was a grand moral exhibition of ghosts. Nothing daunted, the valiant Rajah asked,

"What commands are there for us?" To which the Jogi replied, "O king, since you have come, just perform one piece of business. About four miles hence, in a southerly direction, there is another place where dead bodies are burned, and there is a siras or mimosa tree, upon which a body is hanging. Bring it to me immediately."

The king and his son started off, and having passed over a rough and rugged road, in the midst of thunder, lightning, and a deluge of rain, followed by goblins and surrounded by every conceivable horror, they arrived at the place described by the Jogi. Approaching the tree, Vikram saw the body. It was bloodless and apparently lifeless, save for the whisking of a ragged little tail; its eyes, face, and hair were brown, and by these signs the king knew it to be a Baital, or vampire. Its appearance was certainly not prepossessing, but the Rajah, always brave and fearless, climbed the tree, cut down the body, and, descending, proceeded to secure it. Scarcely had he laid hands upon it when, with a shout of discordant laughter, it slipped from his grasp, and quicker than thought refastened itself to the tree. Six times did the discomfited and angry Vikram climb the tree, and six times did the wily Baital, with jibes and jeers, elude the efforts of the mighty king. It was only at the seventh trial that it allowed itself to be made captive. His failures had been hard enough to bear by the Rajah, whose slightest inclination had never before been thwarted, but they were insignificant in comparison with the mortifications which still awaited him. The Baital, who was an intensified Indian Mephistopheles, consented to go quietly with Vikram only on one condition. It was, it said, of a loquacious disposition, and would need to relieve the dreariness of the journey with the telling of sprightly tales. After each of these it would ask him a number of questions. "But," it concluded, "when-

ever thou answerest me, either compelled by fate or entrapped by my cunning into so doing, or thereby gratifying thy vanity and conceit, I leave thee, and return to my favorite place and position in the siras-tree; but when thou shalt remain silent, confused, and at a loss to reply, either through humility, or a tacit confession of thy own ignorance and impotence and want of comprehension, then will I allow thee, of mine own free will, to place me before thy employer. Perhaps I should not say so,—it may sound like bribing thee; but take my counsel, and mortify thy pride and assumption and arrogance and haughtiness as soon as possible. So shalt thou derive from me a benefit which none but myself can bestow.” At these impudent words Rajah Vikram winced. He said nothing, however, but seized the bundle in which the vampire had been tied, threw it over his shoulder, and turned in the direction of the Jogi. In a few minutes the Baital began his first tale. By this peculiar commencement the Hindu humorist not only accomplished his own immediate end, but contrived to introduce into his work the short stories so dear to Hindu readers. Each of these is admirable in its way, but they have no immediate connection with the main plot. The ingenuity of the author converts them into snares, by which the mighty Vikram was entrapped.

The first story was interesting, and the Baital told it cleverly. The plot was one of love and intrigue, in which a young prince, his friend, and a fair princess were the leading characters. When it was finished the Baital asked the Rajah to decide as to the conduct of these three, and their influence in bringing about a certain catastrophe. Now it mattered not a farthing to the true interest of the story whether or not this particular point was discussed. The Baital's proposition was like the problems of the Greek sophists, and it

would have been best to have left it unsolved. But Vikram, with an overweening conceit in his knowledge of the law and its administration, and confident of his superior abilities as a judge, logician, and moralist, gravely and silently considered the question, and finally favored the Baital with a decision. Whereupon the latter gave a loud mocking laugh, and flew back to its original position on the tree, whither Vikram was obliged to return, and once more begin his task.

This performance was repeated at the end of each story. Rajah Vikram, despite himself, listened attentively, and was always ready to give an autocratic verdict. And when he did so, slip went the vampire. Wearied with his walks to and fro, he at last determined to sit at the foot of the tree, and there listen. He hoped, too, in this way, to clear his mind of distraction. But all in vain. As soon as the demon began to talk, the Rajah became interested, and was again inveigled into laying down the law. It was not until the Baital had related twenty-five stories, and propounded with every one a problem which could not possibly be solved, that Vikram remembered it would be better to hold his peace, and thus realized that silence is sometimes the highest wisdom. It was a difficult lesson to learn, but once learnt the mighty Rajah was great and invincible in his new power; not all the sneers and insinuating temptations of the vampire could induce him to open his mouth. Yet to do this,—and here is a most delicate point of insulting and mischievous satire and true art,—the Baital made his last story so transparently a mere catch, or satire on the king's wisdom, that even a child would have scorned to comment on it. The Baital found that he was at last vanquished, and prepared to depart out of the dead body he had been animating. As a return for the wearisome journeyings backwards and forwards which poor Vikram had taken, the vam-

pire explained to him the wily intentions of the Jogi, and thus enabled him to escape being sacrificed to Durga, — which would otherwise have been his fate, — and to offer the anchorite in his stead. It is to be hoped Raja Vikram profited by the practical lessons of his tormentor. Rabelais is *funnier* and far more grotesque in satire; Tyll Eulenspiegel more broadly human in his mischief; Reinike Fuchis more accurate in the analysis of social evils; Sterne more searching in self-examination; but, as a subtle and most logical indication of the weak side of the greatest wisdom, and the grain of evil in the highest human ideal of religion, conduct, or morality, the Baital Pachisi surpasses them all. No humorist ever felt so deeply as its author that man can literally imagine nothing perfect, or be devoid of vanity; and he treats the discovery in a spirit of the purest mischief, as a monkey might behave with a polished gold vase which he had found in some ancient tomb, holding it up to all his mates that they might grin with him at their own ugliness, reflected in what was made to be beautiful. The deepest points of Hindu wisdom are here examined with perfect intelligence, simply to be shown with eccentric humor as imperfect, — very fine in their way, to be sure, but not quite what men think they are. The real lesson which the vampire teaches to the many is that personal vanity is always to be found in all human thought, and this teaching involves the extreme of skepticism. Its author was not an inquiring Agnostic, nor a believer in anything, nor yet a disbeliever. He was a genius as to construction, for he has formed his stories with a few master touches into a masterpiece of a plot. The Baital, who talks like a genial blackguard, — a Voltairean Père Duchêne, — and whose dearest delight seems to be to insult decency and dignity and corrupt the morals of the young, appears in the end as seriously wiser than the king, and as a great and

good spirit, the agent of the gods, who were all anxiously engaged in a stupendous drama or scheme of life, whose object was to teach the wisest man who ever lived the last and highest lesson of wisdom, — “not to slop over.” Not to pour more water into the vase than we can carry is all that the king requires to fit him for royalty in heaven. This is the very *ne plus ultra* of daring satire; nobody but a Hindu could have conceived it. Therefore, the author, with apparent sincerity, in his introduction, commends the work as one which will effect the eternal salvation of all sinners who perfectly master its lesson. And if Brahmanism or Buddhism be true, he is perfectly right. If man can be saved by his own wisdom, that wisdom must be perfect, and the Baital puts the finishing touch to every sage who ever lived, — even unto Solomon, who admitted, it is true, that all is vanity, but unlike King Vikram did not practice strictly as he preached. There is no work of Western fiction that in the least approaches to the keen irony of the Baital Pachisi.

It is almost impossible for an Oriental not to speak in parables or fables, and India is probably the birthplace of the practice of story-telling, which, after becoming so popular among the Persians and the Arabs, found its way into Europe. The Hindu stories are always intended to convey a moral to the listener or reader. The actions of one man are explained by relating those of another, and these again may receive illustration from the ways of the animal creation. This method of instruction was always used by Buddha, who accounted to his followers for present circumstances by recalling events which had taken place in their previous lives, and many of the Jatakas, or Birth Stories, as they are called, are full of humor: as, for example, when, to explain the improper behavior of a monk, Buddha showed how, many, many years before, this very

monk, then a peacock, had committed a similar offense ; for then his plumage was so beautiful that he was chosen to be the husband of the daughter of the Golden Goose, and his vanity and self-satisfaction were so great that he danced exultingly in her presence, and in doing this committed a heinous crime. Again, Buddha accounted for the fact of another monk falling victim to the charms of a fat girl because, in a previous existence, he had been born a pig, and had been served up in sausages to the same girl. Ludicrous as this seems, it was very serious matter to the Orientals. The Jatakas are to the Buddhists what parables were to the Jews and the early Christians. As Christ expounded his doctrines in parables suited to the comprehension of the populace, so Buddha successfully appealed to the believers in the transmigration of souls by his birth stories. It is more than probable that on these all fables, and possibly all parables, were originally based. They declare that a soul, whether in a human or other form, had the same characteristics, and repeated, as in a parody or an idealization, the same acts. Hence humor is manifested. Hence parables are a natural logical result of a belief in transmigration of the soul. It is plain enough that the same doctrine of metempsychosis existed among a few of the Jews, and it is thought to be admitted in the New Testament.

Many of the wonderful tales in the Arabian Nights, and even in the Decameron and other collections of stories which so delighted Europeans during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are imitations and new versions of incidents related in the Pancha-tantra and Hitopadesa, the two earliest works of Sanskrit fiction. While the Vedas and the sacred books were particularly the property of the Brahmans, these tales which dealt with real life and its duties and pleasures were popular with the other castes. They are like a mirror, in

which the prevailing tastes and ideas are reflected. Therefore the rôle given in them to the different characters becomes significant. The humorous description of the Brahmans in some of these stories at first appears in direct contradiction to the Hindu's most cherished prejudices, but closer examination shows it to be their natural result. The accumulation of power in any organized religious system leads in due time to ridicule and invective. With the Hindus, in addition to the respect exacted by the dignity of the priesthood, there was that arising from the distinction of caste. It was this pernicious system which made possible the sect of the Maharajas, who for pious immorality have never been equaled. In this sect the Gurus declared themselves to be incarnations of the great god Krishna, and more powerful than the god himself. "When Hari [Krishna] is displeased with any one, the Guru saves him," so they declared ; "but when the Guru is displeased with any one, who can save him?" Many people were weak enough to be awed by this assumption of power. It is very strange how often men have delighted in allowing themselves to be trampled on. There were Hindus who were easily induced to worship men no better, or rather worse, than ordinary mortals. As token of their humble adoration, some were carried to such depths of degradation that they drank the water with which the Maharaj performed his ablutions as if it had been ambrosia or their own divine soma. This shows the state of servility to which the proud and arrogant Brahmans reduced their inferiors by caste ; yet with all their superiority they could not wholly crush the spirit of satire. The same incentive which inspired the mediæval artist in his caricatures of the monks goaded the "mild Hindu" to the wildest ridicule of the Brahman. In the Sanskrit drama, he appears as Vidushaka, or jester, and plays the part of the servant or slave in

the Greek comedies, the French valet, or the Spanish Gracioso. He is a mixture of the clown and pantaloone of our modern pantomimes. He excites mirth by his silliness, and only occasionally by his wit. He is represented as hideously ugly, deformed, and attired in absurd fashion. He is the companion rather than the servant of the hero, and his buffoonery and sensuality are a humorous contrast to the earnestness of the other. In *Sakuntala*, the love-sick king tells Matharya, the Brahman, that he will require his services shortly, but in a matter which will give him no fatigue. "In eating something nice, I hope!" is the characteristic exclamation of the unsentimental, greedy Matharya. The *Vidushaka* differs from court-fools and from Shakespeare's clowns in being always the butt, and not the contriver, of the jokes and jests.

The humorous satire directed against the Brahmins is fully perfected in the story of the *Guru Simple* and his five disciples, Noodle, Doodle, Wiseacre, Fooyle, and Zany. This work bears, it is true, the name of a Jesuit missionary, but it is in reality a collection of older Indian tales. In it a *Guru*, by virtue of his rank, is supposed to be competent to teach the people and direct them in every matter, either spiritual or temporal. This is what should be; the Hindu satirist describes what is. He draws the picture of an old man, who to the ignorance of childhood joins a great affectation of authority and sagacity. He is as full of gross superstitions as an African fetich-worshiper, and as unversed in the wisdom of the world and the ways of mankind as the babe unborn. Credulous as the *Bruin* of legends, he is gulled and fooled by every *Reynard* he meets. As *Guru* he is frequently referred to as umpire in disputed cases, and on these occasions his shrewd decisions, born of simplicity, recall the sagacious sentences passed by honest *Sancho Panza* while governor of his famous

island. The idiotic stupidity of the five disciples is as humorously naïve as the easy credulity of the good old *Guru Simple*. They excel in the wisdom of folly, but are pleasingly confident in their own merit. Their religious duties are so arduous as to leave them absolutely no time for self-improvement, and they are in consequence extremely ignorant. The daily occupations of *Doodle* are cited to satirize the way in which the Brahmins waste their time in useless ablutions and superfluous detail of sacrifice, to the neglect of more important duties. Their real laziness, though concealed under the cover of great assiduity and faithfulness in the proper observance of religious rites, early attracted the attention of the satirist. Professor Max Müller has translated a hymn in the *Rig-Veda*, in which a so-called *Panegyric* of the *Frogs* is really a satire of the Brahmins. Another of the hymns has this line: "Do not be as lazy as a Brahman." To the *Kshatriya* and *Vaisya*, who had plenty of real honest work to do in this world, duties which consisted in too frequently washing the teeth, rinsing the mouth, painting the face, and so on were as unmeaning as would be the efforts of a man to empty a lake of its waters with a sieve.

The last incident related in the *Guru Simple*, which resulted in the *Guru's* death, is perhaps the most truly humorous. To appreciate the satire it is well to remember the serene self-complacency of the *Guru*. One day *Wiseacre*, who, if possible, surpassed his companions in imbecility, went to cut some banyan leaves for his master. Climbing the tree and sitting astride one of the branches, he began, like *Hogarth's* sawyer, to cut away at that part which was between himself and the trunk of the tree. A stranger, a wise *Pandit*, passed, saw his danger, and warned him of it. *Wiseacre*, in return, reviled him for his interference. He continued lustily chopping, until in due time down came the

bough, and Wiseacre with it. Impressed by this catastrophe, and holding it to be a proof of the stranger's prophetic power, he ran after him, apologized humbly for his own boorishness, and begged him, since he could so clearly see into the future, to make known to him the length of time which his much-loved master, the Guru, had still to live. The Pandit at first tried to escape Wiseacre's importunities, but to no avail. Therefore, as a last resource, but not without sly relish of the joke, he turned around with the utmost solemnity, bade Wiseacre listen to the message of the stars, and slowly and impressively said, in a Sanskrit phrase which is at the same time almost Rommany, or common Gypsy, *Asvanam chitam jivana nasham*. Wiseacre was deeply impressed with the mystic sentence, but, uncertain of its meaning, he asked the stranger to explain it. Whereupon the latter declared it to be the language of the initiated, and interpreted it as "Cold in the rear when death is near." The poor old Guru, when he heard these words, pondered long over them, and laid them so deeply to heart that when, not long afterwards, he caught cold, he imagined his last hour had arrived, and prepared to die. Once he was aroused by the intervention of the jester of the village, the common sense of the latter contrasting pleasantly with the folly of the would-be wise. But the old man only rallied for a while. By accident he took fresh cold, and, distracted with fear, fell into a deep swoon, and lay as still as death. His disciples hastened to perform the necessary funeral ceremonies. To purify the body they carried it to a neighboring stream, and immersed it in the water. The cold bath revived the Guru, and the rubbing which was part of the ceremonial made his blood circulate more rapidly. Consciousness returned, but he was completely under the water, and could not call out for help.

He made a few violent struggles to break loose from the clutch of his too devoted pupils, but they, in their superstitious ignorance, thought a baital or demon was animating the body. The more the Guru fought, the more firmly they held him. His strength was almost gone, owing to his late illness, and he soon perished, the unfortunate victim of his own and his disciples' credulity. In this manner was accomplished the Pandit's prophecy, *Asvanam chitam jivana nasham*.

To all who can read between the lines these tales of the people are deeply significant. There is no nation whose whole history can be so clearly traced as that of the Hindus, though in India there has never been an Herodotus, nor a Tacitus, nor a Gervaise of Tilbury, to record early facts and dates or gossiping tales. But more important than the getting by heart long lists of sovereigns and the chronological order of battles and sieges is an insight into the spirit of the people. What matters it now whether the Indian Chandragupta really lived and died, save that his name stands as a signal to indicate the first meeting of Eastern and Western Aryans after their long separation? But that which will always be of undying interest to poets and historians is the ideas of men and women, first as to the world around them, and then as to the great beyond, the mystery of which humanity earnestly and persistently seeks to fathom; and these ideas and their influence upon the Hindu's character are recorded in the Vedas, the Code of Menu, the epics, and the lighter writings. Humor and pathos, the sublime and the ridiculous, all tell the same tale in Sanskrit literature. They reflect the aspirations of a people whose every thought was centred on the future, and so help us to read as plainly as if the facts were printed the virtues and the defects of Indian civilization.

Elizabeth Robins.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

ONE of the things oftenest in my mind in the South during the war was the wish to see the country in time of peace, and in connection with the activities and conditions of the normal or ordinary industrial and social life of the regions visited by our armies. I desired to learn as much as possible about the country and the people, but found it extremely difficult to acquire any definite idea of the impressions and judgments which would result from traveling through the Southern States as a peaceable citizen of our common country. I felt that I could not rightly estimate the soil of a region, or any of its resources, from having passed through it when its fences had been destroyed, its houses dismantled, and its grain-fields trodden into mire or dust by the horses of our cavalry; and I knew that it would not be fair to judge the whole character of the people by the traits and feelings which were naturally brought into prominence by a state of civil war.

Always interested in persons, I often, at that time, met Southern men, officers accompanying flags of truce, surgeons, and prisoners in our hands, whose intellectual character appeared to be worthy of some study or observation, and I wished to know, more fully than I could then learn, what were the qualities or ideas which made them different from Northern men. I also saw something of Southern women as they appeared to foraging parties of Union soldiers, and in various other ways.

I remember a day when, after an engagement that had raged and wavered around a mountain farm, and had at last been decided by a struggle in the grounds about the farm-house, I walked across the green slopes and through the orchard and garden, where hundreds of dead and wounded men were lying, and

felt the horror of having a battle in a place so fair. The fruit trees were broken and splintered by cannon-balls, and in the garden a young officer, with his sword still clutched in his dead hand, lay across a bed of pinks in bloom. The flowers were splashed with his blood, which had run two or three yards down the hard path or walk.

As we were gathering up the wounded, and bringing them to the surgeons' tables in the door-yard, I was startled by a woman's voice. Looking up, I saw a lady and two young girls. She was the mistress of the house, and had come, with her daughters, who were perhaps sixteen and eighteen years of age, to ask permission to look over the battle-ground to see if any of her relatives or friends had been left upon it, and to assist in caring for the Confederate wounded. As I went with them to headquarters, I noted the mother's firm step and quiet tones, and the white, frightened faces of the girls. The officer in command allowed them to remain as nurses. Many days passed before we left the place. The house was full of wounded men, from cellar to garret, its very closets being occupied, and all the sheds and out-buildings which remained standing. Great tents were set up near by for additional hospital accommodations.

The Southern dead were buried in a great trench dug across the lawn. I thought I should like to see the place again, after time had in some measure healed the ruin the battle had made, and to know what the war brought to this lady and her daughters. Their womanly strength, efficiency, and refinement interested me. Innumerable incidents and experiences contributed to strengthen the desire to know more of this portion of our country, and of its inhabitants, and since the war ended I have often

wished to go back to the mountain farm, and learn what became of the family who had dwelt there, and whose home had been the very centre and object of the fiery storm of battle. And as time has brought changes in the life and the thought of the nation, I have longed to return to the South, and study the country and the people under the new conditions of life which have arisen in that region.

What I saw as a soldier has given me a feeling of unreality, or at least of uncertainty, in regard to much that has been written respecting Southern affairs at various times during the last fifteen years. But I was never able to go back to the South, to see and judge for myself, until last winter. The opportunity which then came was a welcome one, and I made a journey of some months' duration, passing through every Southern State except Florida (through most of the States twice), studying the country and the people from Norfolk and Savannah to San Antonio and Sherman, Texas, and from Memphis to New Orleans, with many excursions away from the railroads, and much observation of the life of the people in regions not often visited by writers for the press.

A LARGE SUBJECT.

And now what have I to say of "the South"? This, first of all, and most important: that the South is so extensive, and, in respect to the character of the country and its people, so complex, that no one statement or brief description which sums up or expresses by any one term its most important features or qualities can be true or valuable. The essential elements of the present condition of the Southern States of this country do not all belong to any one class. Contradictory accounts of things in the South may be true in a sense, for an impartial observer soon discovers contradictory facts. Opposite tendencies are manifest in the intellectual, social, and political

life of the South, and the value of any comprehensive statement or final judgment regarding existing conditions there must be largely a matter of relative emphasis, and of the competence of the writer to distinguish what is essential or most significant, among the facts and tendencies of the time.

Since my return to New England I have met many persons who think the condition of the South can be accurately portrayed in very few words, and who are disappointed because I cannot assure them that their phrases fit the case exactly, or fully describe what I saw in my recent journey. And I observe that some writers for the press are inclined to dispose of the subject in similar epigrammatic fashion by saying that the South is "all Bourbon below a certain line," that "there is no improvement except where Northern people have gone in," and by the use of familiar political epithets to describe the principal classes and types among the Southern people. But any presentation of the matter must be inadequate and superficial which does not recognize the existence of many types among the inhabitants of the Southern States. None of the names by which different classes are popularly designated have much value for thoughtful people. These terms do not, in any important degree, represent or suggest the character or qualities of the persons to whom they are applied. The Southern men whom I have seen are not all alike, and it is clear that Southern women do not all belong to the types that have been most written about since the war; and within the various special classes there is much variety of character. Even the negroes have developed several distinct types among themselves; and among both republicans and democrats individuals and classes differ from each other as widely as do these two parties, and in such cases the hostile factions bearing the same name often evince special bitterness of feeling

against each other, and readily form alliances with their ancient political foes for the sake of temporary advantages in a struggle for the possession of office. The "Bourbons" themselves, as I have studied them, are not all alike, but represent many conflicting ideas and opinions. I write only of what I have seen, desiring to report accurately and without distortion or coloring what came under my own observation, with the impressions and conclusions resulting therefrom.

THE SOIL.

The character of the soil in different parts of the South is a matter of great interest, on account of the necessary relation between its qualities and the industries and civilization of the people of the country. The usual Southern idea or estimate of "good land," as expressed by Southern men whom I have met, differs somewhat from that which prevails in the most fertile portions of the Northern States. There is of course much rich land in the South, but there is a great deal which is called good by Southern farmers that would not be regarded as rich by men acquainted with the soils of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, or of the portions of Pennsylvania and New York which are best adapted to agriculture. The "pine land" in the Southern States is only moderately fertile, but, as the cotton-plant will grow upon it, and produce a fibre of marketable quality, it is always spoken of by its cultivators as "very fair land."

I have rarely heard Southern men say anything unfavorable or disparaging regarding the soil of their region. They seem usually to have an affection for it which sometimes appears to make them blind to its defects.

Where the soil is poor, the people often manifest a kind of good-natured, patient fatalism, submitting without complaint to the inconveniences resulting from the scantiness of the returns for their labor, as if poor crops were

a part of the order of the universe, a divine ordainment not to be criticised or remedied; though in truth much of the sterility is in the methods of the cultivators rather than in the soil itself. But in many places in the South the soil will not yield what an average Northern farmer would regard as "a living," and many emigrants have gone thither and begun farming only to learn, too late, that they had made a ruinous mistake in selecting land. They often feel much resentment because they imagine they have been deceived by their Southern neighbors in regard to the quality of the soil; but of course there is, usually, no intentional misrepresentation in such cases, the error arising from the difference of standards just mentioned. (But the statements made by railroad companies having lands for sale in the South should commonly be taken with large allowance, as they frequently contain grossly exaggerated accounts of the productiveness of the land.) There is a large class of farmers or "planters" in the South who do not require or expect so much from the ground as Northern men demand. They are satisfied with a lower degree of fertility, and their comparative estimate of the grade or quality of land differs from that of most immigrants from the North. An average Southern family needs much less for "a living" than Northern people require, and on much of the land of the South Northern people are unable to live by the methods of agriculture to which they have been accustomed in their old homes; nor can they succeed by those of the Southern men around them, unless they will adopt the scale of living and expenditure which satisfies their Southern neighbors. The habits and tastes of the poorer white people of the South are in a remarkable degree adapted to their circumstances and the conditions of their life, but Northern methods of living require a very different environment.

SOUTHERN TYPES: THE OPTIMIST.

But I shall have more to say of general impressions resulting from what I saw in the South, and by way of comparison with various elements and conditions of Northern life and character, after I have described some of the principal Southern types or classes of individuals studied during my recent journey.

One of these is the Southern optimist. Though neither so important nor so interesting as some other representative Southern characters, he is yet worth a moment's attention. He is a white man, who regards everything Southern as very nearly perfect. I met a good specimen of the class in a prominent interior town, early in my journey. On making some inquiries of the courteous and communicative gentlemen around me at the breakfast-table at the hotel, the answer nearly always elicited was, "I am sorry to say, sir, that I have not given the matter much attention; but Judge Blank is sure to know all about it. Have you met the judge?" "I have not yet had that pleasure." "Then I shall be happy to introduce you, sir." I soon found that the judge appeared to have in his keeping whatever information the community possessed regarding matters of interest, and concluded that it would be well to look around a little before calling on him. But everybody was desirous that I should see the judge at once, and I prevented the formation of a procession to escort me to his office only by setting off in a pouring rain on an errand to the railway station. This accomplished, I proceeded to the negro quarter of the town, where I spent some two hours in a rapid inspection of the huts, inside and outside, and in conversation with their inmates. Then I walked two or three miles into the country, to a settlement of "poor whites." I had seen the women and children in the streets, engaged in selling little bun-

dles of "fat pine," and their appearance, manners, and talk had made me aware that they belonged to a class which I had come to study, and that I ought to see them on their "native heath."

NEGRO CABINS.

I found many of the black people in extreme poverty and squalor. Several of their cabins had no floor but the earth, and the rain was driving in at so many places that everything inside was extremely damp, often thoroughly wet. One very old man had "de rheumatics powerful bad," he said. He sat in the driest corner of his hut on a stool, and held an old umbrella over his head to protect him from the streams which came through the roof. Some of the cabins were the homes of women who supported their families by taking in washing. Many of the children and old people were sick. At one of these places I met a colored clergyman, and he accompanied me during the remainder of my round among "the Kaffir huts," as a lady in the town called them. Most of the houses were sadly in need of repairs, and several of them were fit only to be pulled down and burned, as their unwholesomeness was past all remedy. They were all on land belonging to the same estate, and the rent was in most cases unreasonably high. I wondered (as I do in Northern factory towns, sometimes) how any man with a heart or conscience could bring himself to rent houses which were so murderously unhealthy for their occupants. Some of these black people appeared to be industrious and honest, and to be making a brave fight against odds in the endeavor to "be respectable," as they said. But there were too many of them; there was not work enough, no adequate demand for their services. The black minister was intelligent, and seemed to be a faithful man, a true friend to the poor people about him. He told me the stories of some of the

families about us. Elements of pathos and tragedy were of course not wanting.

"POOR WHITES."

I found the "poor white" people very poor indeed, but more provident, and generally with more adaptation to their environment, than was apparent among the negroes. Some of the women were evidently persons of character in their way. They were reticent at first, but I soon found means to render them social and communicative. The children interested me, especially the girls approaching womanhood. Some of the men had drinking habits, and did but little work, so that the burden of care and toil for their families came chiefly upon the women. It was mostly a sad kind of life, with enough that was good and human in it to make one regretful for its evil, waste, and failure. There was much affection and helpfulness among the women and children, and a brave standing by each other through hardships brightened by no prospect of improvement; but the tendencies most manifest were, in the main, not hopeful or encouraging.

One thing I saw here which was repeated and emphasized by my observations everywhere in the South: that is, that "the best society" is not independent of the influence of what is vicious and injurious among either the negroes or the "poor whites," or secure from its taint. Here, at the outset, I had glimpses of the evil and sorrow that may reach the highest along the lines of those relations which fate and circumstance sometimes develop between those who are separated most widely by social chasms.

I returned to the town late at night, finding my way over unfamiliar ground with some difficulty, having refused the offer of "company" from the last house visited, as the man would have to return in the rain, which was still falling. I was eager to meet Judge Blank, and to

learn how he regarded the social conditions and problems of the region. Early the next forenoon I called at his office, and received a cordial greeting. When I inquired regarding the state and prospects of the community in respect of education, morality, physical comfort, and the other chief elements of civilization, the judge entered upon a eulogy of the town and of the State, and of their inhabitants of both races and of all classes. Everything was lovely and perfect, and was rapidly improving. The negroes were all honest and industrious, and their homes were temples of all the virtues and graces of civilized life. They were all acquiring land, laying up money, and sending their children to excellent schools. The relations between the two races were all that could be desired. In answer to special inquiries, the judge admitted that some of the white people were "not *very* well off," but insisted that they were all comfortable. They had enough, and were contented. In short, the judge made an eloquent little speech upon the various topics concerning which I sought information, and assured me particularly that there were "no low-down negroes" in that neighborhood, "nor any poor whites."

I had something of the sensation of having made a narrow escape. It was easy to imagine what kind of an account of the region might have been written by a "special correspondent," who had been so fortunate as to have a long conversation with "the best informed and most distinguished citizen of the place." The oration which he delivered in response to my inquiries was very fine and interesting, but this gentleman had really no acquaintance with the life around him outside of his own class in society. In regard to the history and fortunes of all "the best families," I found his information extensive and accurate, and his memory something remarkable. The careless "hopefulness"

of such men is an evil influence in the South. It often prevents the attainment of any real knowledge of existing conditions and needs. No wise or successful work for improvement is so likely to be done while the most important features of the present state of things are unknown to the leaders of society. The popular optimism of our time is everywhere remarkable for its lack of any adequate sense of the value of facts.

"OUR ANCESTORS."

It was wonderful to me to see how large a part of the conversation of the best Southern families is devoted to genealogy; how much time and thought are given to repeating family histories. Some of the people appear to live almost wholly in the mental sphere of these stories and the subjects suggested by them, so as to have little attention or vitality for the present or its demands; and I am sometimes inclined to wish that they did not care so much about the social or official position of their ancestors who lived two hundred years ago. But these habits of reminiscence are admirable as a means of preserving and strengthening family ties, and, within due bounds, they are useful in conversation. Before the time of cheap printing such recitation of genealogical narratives was a valuable part of the education of children and young people by their parents and older relatives and friends, and our modern life shows that we have lost much by the change which takes our children in so great measure out of the hands of their natural instructors, and delivers them over to any ill-educated and irresponsible person who can write "stories" and have them printed.

ANOTHER TYPE.

In the South one soon meets the young man, a lawyer, or editor, or physician, who will talk for hours, to any one who will listen, of the superiority of

the South, its people and its civilization, over the North and everything Northern. He always talks well, and is usually a very good fellow, but he proceeds entirely upon the *a priori* method, and his conclusions have little relation to the facts of life. He knows little of his own region of the country, and nothing whatever of any other. Young men of this type always dwell with proud and endless iteration on "the superior purity of Southern women." Their persistence always brings the mere fact of chastity more nakedly and definitely before the mind than seems wholesome or desirable to persons who have seen more of life and of the world. These youthful eulogists appear to think that it is a virtue which is almost unknown except in the Southern States. They do not recognize the fact, which is of great importance in any real discussion of this feature of our civilization, that the women of another race, formerly helpless and now degraded, have always formed a protecting barrier between the licentious passions of Southern white men and the women of their own race. I do not suppose the best women of the South have any superiors on earth, but their immunity from temptation and wrong has cost other women dear.

What young men of this class most need is a wider observation and larger knowledge of the world, or, especially, of their own country. They would thus, in time, understand how much better it is for our young men to be penetrated and inspired by the idea of being Americans than to be always dwelling upon the fact that they are natives of Virginia, or Massachusetts, or Arkansas, or New Jersey. There is really no harm in these young gentlemen, although their vehement utterances regarding subjects with which they have but slight acquaintance have sometimes furnished convenient material for the use of Northern politicians who were hostile to the South.

THE MOONSHINERS.

I came to feel much more interest in the "moonshiners," or illicit distillers, than I had anticipated. This is a pretty numerous class in various parts of the South. I had sometimes thought there might be materials for a little study among them, and had wished that I could have such opportunities of seeing them and their life as had been given to many persons who had not found much that was worth their attention. After I had been long enough in the South to see clearly that my journey was not likely to be rendered interesting or picturesque by any experiences of difficulty or danger, and that I should probably be welcome to go anywhere and see everything precisely as in the North, I heard now and then of "trouble with the moonshiners." Some people were very reticent in regard to them, but I heard many wild stories of their life and actions. I thought the matter over one evening, and concluded to try to see them at home. On my asking the landlord of my hotel at what point I should leave the railroad to obtain readiest access to one of the worst "moonshining" regions, he looked at me sharply, and asked if I was an officer. I said no. "Got any business, so 't ye hev to go?" "No." He advised me strongly to stay away. On the railroad, the next day, there was much talk about the region which I wished to see, and many stories were told of its peculiar inhabitants. I left the train at dark, at a station in the woods, and crossed the fields to a farm-house, where, as the railroad agent said, "they keep people sometimes." It began to rain, and I was glad to gain a haven and shelter for the night. Reaching "the bars" at the entrance to the door-yard, I shouted halloo. After a furious chorus by the dogs, a man's voice replied from the door, "Hello! What 'll ye hev?" "Supper and lodging, if you please."

"Well, I'm one of John Morgan's horse-thieves! Ye kin come in, ef ye ain't afraid." "All right; I'm coming in," I said; and the man came down to the bars to meet me, giving his name, to which I responded with my own. I found him somewhat rough, but a kind and obliging host. He was a man of powerful frame and great energy. Besides the family, there were three or four "work-hands" around the great fire-place, in which a huge pile of logs was blazing. As the children arose to give me the best place, there appeared to be enough of them for a pretty good Sunday-school.

We were soon called to the supper-table, where we at first all gave our attention strictly to the business before us; but talk sprang up, and increased as our appetites were appeased. Then came the usual courteous endeavors to find out what my business might be. "Lookin' at land, I reckon." "Yes." "Think o' buyin' 'round hyur, now?" "No. I wish to see the country and the people; am going farther South." "Well, this is a rough country about hyur, an' the people 's a sight rougher 'n the country. I'm afraid you wunt find us mighty good-lookin'. Whar ye from, young man?" "I'm from the North, — from Boston." "Well, I'm s'prised at ye. We eat people from Boston down hyur, — jest eat 'em alive. I reckon *you* wunt never see home ag'in." "Pass the bacon this way again," I said. "I must have something to eat myself, or I shall not make much of a meal for cannibals." My host laughed with an animal-like roar, and afterward asked if I wanted to see any particular men in that neighborhood; whereupon I told him I was going up into the mountains to see the moonshiners.

"Got any business with 'em?" "No; only to see them." "Better let 'em alone. They might have business with you." "Well," I said, "I want to see how they live and what kind of peo-

ple they are, and hear what they have to say for themselves." "They'd jest as soon shoot ye as look at ye. How ye goin' to do?" I told him that I should try to see their head man, put myself in their power, and tell them the exact truth about myself and the objects of my visit to their mountain region. "Well, I reckon it's all right, ef ye've got sand in your craw."

It grew cold in a few hours, and the next morning was clear and bright. "Everything's froze up solid. It's a good day for your trip," said my host, as we sat down to the early breakfast. I left my baggage, and set off on a woods-road that led up among the foothills. All trace of civilization and of human occupancy of the region, except the road, which was a mere winding wagon-track, was soon left behind. The snow deepened as I ascended. It had been mostly carried off from the low country by the rain. The air was pure and bracing, and the mountains seemed to be rising and closing in around me on every side. The utter wildness of the scene exhilarated me. After an hour and a half of steady climbing, as I approached a steeper ascent, at the foot of which the road forked, I saw two men standing by the path, leaning on their long guns. I said, "Good-morning." They returned my salutation, and the elder of the two added, "Goin' up this way?" "I want to see the head man of this part of the country; — —, is n't it?" I said, — "the man that's the best shot anywhere about, and that kind o' looks after things around here." "I reckon — — 's the man ye're lookin' fur. He's got sand in his craw." "Well, can you tell me how to find him?" "Got any business with — —?" "I wish to see him. Take me to him, and I can satisfy you." They were at first disposed to let me find my way alone, but I prevailed upon them to conduct me to the home of the leader, which they said was about four miles farther

on. As I was about to set forward the younger man asked, with a grin, "Got anything to shoot with, stranger?" "No." I had my overcoat on my arm, and now held it toward him, offering to lend it to him for the remainder of our journey over the hills, and added that I would walk in front, if they preferred that arrangement. But they laughed, and said that it made no difference, and we walked on, the elder man remarking, "Heap o' people gits shot about hyur." "Well," I said, "they ought to attend to their own business; then perhaps they would n't get shot." "That's a fact, stranger," he rejoined impressively; "that's jest what I tell 'em."

We traveled chiefly in silence for awhile. The walking was difficult and required most of our strength. But the elder mountaineer made several inquiries about my business, where I had come from, etc. I told him I preferred to say nothing of my objects in visiting them until I could see their leader. He "reckoned" that was "all right," and after a little I drew them into conversation about game and hunting, and the mountains and streams of the region. Once or twice they seemed to remember that caution was necessary, but for the most part the talk was frankly natural and interesting.

When we reached the leader's house, a substantial and rather large structure of logs, my two comrades went in first, but came to the door after some minutes, and invited me to enter. A tall, spare woman, with bright black eyes, sat at one side of the fire-place, smoking a pipe. She looked at me defiantly, but rose courteously to meet me. A young woman, with blue eyes and a good face, was at work in the room, and two little children, perhaps two and four years old, were playing near her. "Take a cheer. You want to see my son, I reckon." "Thank you. I want to see Mr. — —," I replied. "Got any business with him?" "Yes; I wish to see

him." "Well, he ain't at home; but you can stay hyur till he comes, I reckon." "If you please. When will he be at home?" She did not answer, but took her pipe from her mouth, and seemed to be preparing to speak. The three other persons had drawn quite near, eager to hear what might be said, and I noted the dignity and naturalness of their bearing as they listened and waited. "Got anything to shoot with, young man?" the elder woman ejaculated, so suddenly and fiercely that I was startled. But I laughed, and said, "No; I don't want to shoot anybody." Taking up my overcoat, which I had laid on the back of a chair, I handed it to the young woman, telling her that she could see what was in it, and might take care of it for me, if she pleased, till I should be ready to go away. Then I stepped to the old lady's side, took off my coat, handed it to her, and said, "You can see what I have about me." Her face brightened, and she passed her hands deftly over my various pockets. "What's this in hyur?" said she. I told her to take it out, and she held up my pocket-book and a package of my wife's letters. "You can keep them while I stay, if you will." The members of the group surrounding me looked at each other inquiringly, and the old woman said, "No; I hain't no use for other people's things." Then, as the men were about going away, she added, "Mebbe you'd like to see some more o' the neighbors." "Oh, yes, I'd be glad to see any of them. Will you send for them to come in? But I wish most to see your son." "Well, I reckon he'll be hyur before long."

THE LEADER.

The dinner was made ready, but the family waited for the coming of its head, and there was not much conversation. When he presently came in there was a rapid exchange of glances between him and his mother, and then he laid his gun in its hooks on the wall,

and greeted me with a frank, easy manner. His mother looked at me, and said, "Bring your cheer, and take some dinner with us;" and he added, "We'll talk about business after we've had something to eat." The meal was a good one, and we all ate heartily and rapidly, and with little talk. Before we had finished three men came in, and were invited to join us at the board. Two of them did so, but the other said he had "ben to dinner." As we left the table the man of the house turned to me with the inquiry, "Well, stranger, is there anything I can do fur ye?" I replied that I was traveling through the South, and wished to see all I could of the country and the people; that I had heard and read much about the men who had trouble with the government because they made their own whisky, and that I wanted to see them and talk with them in their own homes. His face darkened, and he seemed surprised and angry. He again looked inquiringly at his mother, and after a short silence asked me, "Do you belong to the government?" "No more than you do." He then began a long course of questioning — in which some of the others joined from time to time — regarding my place of residence, my business, family, and acquaintances, the objects of my journey in the South, and the men I had met in various places which he named.

When I had answered everything, he observed, severely, that it was a foolish and dangerous undertaking, and added, "What made ye think ye could git along without any trouble through hyur?" "Oh, I supposed you would know an honest man when you saw him," I answered, laughingly. But he replied with a growl, "We don't take nobody for honest in this part of the country till we've tried 'em. Why they's men about hyur would shoot ye like a dog." "I presume they will do as *you* say about that." At this he

laughed, and went on: "Well, I could tell 'em to shoot ye, then." "Oh, well, shoot, if you want to," I said, scornfully; "but that can be done any time. It's not worth while to talk so much about it." I told him I wished to learn about their ways of living, and to hear their side of the story regarding the government prosecutions; that there were many people in the North who would like to know the truth of these matters, and that I should write and publish an account of what I saw and heard among them; that I could only give him my promise not to use my knowledge to injure them, or say anything that would help anybody to find the way to their region. "I should like to stay among you a day or two. You can all watch me, and if you think I lie to you, then you may shoot."

By this time there were about a dozen men present, and they debated the matter. Most of them thought I might be allowed to remain, but two or three distrusted me, and said that I should be sent back to the railroad at once. The mother of my host was evidently the real leader, and the question was at last left to her for decision. "I don't believe he's a lyin'," she said; "he seems like a human sort of a man, an' I'd like to hev some more talk with him." So it was arranged that I should stay there that night. I did not care for any farther promise. The assembly broke up. Two old men stayed, and towards evening the young wife of one of them and the daughter of the other came in for a visit, and to see the stranger. They all became frankly communicative, and we talked incessantly. I learned much regarding their methods of living, their ideas of the objects of life, and their thoughts about the great world of which they had seen so little. In return, I told them of New England, of the life and people there, of my home and family, and of my plans and wishes in regard to my Southern journey.

ON THE WAY TO THE CAMP.

It was late when our talk ceased. The neighbors who had come in for the evening went home. The day had been a busy one, and I thought I had but just fallen into a deep sleep when I was summoned to breakfast next morning. Before we left the table the man of the house asked me what I would like to do during the day. I told him I wished to go up to their camp in the hills, and see the men at work. He smiled, and asked if I thought I could "stan' it;" and his mother said, "It's a pretty rough road up thar, an' pretty rough after ye git thar, but I reckon you can make out."

The morning was clear and cold. We set out a little after sunrise, my host and I, accompanied by three dogs. My comrade carried his gun, a long rifle, and a basket of provisions. I had no incumbrance but my overcoat. We struck into the woods, and soon came to a small river, which ran through a rather narrow but deep valley, which we began to ascend. In some places the stream ran close at the foot of a precipice on one side; in others the hills were so near on both sides that the valley was a mere chasm or cañon. It seemed all the way, indeed, to be only the channel worn or carved out by the river, which in other ages may have been much larger than now. Along the sides of the valley the rocks in some places rose in a sheer wall to a height of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet, and now and then projected overhead some distance beyond the base, so that our path at these places lay beneath the overhanging shelf or mass of rock. There was a peculiar ice formation along the sides of the valley, with which I was not before familiar. During the recent warm weather, the rain and melting snow had run in streams over the precipices from above, and, as it again grew colder, these had frozen in enormous

icicles, which extended from the top of the cliff to its base, and were often of the thickness of a barrel, and were sometimes four or five feet in diameter. These great columns of crystal glittered in the sunlight, reflecting it in rainbow hues; and where the valley was narrow, and they appeared on both sides at the same time, they suggested the lofty pillars and interminable corridors of a vast temple. At several points where the cliff jutted beyond its base, the ice formed a great sheet, or apron, reaching to the ground, behind which we walked, with a wall of rock on one side of us, and a wall of ice on the other. This ice scenery was so strange to me, and on so grand a scale, that I could not repress exclamations of wonder and pleasure. My companion glanced apprehensively along the cliffs from time to time, and at last observed, "It'll be bad for us if it keeps gittin' warmer." "Why?" said I. Just then a strange crash and roar came down the valley, followed by echoes, which repeated the sounds with increasing faintness for some seconds. "You see," said my guide, "the snow's a meltin' up there, an' it'll loosen these big icicles, an' we'll have to look out for 'em, I reckon." We heard the sound of the fall of ice-columns with increasing frequency as we went on, and we came to three or four places where great masses, of many tons weight, had fallen and been shattered to pieces in our path, or plunged farther down into the river below. We did not happen to see any such fall on our side of the valley, but once an immense ice-column, loosened from the face of the cliff on the other side of the stream, came flashing and thundering down almost opposite to us, and the noise and concussion were so great that I almost feared the whole wall or line of columns near us might be shaken down at once. At one point, where the cliff overhead projected far beyond our path, a seam in the rock

had allowed the water to come through from above, and it had frozen into a wall which completely barred our way. My guide crept dexterously around the foot of the outermost column of the ice to a secure footing on the other side, and then reached the breech of his gun back to me. Clinging to this, and finding such precarious foothold as I could, I scrambled around the pillar of ice, and was drawn up by my companion. If it had been worth while to wish, just then, I should have wished that I had not come.

We reached "the camp" safely, and found it in a shelf or notch in the face of a precipitous cliff, where a considerable stream, falling over the face of the rock, appeared to have worn and cut its way backward and downward from the top of the fall. About one third of the way down the rock was harder, and therefore was not disintegrated, as was that above. This harder stone remained, as a floor, or tolerably even surface, which had been leveled and extended for the purposes of the distillers. The stream still descended at this point, thus affording, at all times of the year, sufficient water for the industry pursued here. The rock-walls above this platform were so steep that they could be ascended only by means of ladders, and were, I should judge, from fifty to sixty feet high. The corn to be distilled was brought on horseback along trails or paths through the woods and over the hills above, and was let down by ropes, and sometimes from a windlass, from the top of the wall.

ON THE SPOT.

We found fourteen men at the camp, as it was a time of unusual activity. A house, or large hut or shed, had been built of logs, boards, and rocks, at one side of the open space of the camp. It had a rude fire-place, which extended nearly across one end of the building. The machinery or apparatus for dis-

tillation used here is very simple, all that is essential being a closed boiler with a long pipe running from the top. This is coiled in a box or barrel, through which a stream of cold water is kept flowing. Some "improvements" were in use at this camp, and, as I was informed, at other similar places; but I found that some of the men felt disturbed and apprehensive when I began to examine the stills, and at the suggestion of my guide I promised not to describe them particularly. Of course I cared little about the machinery, being chiefly desirous to see the men; but they were under obligations to the makers or dealers from whom they had purchased some of the fixtures, and feared they might be wronging their friends, and "gittin' them into trouble, by showin' the works." If I were not restrained on this account, I should like to tell my Northern readers where some of the stills were made.

My guide was the "foreman" or commander of this company of men, and when we arrived he introduced me to them as they came around to meet him. He told them I was a stranger from the North, but that he thought I was "all right." Said he, "I am satisfied, but he'll not stay unless *you're* satisfied." Then, turning to me, he said, "The men 'll want to talk to you, stranger, an' you'd better answer fur yourself." "All right," I said, and sat down on the end of a log, drawing my overcoat on as I did so. I saw they waited for me to begin, so I told them briefly where I lived and why I wished to visit them. They were evidently surprised and somewhat excited, and several of them asked questions rapidly. I was tired, and allowed them to do most of the talking. There was no rudeness, but they denounced "reformers" with great bitterness, and referred to cases of treachery on the part of strangers, who, after having received much kindness at their hands, came back to the mountains as

guides to the government officers, and assisted in making arrests and in procuring testimony "agin the moonshiners." Some of the younger men "warmed up" as they talked, and seemed to assume either that I sympathized with the men who had repaid their hospitality with treachery, or that every stranger was to be suspected of hostility. But as I had come to hear them talk, I did not care to interrupt them to suggest any other view. They soon felt that they had gone rather far in taking so much for granted, and good-naturedly recognized the one-sided character of the conversation. "But you ain't a say-in' anything, stranger," said one of the principal speakers. I laughed, and replied, "I'm in no hurry." "The boys is ruther rough on ye," remarked an old man, who stood behind those who had been talking, and chewed tobacco with much energy. "We're a ruther rough set about hyur, but you shall have a chance to speak for yourself. *I've sarved my time*, young man, an' they's some things I know, an' they's a heap o' things I *don't* know. I should like to hev a talk with ye." I said I should enjoy it. "Well, I want to ask ye ef ye expect to git along comfortable, a goin' through this country an' inquirin' into everybody's business like." "No," said I, "I do not wish to meddle with anybody's private affairs. I try to be civil and polite to people. Of course I have no right to go into any man's house or place of business unless he is willing to have me visit him, but I have a right to travel everywhere, if I behave myself. It's a free country." "No, it ain't a free country, nuther; not by a long shot. I'd orta know, for *I've sarved my time*." This old man's talk was interesting, from its quaint forms of expression, and from its qualities of shrewd good sense and just perception. He had evidently been a keen observer of the life around him. Besides the saying about having served his time, he had another, with

which he often concluded his remarks : " I 've thought about things a good deal, accordin' to the light I 've hed hyur in the woods, but mebbe ye can tell me whar I 'm wrong."

There was no decision of the question whether I should be permitted to stay or not. We had soon gone too far for that. We talked till supper was ready, and after the repast, a very substantial one, was finished, the conversation was resumed. It continued till nearly midnight. Before going to bed I looked around the camp for a few minutes, and noted the glitter of the firelight reflected from the ice and snow on the surrounding cliffs, the solid darkness of the pines, and the soft, deep, steady roar coming up from the foot of the waterfall, which seemed not to disturb or displace the silence of the great forest. The stars sparkled, and the pure air seemed like draughts of an ethereal wine, it was so exhilarating; yet it had a softness which is of the South, and is not known in New England. As I turned to go into the hut I remembered the counsel of a friend to " stay as much as possible at the best hotels, and avoid rough, out-of-the-way places." I mentioned this advice as I rejoined the company, and it caused much amusement.

The next morning I went home with the old man whom I have described. We climbed the ladders, and took our way up the ravine through which the stream descended to supply the camp. It was narrow and rugged, and we soon came to a house which had been built in one side of the gorge, so as completely to command and protect the only approach to the camp from that direction. This was a residence and boarding-house for some of the men, whenever the camp was occupied. I stayed with the old man during most of two days. He lived near the home of the leader of the company, and I had calls from various neighbors, and much talk with the family first visited.

THEIR REASONS.

I asked these people, " Why do you go on with this business? Why make whisky, when you know it is a crime, a violation of the laws of your country, and will bring so much trouble on you?" The men said that they had always made whisky. Their fathers and grandfathers had made it. " It don't do nobody any harm. It's about all the way we hev of makin' any money in this wooden country. It don't go into the general trade of the country enough to amount to anything." And the old man went on, while his neighbors expressed approval of what he said: " Who made it a crime to make our own liquor out o' our own corn, an' sell it to git somethin' for our women an' children to eat an' wear? We did n't make the laws that says it's a crime. Who did make 'em? Some o' the men at Washin'ton, that wants to make whisky theirselves, or that's ben paid by the big manufacturers. S'pose they'd see they was money in it, an' a good chance for stealin', would n't they make it a crime for a pore man to keep a cow an' sell milk without a big license? Course they would. *I know, for I've sarved my time.* Would that make it *railly* a crime to make milk an' sell it? Ef I was a painter," he continued, " I'd make a pictur' of a lot o' 'nited States officers, with their eppalets an' fine feathers, a chargin' on to a little ole man up hyur in the bresh, an' a knock-in' down his wife an' darters with the butt-eends o' their pistols, to uphole the *l-a-w-s* o' the country; an' up thar at Washin'ton I'd make the head giner-al an' the presidunt a takin' pay from the whisky thieves, what's stole millions o' dollars, an' broke all the laws, an' a lettin' 'em git away, when they'd orta every one be put where the dogs would n't bite 'em."

I had remarked a scar on the forehead of the young woman of the house where I first called, — the wife of the

captain of the band. One evening her husband bade her show it to me, and then gave me its history. A revenue officer and two soldiers, accompanied by "the reformer," had come to the house to arrest the husband, a few months after their marriage. The distillers rarely resist arrest at their homes, and the young man submitted; but the wife was greatly excited, and clung to her husband, disregarding alike his entreaties and the commands of his captor. But at last, loosing her hold around her husband's neck, she sprang at the officer, and seized him by the hair, whereupon he struck her in the face with his revolver, knocking her down. A fierce struggle ensued, but the moonshiner was overpowered, and had to content himself with warning the officer that his life would certainly pay for this outrage. They did not tell me, but others did, how the threat was fulfilled. The young man was convicted and imprisoned, and "served his time," and a few months after its expiration the officer was surprised in the woods, in a distant part of the State, by two of the band. He was seized before he could make any efficient defense, and his hands were tied behind him. He was reminded of the scene in the moonshiner's cabin, and of the "promise" made to him there, and was then slowly shot to pieces. This was their story. I have no means of knowing whether it was true; but business men in the towns of the region told me there had been several such cases, and added that these mountaineers never allow any insult to their women to pass unrevenged.

They all seemed to think it entirely right to go on making whisky and selling it, as their fathers had done before them. For law in general they appeared to have as much regard as any Northern community with which I am acquainted, but they did not think it wrong to disobey the revenue laws. They said that all the prosecutions were

"got up by low fellows that has some old spite agin their neighbors," and who took this method of obtaining revenge; or by the more degraded and despicable wretches who undertook to obtain information and aid in prosecuting the distillers for the sake of their share of the fines. Everywhere the moonshiners reminded me again and again, with great earnestness, that "*the reformer gits half*." They have a degree of respect for the ruffian who brings about a prosecution to gratify a long-standing grudge; that is legitimate warfare. But to do such a thing for money is the lowest possible depth of baseness, and the man who is guilty of it has forfeited all natural rights. He is an outlaw, and may properly be killed by anybody, or tortured or mutilated in any imaginable way.

The moonshiners all use whisky, but none of them that I saw appeared to drink very much. The men whom I met are by no means low, or in any sense, so far as I could discover, bad people, if we leave out of consideration their offenses against the revenue laws. Many of them were leading and substantial members of the churches of their region. The business men in the towns said that the moonshiners were strictly honest and truthful, "first-rate people in everything but this whisky business," as good citizens as could be found anywhere. The business men all sympathize with the moonshiners. I talked afterward with a prominent revenue officer about them. He praised them highly, and said he was always sorry to have to arrest them, as it did no good. He told me that on one occasion he received information against a very poor man who lived far back in the hills. "He was one of the best men I ever knew," the officer said, "honest and kind, and he had had a great deal of sickness in his family, and I felt bad to be obliged to take him from his home." He confessed to having felt some dread

of the reception which the man's neighbors would probably give him, when he should attempt to arrest their comrade. But one day he saw the man in town. He halted him in the street, and told him he had information against him. "Well," said the moonshiner, "ef ye can let me go home to-night, I'll come back to morrer. My wife's ben mighty bad, an' I'm afeared ef I don't go home to-night she'll worry so 't 'll be hard for her, bein' she's so peaked." "I told him to go," said the officer; "an' how I wished he would lie, an' would stay away! But I knowed he'd come back, as he said, an' so he did. He never saw his wife again. He was convicted an' sent to a Northern prison, an' she died while he was away. He has no grudge agin me, but the man who gave me the information aginst him was found dead in the road a few days after the prisoner got home."

Many of the men thus arrested are taken long distances from their homes for trial, and it often occurs that when brought into court they have no money, and no acquaintance with anybody in the region where the court is held, and in consequence cannot employ any one to conduct their defense. The lawyers say that in many cases the "trial" is extremely brief, and before the dazed backwoodsman is aware that even the preliminary arrangements for the examination have been entered upon, he is ordered to "stand up," and the sentence is pronounced which consigns him for many months to confinement in a distant prison. It was frequently asserted that some of the judges seemed to feel required to convict and punish every man charged with offenses of this class; of course I do not report this as true, but merely as what was said by prominent men in various parts of the South. I was told of one "poor devil," as the narrator called him, who "raised" a little tobacco on spots where he had burned brush-heaps, near his cabin in

the woods. When it was ready, and he wished to press it, he pried up one corner of his house, which was a mere pen of light logs, and placing the tobacco between two boards, let the building down upon them to serve as a press. But some one gave information against him, and it was held that he had violated the law against "pressing tobacco" without a license, and he was imprisoned accordingly.

THE MOUNTAIN ARISTOCRACY.

These mountaineers are a race of aristocrats. They despise the life of towns and cities, and think the inhabitants of such places much inferior to themselves in wisdom, character, and happiness. They are all republicans in politics. I asked the leaders in the mountains how they could support the political party which makes and executes all the laws and carries on all the prosecutions against them; but they said, "Jest so; yes, we know; but that makes no difference. We know a lot o' them big men 's got the gov'ment now, an' runs it for what they can steal. But we've always voted agin them fine chaps down thar in the towns, an' we always shell." Both the moonshiners and the business men in the towns said that the continued manufacture of whisky in violation of the laws was partly a feature of the old warfare of the mountaineers against the civilization and the people of the towns. Yet, in many instances, this caste feeling seemed to be an abstract or general idea, rather than a personal feeling, as the relations between individuals belonging to these two opposite classes are often very kindly. But whenever there is any display of the patronizing spirit, or feeling of class superiority, it is on the side of the mountaineers.

I was soon informed of the meaning and origin of the old man's often-repeated saying, "I'd orta know, fur I've sarved my time." He was one of the first men ever convicted and pun-

ished under the revenue laws in that part of the country, and he had really "served his time" in a Northern penitentiary. On his way home he had been in New York and Philadelphia, and had acquired some definite — if not entirely correct — ideas regarding Northern civilization. Neither he nor any of his class felt that there was any degradation or disgrace involved in their punishment for crime against the revenue laws. They did not regard themselves as criminals, but appeared to accept the resulting hardships as a part of the "fortunes of war." They seemed to feel no personal hatred against officers who had arrested them without unnecessary harshness or insult. They often used the expression, "I ain't nothin' agin *him*. He only done his duty." But their detestation of "the reformer," as their phrase is, is most intense, and their thirst for revenge is not extinguishable by time.

WHAT IS COMING.

I asked the old man if the unlawful distilling would always be kept up. "No," he said, "it won't last long. But the gov'ment will never put it down. But this hyur country's all a goin' to change. It's a goin' to be most everlastin'ly *improved*, ye see. *I* sha'n't never be improved; I'm too old. But the old ways is a comin' to an end. They's men a buyin' up thousan's of acres of this land. They'll be railroads built, direc'ly, hither an' yan, more 'n 'll do anybody any good. They'll cut off the woods for fuel an' lumber, an' they'll be mines an' quarries up hyur, they say. An' they'll be mean, dirty little towns laid out, all about. Then, instid o' people drinkin' a little healthy whisky, as we've always done, they'll be forty times as much miser'ble p'ison stuff sold an' drunk, an' whoever drinks it'll begin to steal an' lie. I reckon

they'll be some mighty fine houses built som'eres along this river, an' they'll put big scientific locks on to their doors, an' thieves'll come up from Cincinnati an' Chat'noog', an' break into 'em. They ain't never ben a lock on to a door in these mountains. But they's a goin' to be the all-firedest improvements about hyur, an' I s'pose our people'll larn to steal too; haf to, to keep up an' live. An' they'll be some o' them city women hyur, I reckon, from them big places, with their fine feathers, an' their dresses a draggin' on to the ground, an' they'll be the devil to pay among our young men. That's what they call *civ'lyzation*, ain't it, stranger? I tell ye, this country'll soon be improvin' like hell, but I sha'n't live to see much of it, I reckon. I've pretty nigh about sarved my time; but ef you come round hyur in about twenty years, mebbe ye'll remember what I've said. Our folks is been hyur nigh on to a hunderd years, an' no man 'u'd ever say that one o' the name 'u'd lie, or that anybody ever needed help an' did n't git it from the Foljambes; but they'll be more *enterprise* arter a while, I reckon, an' we'll all be a cuttin' one another's throats."

After my visit to this neighborhood and camp, I had no difficulty in gaining access to the people who were engaged in the same occupation, wherever I went, or in obtaining any desired information from them; and I visited some of them in various parts of the South. I found that as to the principal features of their character they commonly belonged, everywhere, to nearly the same type, except that the illicit distillers in level portions of the country were usually lower and coarser in personal qualities, and appeared to have much less independence and strength of character, than those of the mountain regions.

THE PROMINENCE OF ATHLETICISM IN ENGLAND.

I BELIEVE it to be almost impossible for an American thoroughly to realize the overwhelming importance that is attached to physical exercises and field sports in the minds of the well-to-do classes in Great Britain. After the closest personal investigation, he can do no more than wonder in perplexity at the unswerving and solemn perseverance with which two thirds of that great and privileged class, on whom every luxury, both material and intellectual, every opportunity, every advantage, has been showered from youth up, devotes its time to pursuits at which it can scarcely hope to arrive at equal perfection with the Boers of South Africa or the Indians of the Western plains.

It will seem strange to men who, even if they have not ambition themselves, have at any rate been brought up to consider ambition as possible only in connection with one or other of the great walks of life, — with politics, commerce, literature, art, or war, — to see it burning with intense vigor in the breasts of thousands of educated and proud men, whose highest apparent aim is the position of an amateur stage-driver, the command of forty or fifty fox-hounds, the art of striking a ball with a bat more accurately and harder than any other individuals in his country or his country, and the ability to shoot nearly as straight as a market pot hunter, and stand as much hard work and exposure as a Scotch shepherd.

"English cricket," remarked a well-known peer at a public dinner given in London, not long ago, by the lord mayor, "has reached a pitch of perfection of which *the country may well be proud.*" The noble lord, who has devoted his life so far to playing games, and is considered in his county a rare patriot, doubtless had in his mind a picture of the as-

sembled nations of Europe, frenzied with rage and envy, and pale with apprehension, watching the mighty strokes of Kentish cricketers, as vaguely but forcibly typical of some overwhelming British supremacy in Europe.

The unfettered mind of America cannot help condemning, with feelings of irrepressible contempt, that miscalled, bastard energy that expends itself alone in frivolity and the destruction of time. In what precise form of self-indulgence the hours and days are passed, what matters it, — whether in toiling after deer on Scottish hills, or in the softer listlessness of fashionable lounges? The difference, of course, between the existence in the one case and the non-existence in the other of what is called an idle class will be admitted, and allowance made; but still the difference between justifiable recreation and an utter abandonment of all life's duties under the veil of a spurious energy that seeks outlet only in those pursuits that are shared by the lowest races and classes of mankind, and shuns with horror, and sometimes even with a shrug of contempt, those paths in life that the accident of nationality, of birth, and of wealth would seem to have combined to fit them for, is immense. To the average American of wealth and position, even inheriting as he does to a marked degree the Anglo-Saxon love of field sports, a life devoted exclusively to a pack of fox-hounds would seem a barren and dreary waste; and I think I am right in saying he would see nothing in such a position worthy of a moment's consideration, — nothing but what was puerile, childish, and unworthy of discussion. Public opinion, too, is all powerful in such matters, and public opinion applauds in the one country what in the other she condemns.

In my humble opinion no difference,

out of the many that exist between the two great branches of our race, lies so deep as this.

In the one country, so long as birth and wealth are present, and no obnoxious quality is prominent, a life through which no beam of intelligence shines, in which no thought, no wish to be anything but a time-killer of the heaviest description, can be detected, will command among the mass of the people a full quota of thorough respect, untainted with the faintest suspicion of deficiency, or consciousness of there being the least failure of duty. In the other, is it too much to say that position, however materially supported, could scarcely be maintained under like circumstances? — while respect would be out of the question.

The American view of such matters, if it has been partially framed by circumstances, is at any rate an unanswerable one. Who would wish it otherwise? The European critic invariably fails in the discrimination between the greed of gain and the inborn desire to be busy, that is quite universal in America only. He is unable to understand reproach attaching to what he considers justifiable idleness, and launches forth on the well-worn platitudes concerning the almighty dollar. If he is a bookmaker or a literary light, he is probably not accustomed to the crash and hurry of Birmingham, Liverpool, or Manchester; and having inherited the tradition that the Yankee in quest of the almighty dollar seldom eats, and always traverses the streets at lightning speed, with his brain immersed in gigantic and probably questionable speculations, Broadway and its adjacent thoroughfares appear to his well-prepared mind a great arena for an immense "go-as-you-please" competition.

The ordinarily accepted term, as used in this country to describe that large class in Great Britain who are raised above the necessity of working for their

living, demands, of course, strong qualification.

It is not necessary for our purpose to inquire how large a proportion of this class would have to be deducted to allow for that admirable body of men who, aided by wealth and social positions, coupled with talents or industry, or both, transact a great part of the business of the nation, are busy in the front rank of the arts, both of peace and war, and bring the talents and capacities of leaders to high posts that a still surviving tradition is ever ready to keep vacant for them; nor by more directly alluding to those whose spheres are most elevated should we forget the thousands to whom occupation is not necessary, either for their comfortable support, their social position, or their character, who give their whole time, sometimes their very lives, for the good of others; nor yet could we for a moment include in our category those to whom wealth and leisure have given the opportunity, and not robbed of the desire, to follow even one useful or elevating pursuit.

As to the mere fox-hunter, grouse-shooter, cricket-player, what is there admirable in such a life? If there were any attempted excuse, or any apparent consciousness of deficiency, on the part of such a man, there would be something tangible to take hold of, and the question would cease to be one of interest and curiosity: but, on the contrary, when, by carefully laid plans, by long drives and railway journeys, by much time and thought, he prevents the cricket season from clashing with the grouse, and the grouse with the partridge; when, in defiance of the weather, he is unswerving in his attendance at the covert side; when a month's frost and consequent abstinence from hunting finds him utterly devoid of resources, and a vacuum in his brain like that of a day laborer's on strike, he not only fails to see anything unworthy in his career,

but is firmly persuaded that he is leading the ideal life of a manly Briton. He would, I think, honestly fail to see anything in it trivial or shallow; he would most likely consider himself an energetic, hard-working man, and be utterly out of reach of any argument, and very probably inwardly despise any one who could not look at the matter through the same strangely colored glasses as himself.

"I care for *nothing* but hunting, shooting, and fishing," writes an ex-landlord, quite lately, while inquiring through the columns of *The Field* for a cheap residence abroad. You must be an Englishman to understand the exact spirit in which this is written, and the spirit in which it will be taken by the masses. Such a confession in the columns of the public press in any other country would be taken as the apology of some harmless idiot. Not so here, however. Impossible as it may seem, an Englishman will recognize it instantly as having a great deal more of the boastful than the apologetic, and two thirds of the rising generation, on reading it, will mentally chronicle that unknown curiosity as "a fine fellow."

The singularity, however, lies not so much in the fact of a vast number of individuals, whom accident has made independent of occupation as regards their living, devoting themselves with business-like energy to self-indulgence, as in the more than toleration, the semi-admiration, with which the workaday world, in its intervals of labor, from the prime minister to the agricultural laborer, looks on and cheers the barren feats or the school-boy gambols of grown-up children. Physical superiority, in short, is the fashion in England, and the public will shout louder and longer at excellence in amusements than they will at excellence in those qualities which help to advance their country, and the cause of civilization, and the good of men.

It is not necessary to be an Englishman to realize that truism, nor, like the writer and hundreds of others who say nothing, and thousands more who may be unconscious of it, to have had the intellectual life of their youth crushed out of them by the absorbing demon of athletic or sporting ambition. English novels, even the daily press, bear ample witness of the exalted pedestal on which mere frivolous pastimes are placed. Social position in England is everything, and social position prides itself on being independent of the necessity of a cultured mind. It prides itself very much on being, at any rate, considered as possessing all those qualities that are demanded in the recommendations of a stud groom, a gamekeeper, or a coachman! My eye rests on an article in an English paper, just to hand, descriptive of a meet of the four-in-hand club. "It was a treat," says the writer, "to see the way the Duke of B—— brought up his coach in the unmistakable manner of a master of the art. But then coachmanship is hereditary in the S—— blood." Noble trait for a ducal house! Again, "By the side of Mr. —— was that fine old country parson, the Rev. ——, of whom the fair county of —— is so proud." It was my lot in early youth to reside for many years in the immediate neighborhood of that fine old country parson, and to share to a full extent that admiration which, as the reporter truly says, his native county accords him. Why is he admired, petted, courted, noticed by royalty? For powerful sermons, for untiring energy in parish or diocesan work, for a pure, unselfish, and devoted life? Not at all; but because he has spent a considerable portion of his ministerial career in the saddle, kept for several years a pack of hounds and hunted them himself, and because he combines a firm seat in the saddle with a topographical knowledge of his own locality that is said to be unrivaled. That he has not entirely neg-

lected his parish work, preaches as well as his neighbors, and has sometimes ridden fifty miles on Saturday night to be in time for Sunday morning services is looked upon as so much evidence of condescension and self-denial as would greatly enhance any popularity he might have had if he had been a country squire. That, as a parson, he is the "pride of the fair county of —" is an excellent instance of that singular and unaccountable Philistinism, not un-mixed with snobbishness, more clearly felt than described, which pervades the country. What an encouragement, the foreigner would feel tempted to say, to the hard-working self-denying, earnest young clergy of that fair county!

That clerical monstrosity, the fox-hunting parson, is, fortunately for the credit of the church of England, rapidly disappearing from her lists; and if ritualism has taken too firm a hold of ecclesiastical matters for some people, it would be hard indeed for the most prejudiced to deny that that movement has been the most powerful agent in sweeping away the musty cobwebs of neglect and sinecurism that disgraced so many of her remote districts.

When we read, in the local paper, that at a public dinner in the town hall Sir John Sabretasch, K. C. B., occupied the left of the chairman, and Mr. Reginald Redcoat, M. F. H., sat upon his right, no sense of the ridiculous is supposed to strike us in the unconscious but still seemingly apparent equality in importance at which these two affixes are rated. The one marks, perhaps, the successful leader of some campaign in which the honor of the nation and something more has been at stake; the other the ownership of a pack of hounds, which are as often as not intrusted to the sole charge and management of a hired servant, who in turn, from the mere fact of his being connected with field sports, will be treated as an incomparably more important person than his brother, the

thrifty tradesman, and will combine in the highest perfection all those offensive characteristics, which so often distinguish the dependents of great establishments.

I think I am not wrong in saying that the title of M. F. H. would be more deeply respected, by one half of the rising generation of England, than all the other letters indicative of military or intellectual distinction that her majesty or her institutions could affix to a subject's name. Of course this is very droll, — no contemptuous epithet could be found strong enough to apply to it; but it is nevertheless a part of our social system; it has eaten into our lives and become a part of our traditions. So great is the human material we have to draw upon, so great our wealth, so great the vigor of the middle classes and the working portion of the upper classes. This monomania is powerless to arrest for a moment the stream of our national life and industry. It pervades only that quiet backwater which plays around with bats and balls and fishing-rods and guns, and which, by an odd paradox, calls itself "the world," and by the still stranger force of habit exacts the tribute of admiration and respect, and whenever possible of imitation, from the busy stream that turns the wheel that makes Great Britain what she is.

It must be borne in mind that the cant we are accustomed to hear from youth up, to refresh one another's national pride with and to believe as an article of faith, maintains that a great part of our country's prosperity and glory is owing to the fact that three fourths of our male population who are raised above the necessity of work have employed their time in cultivating their physical rather than their mental qualities. That cricket and football, hunting and shooting, etc., have made England what she is, is firmly believed by nearly every British upper-class youth.

That Wellington is reported to have said, while watching the games in the playing-fields of Eton, that "it was here where fields were won" is handed down from generation to generation of British school-boys, oblivious of the more famous exclamation of Napoleon, who, in his rage and despair at the unyielding red squares that defied his cavalry on the field of Waterloo, "swore that with British privates and French officers he could beat the world." Now Hodge and Thomas Atkins, when they succumb to the allurements of the recruiting sergeant, have not generally spent their lives in riding blood horses across country, or in shooting partridges; and if they have played a little cricket on the village green on Saturday evenings, such relaxation would have small effect on the muscular physique of men who, in common with the peasantry of all other countries, are accustomed to hard toil from morn till night.

The idea that an army officer requires any brains at all, the Philistinism of young England has always jeered at, and still does to a great extent. A fixed idea that a youth who can ride across country well, and does not care to do much else except, perhaps, dance, and who would look on the studies connected with his profession as an unmitigated bore, is more adapted to handle a company of infantry under critical circumstances than a man who has proved himself to be of more than average mental calibre and of more than average intelligence, is still quite common among the least intelligent half of our educated classes. An inexplicable reluctance to give respect to intellect and mental ability and a zealous eagerness to worship physical prowess characterize a large portion of our people.

It is not that we wish to attempt to prove any extent of damage done to the national life at large by these in some ways harmless eccentricities of national sentiment. The craving of the

privileged and educated man to turn his attention to fields of fame, and demand applause for feats at which the unlettered boor can excel him, is certainly a very odd one; ambition, so to speak, in inverse ratio. The envy with which the American backwoodsman regards the erudition of the city lawyer is utterly devoid of any consolatory reflections that the lawyer could not hit a hat at the distance at which he could drive a nail in with a rifle. The backwoodsman values intellectual accomplishments at a far truer estimate than the British aristocrat; for the former would never dream of comparing the advantages derived from a higher education with the rude arts of which he is a perfect master, and would probably be the first to despise a college-bred man who gave up his career and took to hunting. While little harm, perhaps, is done to the nation at large by the false standard of estimation set up in England by that social body to which the weak and the young especially look as their guide, the unrecognized damage done to individuals is incalculable: the germs of intellect withered at an age that exists only for imitation; the dormant seeds of talent and desire for mental culture natural to a gently nurtured race destroyed often before they have had time to sprout.

Immense sums lavished on the education of their sons by parents who can sometimes, perhaps, but ill afford it produce nothing, too frequently, but a certain stereotyped manner and general bearing, that a certain portion of the British public calls "good form," but is a thing in itself quite distinct from what the outside world calls "good breeding," although it may or may not, of course, be accompanied by that desideratum, a matter dependent on home influences and home training. The result, however, is very often skill in one or two athletic games so wonderful that great and historic universities will frequently, while the subject is yet a school-

boy, become quite agitated for the honor of his presence. These advantages confer also on the youth the much-prized distinction of being able, in after life, to write himself "a public-school and university man," and up to the time he leaves college, at any rate, and sometimes all through life, to feel a sort of mild, contemptuous pity for all those unfortunates who have not received what he considers to be the only complete training the world affords. This feeling, which has no offensive aspect about it, but is rather a deeply rooted tradition, is of course most vigorous and intolerant in the breasts of those whose minds have most successfully resisted the great intellectual opportunities that such a career has put constantly within their reach, and have nothing to show in the way of tangible benefits but a sideboard covered with trophies of the river and the running path.

A deep sense of the actual benefits of culture and education has no part in creating this overweening and narrow estimate of excellence. You could not touch the pride of an average English school-boy by comparing the intellectual attainments of his school-fellows unfavorably with those of a rival institution. "Swotting," "sapping," "mugging," "grinding," "fagging," imply by their sound the contempt in which the common herd of public-school boys hold all independent efforts at mental culture and future distinction, and with such he has less than no sympathy. Hint, however, at similar comparisons in the more important matters of cricket and football, and all his quickest susceptibilities will be aroused; all the force of an *esprit de corps*, resting almost purely on a basis of athleticism, will flash out. There is no class of civilized beings upon earth more governed by habit and custom, and more intolerant of everything outside their own narrow circle, than the *average* young English gentleman. (I lay stress on the word "aver-

age," as implying the majority that come between those whom talent or mental ability or mental refinement has freed from the common ruck and the hopelessly coarse and dissolute.) To him every difference of a manner from his own that he sees in his travels is a difference for the worse, and leans of necessity in the direction of snobbishness or vulgarity. In every fellow-creature whose coat is not cut upon his own lines he is too apt to see at once the "beastly cad."

Speaking again of the universities, there are certain colleges, both at Oxford and Cambridge, whose under-graduates actually pride themselves (or used to, a very few years ago) on being unrepresented on the honor lists, and who indignantly resent fancied attempts to make their institution a "reading college," on the part of freshly elected Fellows and tutors, as a direct damage to its *social prestige*. Could a parallel to anything so ludicrous be found in any other country? The inclination of a proportion of young men, and especially rich ones, to be idle is natural everywhere, but the inexplicable sentiment that takes a pride in being so, and jealously cherishes a reputation for the same, may safely be said to be peculiarly British. So immense is the importance attached to physical prowess that the standard of a certain class of college in Oxford and in Cambridge may, without exaggeration, be said to depend, to a great extent, on the position of their boat on the river. As an instance of this, in the writer's college days, Jesus, Cambridge, though an eminently respectable foundation, did not pretend to rank among those colleges of Oxford and Cambridge which the traditional or temporary patronage of birth, wealth, intellect, or athletic fame entitled to the appellation of a first-class college, speaking relatively. Since that time its boat has been distinguished in numerous aquatic contests, and con-

sequently the whole standing of the college has undergone a complete change. There has been of late years a demand upon its resources by youths of the description that are supposed by the un-intellectual public, at any rate, to reflect lustre upon such institutions, and who would, a dozen years ago, have to a certainty omitted Jesus College from their list for selections.

At the period to which I have just now alluded, to have spoken of Brasenose College, Oxford, with anything but deep respect, in any representative audience of public-school boys and undergraduates, would have been deemed by a large majority unmitigated heresy. Brasenose at that time had six or seven members in the university cricket eleven, and its boat was head, or nearly head, of the river ; in addition to which it was well represented during the hunting season at the meets of neighboring packs of fox-hounds, — in short, “a good college *all round*,” in the eyes of every one but the distinctly intellectual few. It was a matter of no importance that its reputation for teaching and scholarship was at zero, and that the character of its entrance examinations was such as, whether rightly or wrongly, to furnish amusing anecdotes to the admiring youth of the day. The examiner, for instance, would be depicted listening to a well-known athlete, fresh from school, and in a genial, gentlemanly manner discussing with him his late performances in the playing-field, and finally concluding the interview with a cordial shake of the hand, and an assurance that he might consider himself a member of the college. Whimsical reports, too, used to circulate that the “chief” was in the habit of making furtive visits to the playing-fields of the great public schools, with an eye to strengthening and maintaining that athletic prestige of his college on which he was supposed, with undoubted justice, to lay such stress.

These are but mere instances of the

way in which academic institutions may be affected in popularity and consequent prosperity by success in pursuits that are, whatever enthusiasts may say, diametrically opposed to furthering the higher aims of student life and a cultured state of society.

The University of Cambridge being a seat of learning, and divided into numerous colleges, whose attitude towards one another has through all time necessitated a natural and healthy rivalry, an outsider would suppose that the possession of senior wrangler and senior classic would be considered each year as the greatest possible triumph that one college could win from the others. As it is, however, whatever enthusiasm is felt for the most famous under-graduate of his year is limited to the quiet satisfaction of a few tutors and professors, and a certain flutter among that select minority of the university who, as professed “reading men,” have throughout their youth, from different reasons, successfully combated the athletic mania, and have been free to imbibe the full benefits, and to realize the true value before it is too late, of the advantages offered by one of the most splendid institutions of learning in the world.

About a boat race, on the other hand, words can scarcely describe the engrossing enthusiasm that night after night makes the banks of Cam and Isis the scene of the wildest excitement. The triumph and despair that in such contests, and all others of a like nature, take possession of winners and losers are so ludicrously real and solemn that the ends and aims of colleges and schools would seem to have been almost lost sight of, and their actual importance to have become hopelessly entangled, in the minds of the majority of their inmates and patrons, with the success or otherwise of their crew or their cricket eleven. Masters, tutors, and professors may gnash their teeth at the ugly rival which snatches so many youths, while

still in their declensions, forever from their influence; but the wrong idol has been set up on a pedestal from which it will be hard to displace it, while so great is the force of custom that many of these very educators themselves bow down unconsciously to the brain-devouring god, and aid in that hero worship of the mere athlete that to an outsider must and does look so grotesque.

An American or a German youth has, we may fairly suppose, the same natural tendency to idleness as his British *confrère*; that, however, when he goes to school or college, is all he has to struggle against. Years and years of distinction, and the unbounded praise and adulation of his school-fellows, of that part of the outside world whose applause is most flattering, and to some extent even of his teachers, are not held before his eyes as the possible premium for sticking diligently to his amusements. For him there is no easy and broad road to fancied fame, enticing him away, to his own irreparable injury, at the very gates of life, even before what little of judgment and discretion extreme youth can claim has had time to develop. With the young American it is simply a question of natural apathy or idleness, unendorsed and unapplauded by any class whose opinion even the most frivolous could value, *versus* distinction in that race which is recognized as the only one worthy of competition, one whose prizes confer on their winners not merely the material benefits that are common to all countries, but social position and the admiring envy of their fellows as well. His play hours may or may not be occupied with cricket, baseball, football, and the like; but all these are secondary, mere pastimes, though they are eminently healthy and desirable as such. His position among his fellows depends to a very small extent upon his success in these, and not, as in England, almost altogether so. In another respect, too, he starts at a greater ad-

vantage than the majority of his British kinsmen, for as each generation in America has, with certain qualifications, to depend much more upon its own individual exertions, and receives less shelter, either material or social, from the ægis of its forefathers, so from earliest youth each one is more apt to feel the privilege of a high education from a commercial stand-point. The American youth is brought more face to face with money, and as a rule possesses a knowledge of its purchasing value that in the young Briton of the class to which we allude is conspicuously absent. It is to very few of the latter that an expensive education ever occurs in the light of an investment, but it is rather looked on as a right inherited and as a matter of course. All this is more or less natural, from obvious causes, though to be deplored as offering less resistance to the demon of athleticism.

Take the English lad of thirteen, just entering a great public school, his faculties as yet unawakened, and ready to receive impressions that will probably control his whole future destiny. He is solemnly shown, by his new companions, the god-like forms of the chosen cricketers who represent his alma mater in what his youthful mind already regards as almost historic contests. They occupy in his eyes, and consequently too often in their own eyes, a position with regard to their actual importance and deserts for the absurdity of which it would be in vain to look for a parallel. He himself, unless he is a particularly sickly or weakly boy, is examined as to the extent of his accomplishments in the out-door line, and placed accordingly in the carefully graded list into which his five hundred companions are by various methods divided. One day to climb the dizzy heights now occupied by those heroes who wear continually the distinctive badges that mark them as the athletic champions of their school, and to receive themselves all the adu-

lation, attention, and interest that are bestowed upon those not only by their school-fellows, the public, and the press, but to some extent even by their very teachers, becomes too often the one aim of the young boy's existence. His actual tasks will perhaps be gone through without discredit, lest his play hours should be encroached upon, and if he is naturally bright he will acquire in eight or ten years education enough to pass the ordinary examinations into the professions, and so on; but whatever intellectual life or desire for culture, books, science, art, may have been inherent in him will be soon stifled; the passion for physical prowess will increase as the golden years, teeming with splendid opportunities that can never recur, speed by, their value scarcely recognized; and the only fortunate circumstance is, perhaps, that the national insanity regarding such matters, that permeates all classes and all ages, prevents a great proportion of those regrets which, under other circumstances, would with maturer years too surely follow such a wasted youth.

The idle and the vicious alone are benefited by the absorbing mania, or made, at any rate, temporarily less objectionable. To actual morals, ultra-athleticism may, among school-boys, be also of some slight service; but the few that are thereby kept for a time out of mischief and bad habits, which, after they leave school, are quite as prevalent among sportsmen and athletes as among others, are hardly worth the enormous intellectual sacrifice that unceasingly continues to smoke upon the altars of this mock heroism.

The specially gifted few, the vitality of whose intellects is too strong to be repressed or warped by the most overwhelming pressure, even of such Philistinism, at the tenderest stage of their

development, are outside our present argument, and in all probability derive more unmixed and lasting good from an English public school than they or their equals could from any other educational establishment on the face of the earth.

It is the immense majority that come between these two classes whose weaker, or often only later, mental development is put to a test that is most iniquitously unfair, and the force of which it is almost necessary to have been an English public-school boy thoroughly to realize. To localize the blame is an impossibility. To combat a resistless national mania, that seems to increase rather than lose in strength with the advance of civilization, would be a hopeless undertaking for one set of individuals, if, indeed, any such are to be found entirely uncontaminated, in spite of themselves, from very attrition, with the fetish worship of this grotesque idol. For several generations we have been rolling in wealth, with a teeming population. The millions created by a powerful, enterprising middle class maintain an enormous army of hereditary income holders, great and small, who perpetuate the feudal tradition, shared by the red Indian and the Jamaica negro, that idleness is becoming, but whose innate Anglo-Saxon energy breaks out by a curious perversity in every imaginable kind of useless exertion, which demands no mental qualities, and in which the advantages of education have no influence. It is fortunate that a good standard of morality and honor, as a whole, prevails, and that a physically robust and honest, if aimless, existence leaves nothing worse than an absurdity in the spectacle of a gentleman of birth and fortune devoting himself with intense earnestness to the business of an amateur stage-driver, and being respected or at least not ridiculed for it by four fifths of the public.

A. Granville Bradley.

A MIDSUMMER FÊTE IN THE PUEBLO OF SAN JUAN.

MUCH time and ingenuity have been spent in seeking traces and proofs of the connection between the Pueblo Indians of Mexico and the ancient Aztecs. The connection is no doubt real, but the links are hard to find; and I wonder that the archaeologists, by way of recreation and diversion from their arduous labors, have not made a collateral research as to the connection between the Pueblos and the mud-sparrows, of which traces and proofs are plenty wherever either mud-sparrows or Pueblo Indians have builded.

The mud-sparrow, I believe, builds now only two-story houses, while the Pueblos run them up sometimes five and even seven stories high; and the mud-sparrows do not go in and out, up and down, by ladders, but neither would the Pueblos if they had wings. The ladders are only an arrangement necessary during a stage of imperfect development, and may be done away with later.

Meantime, so far as any architectural argument can go to prove relationship, it seems clear that the mud-sparrows come in somewhere among the Toltecs, Aztecs, and Pueblos; very likely were first, and the instructors of them all; for there are certainly not on the earth any two types of building more like each other than the mud-sparrow's nest and the Pueblo Indian's house. Material, the same: mud. Method of treatment, the same: building up in layers, wet, left to dry by the sun. Shapes, similar; in some instances nearly identical.

Does archæology often make out three points so strong? And whoever has seen a Pueblo Indian woman, up on a ladder, plastering the inside wall of her house, might be tempted to add a fourth point,—of the similarity of implement and handling. She has her wet mud in a bowl before her, on a round of the

ladder, dips her hand in, claws all she can, and with a swift and dexterous stroke slaps it on the wall, and dabs it down. Handful by handful she patiently keeps on, until her hand is crusted thick with mud, and looks far more like a bird's claw than like a human hand. The dabs which a mud-sparrow, building, gives with its beak to each little morsel of mud it adds are wonderfully like these strokes of the Indian woman's hand. No one who has seen both motions can fail to recognize their kinship to each other. And I think no one familiar with mud-sparrows' villages can come suddenly upon an Indian pueblo without being at once reminded of them. It was my first thought at my first glimpse of the pueblo of San Juan.

We had just crossed the Rio Grande at a point where its meadows were brilliantly green. Rising abruptly out of this vivid green meadow, and barring our way, like a colossal ant-hill, stood a great drab mound, with broken lines, suggesting walls and roofs at top. Our road led right up and into this mound. Not a green leaf, not a green blade; blank, shadeless, shadowless, drab, dust or sand under foot on all sides, shifting, solid: piles and banks of it, shifting at each step or each breeze; walls and banks of it, solid, and perforated here and there by small openings. These solid walls and banks, we presently perceived, were in tiers,—tiers of terraces; and the perforations were of various sizes. Each terrace was spread out, flat at top, and a few feet wide; at back of this another straight terrace, spread out, flat at top; this, again, surmounted by a third; and so on, till in some places they were five stories high. Queer strips of lattice-work stood on these terraces, slanted, tilted, propped irregularly here and there; they also were of a drab color, as if walls,

roofs, ladders, all had been run, wet mud, into a fretted mould, baked, and turned out, like some freaky confectioner's device made of opaque, light-brown cough candy. At intervals on these terraces, or on the ground near the base of the walls, stood low oval mounds of the same baked drab mud, shaped like the half of an egg-shell, with an aperture left in the small end. To have seen a big swallow's head sticking out of any one of these would have seemed only natural. There were also here and there on the roofs, lifted a few feet above them, queer little thatches of brush; ragged and unfinished, like the first rough platform of twigs and mud the robin lays for her nest.

This is what one sees at the first glance, on looking at an adobe pueblo. After discovering their plan and the arrangement and uses of the odd structures, they can never again wear precisely the same expression. The tiers and terraces are the stories and roofs of the houses; the holes are doors and windows opening into rooms under the terrace roofs; the strips of lattice-work are ladders, the only means of going from one terrace to another above or below; the little oval mounds are ovens; and the queer brush thatches are the Pueblo Indian's pleasure-bowers, summer-houses, arbors, sheltering him from the sun, when he would lie down on his terrace roof. Also, being thrifty, and driven to expedients in his narrow quarters, he sometimes uses these thatches as drying-ground for red peppers, which make a fine show, topping off a pile of the drab terraces. There were four or five of these terraced piles, some larger, some smaller, yet without any regularity, and a small open plaza. On one side of this was an old church, also of adobe: long, low, with two square, white-washed towers, and an archway on the front.

When we drove into this plaza it was swarming with Indians and Mexicans, — a kaleidoscope of all the hues of the

rainbow. On the terraces were standing hundreds of the Indians, all decked in the gayest colors: bareheaded, wrapped in blankets, motionless, most of them, as statues. The gorgeousness of the pictures they made, relieved against these walls and banks of drab, and kindled by the brilliant blue of the sky overhead, could never be told either by pen or by brush. It was a dazzling blaze of color. Adding to the bewilderment of the scene came the sharp, plaintive notes of the old bell hanging in the white archway of the church. It was Saint John's Day, and the bell was ringing for morning mass.

Not the least among the adroit and kindly diplomacies of the Roman Catholic church, in her proselyting, has been her method of grafting her own ceremonies on the days and observances she found already established and beloved among the peoples she sought to conquer. From this habit of hers have come by degrees strange transitions and transformations in calendars and ceremonies; saints' days being kept on pagan sinners' days, and fast days on feast days, with increasing confusion, century after century. Nowhere, perhaps, can this sort of antithesis be better seen than in the pueblos of New Mexico on the fête days which the church and the Indians keep together.

We were too late to get admission to the church by the front door. A close-packed throng filled the approach to it, and rows of Indians, armed with guns, stood on guard on either side. By mysterious turnings, gates in walls, stable yards, and inner courts, we were led round to a side door used by the priests. Just as our guide was about to open one of these gates in a mud wall, it was suddenly flung open from the other side, and there leaped through a huge Indian, wrapped in a scarlet blanket, two thirds of his face covered thick with vermilion paint. A more startling apparition, coming of a sudden, and so close, could not

be imagined, or a more splendid picture than he made for the half second that he stood framed in the drab-colored gateway. He was evidently as much startled as we, at first; but in a moment there spread over his face a broad, kindly smile, in which all his fierce savagery seemed to melt away at once.

The mud floor of the church was crowded with kneeling and squatting Mexicans and Indians; silent, devout, sad-eyed, their faces were studies. The blackness of their hair and their eyes might almost be said to darken the place. The women wore shawls on their heads, sometimes close drawn around their faces, sometimes held gracefully with one hand, sometimes allowed to fall free. There is a mystic spell about a shawl on a Mexican woman's head: it never comes off; it may trail on the ground at one side, but the other end will cling on, if it is only by a fringe. Some of the well-to-do ones, who evidently considered themselves in full dress, wore white cambric sun-bonnets, the full crowns and the long capes fastened on by shining steel buttons at each plait. It seemed inexplicable that they could not perceive how much better the raggedest beggar woman there looked, who had a shawl over her head, than they did in their stiff white bonnets.

Even up to the chancel rail they had crowded, and on the very steps some of them were squatting, every one with upturned face and a look of rapt attention. On the highest step, leaning against the rail, sat an old man, — so old that when his eyes were shut his face looked like the face of an Egyptian mummy. His long gray hair floated in the air. Hugged up between his knees he had a guitar, which looked as old as he; his right hand lay on the strings, as lifelessly as if it had fallen there, out of his control; every now and then it clutched the strings, and brought out a few wailing, spasmodic notes, these also seeming to be out of his control. Opposite him, at

the farther end of the rail, knelt a woman, older still, if possible, than he; everything about her might have been centuries old except her eyes. They glowed out from under shaggy white eyebrows like coals of fire, fierce, revengeful, insatiate. Her bony arms crossed on her breast, her rosary hanging untouched, her head propped against the wall, the fierce eyes devouring every motion of the priests in the chancel, she suggested unfathomed and unfathomable mysteries of hate and suffering.

The shrines were gay with tawdry flowers, and high candles burned on all sides. In front of the rail were half a dozen shabby little flaring, smoking tallow tapers, — tokens of expiation or entreaty from some of the poor souls who squatted close behind, watching their struggling flames with piteous earnestness. Ten priests, gorgeous in white robes and brilliant vestments, were there to assist in the mass. On occasion of these fêtes, the priests from all the mission stations within reach gather together, to add dignity and splendor to the observance.

The Santa Cruz church, one of the oldest in the country, is only twelve miles distant from San Juan. Here, cherished with great pride, are still to be seen vestments sent over by queens of Spain in the days when Spain thought to found a new Spain here. Only a few miles beyond Santa Cruz stands another mud church, built in the name of Santa Clara, over two hundred years ago.

A young French priest has these parishes in his keeping, and is working to-day with the same simple, unquestioning, inexhaustible faith and indefatigable energy which made splendid the lives and the deaths of the earliest Jesuit missionaries in California and Mexico. He is a man of culture, and used, in the Old World, to surroundings of refinement. Delicately wrought silks and satins, with embroideries of the finest that women's hands can do, come to him

often from France, with the love of women of degree who are his kin. He wears them as reverently and gladly in masses said in these mud churches of the Pueblo Indians as if it were in the Madeleine of Paris.

Moving back and forth among the priests, assisting in the ceremonies of the mass, were two Indians, wrapped in their blankets, and wearing the fringed leggins, necklaces, and decorations of their race. One of them swung the censer; the other had the charge of the robes, and helped in all the changes; the dexterous manner in which he contrived to keep himself wrapped, in true Indian fashion, in his blanket, while using both hands to robe and disrobe the priests, was marvelous. The sharp contrast between these purely savage figures, the simplicity of the lines of their drapery, their barbaric faces and decorations, the immobility of their countenances and attitudes, and the complications of genuflection and pose and adornment of the priests was impressive: and the savage man stood the comparison best. There was but one drawback on the dignity of his bearing, and that was one for which he was in no wise responsible. Exactly in the middle of his red blanket, conspicuously branded in black, were the letters U. S. I. D. To see these huge black letters, every now and then swinging slowly into view, stamped on the Indian's back was ludicrous enough; and the slower the motion, and the more majestic the attitude, the more ludicrous became the letters. It was too bad. Perhaps to the Indians, and even to the Mexicans, the letters might have seemed decorative, and of value as symbols of the power and goodness of the "great Father in Washington;" but to eyes enlightened as to some of the doings of the United States Interior Department, and aware of the cost of such blankets to their wearers, the label was a strange mixture of sad sarcasm and joke.

Whenever the Indian in the chancel rang the bell, at the elevation of the host, the Indians outside fired their guns. The first of these volley echoes gave us a momentary shock of real terror. How could one suppose it to be part of the religious ceremony? A softer and more assonant reply came more than once in the sudden whirring above our heads of the wings of doves, that flew in, and once, in a sweet sort of reverent irreverence, alighted on the top of the big crucifix. After the mass came a short sermon in Spanish by an old priest, with a fine and benevolent face. His voice and gestures were impressive, and the smooth, open vowel sounds full of melody. It was easy, in spite of ignorance of the Spanish language, to gather the meaning of much that he said. Love, charity, charitable giving, were the burden of his commands to the people; the latter being difficult of fulfilling, it would seem, by most of the poor souls who listened to him.

As soon as the services ended, the throng poured out of the church in an irregular procession, in the middle of which, under a canopy, were carried images of Christ and the Virgin Mary and Saint John, the patron saint of the day. The Indians with guns ran alongside, firing at intervals; green branches were waved; wild Indians on horseback, splendid in paint and feathers, dashed back and forth; the little bell tinkled; the close-shorn heads and black robes of the priests flitted in and out among the streaming long-haired visages and red and yellow and blue wrappings and trappings of the Indians. The whole plaza seemed to surge and glitter under the hot sun, as the crowds ran to and fro. The sacred images were set in a small booth, built of green boughs; there to remain all day, to receive any offerings which the devout-minded might wish to make to them.

This was the end of the church's part of the fête. The Indians were free now

to keep the rest of the day in their own fashion. In a few minutes, hundreds of them had clambered up and out on the ledge-like roofs of their strange, terraced houses; standing, squatting, lying down, they grouped themselves, from end to end of the town, as if with no other thought than of pictorial effect. It was a scene to make an artist beside himself with delight, — no two groups on a level; no two groups alike; men, women, children, babies, every living creature of them all wrapped and decked in brilliant colors, which were thrown into a positive splendor of relief by the soft, pale, half-brown, half-yellow color of the walls behind, above, and below them. Over it all a sky of blazing blue, such as only a Southern latitude, Southern summer, and Southern sun together could make.

From roof to roof, group to group, scrambling up and down the break-neck ladders, swinging ourselves, we hardly knew how, from ladder to terrace and terrace to ladder, over parapets and chimneys, we roamed about, high up in the air, among them, and looking down on the glittering spectacle below. The heat and the glare reflected from the baked mud surfaces were almost intolerable; the air felt like the flapping of red-hot wings in one's face, and to step for a second out of shade of an umbrella made one dizzy and blind. Yet the Pueblos basked in it, bareheaded, as content as lizards.

With no more distinct invitation than a succession of friendly beckoning smiles, we entered one of the low doors. The mud floor had been swept smooth and clean for the festival day. There was no furniture excepting low cushions or divans ranged round the walls. These were their beds, rolled up and covered with gay-colored blankets. Rough-hewn log posts, whitewashed, supported the roof. Clay vessels, of curious shapes and colors, filled with water, stood in the corners. The fire-place was a raised

stone platform, square, and roofed over with a dome of adobe. Near it was the family mill, — an oblong stone trough, five or six feet long, divided into three compartments; in each of these was a flat stone, perhaps two thirds the size of the compartment. When meal is to be ground, the leisurely Indians sit down on the floor by these mills, put the grain into the trough, and slowly rub it fine with the flat stones.

The lady of the house was short, fat, swarthy; silent, but more radiantly hospitable than one would have thought it possible for a speechless hostess to be. A dozen Indians, men and women, were squatted around the room, against the walls; motionless, grave, their bright dark eyes following our every motion. With the keenest observation, they actually embarrassed us by their stillness; but their expressions were friendly and gentle. The women wore leggings of deerskin, as white and smooth as the finest kid; moccasins of the same, or of yellow buckskin; short black petticoats, gay head belts, blouses of white, or black, or bright calico, ear-rings and necklaces of silver and coral beads. Their coarse black hair came short and straight over their foreheads to their eyebrows, as correctly and evenly "banged" as if it had been done by a civilized barber of fashion; behind, it fell long and loose over their necks.

Hanging from the middle of the ceiling was the baby, strapped tight into a tiny wooden trough-cradle, a low wickerwork hood covered with white cloth over its head. There it swung, back and forth; out of harm's way certainly, and as comfortable as in a cradle on rockers. Its eyes were the only things it could stir; arms, legs, feet, hands, all strapped tight to the board. The mother understood no English, except that which we spoke in praise of the baby's pretty bright eyes; of that she understood every word. When we left the house all the men and women rose and accompanied

us to the door, and stood there silent, smiling, and nodding their heads to our good-bys.

As we turned to walk down the roof, there suddenly appeared, within a few feet of us, coming up through the roof, the head of an Indian, crying, "How! how!" in a hoarse, grunting voice. He sprang up through the opening, ran like lightning across the roof to the parapet, over the edge, and out of sight in a twinkling: naked, except two long narrow strips of calico floating down before and behind; painted from head to foot, in bands of lead color with black stripes and white polka spots; a fringe of hens' feathers down each leg, where the outside seam of trousers would come; his long black hair stuck full of hens' feathers; a wreath of green cotton-wood leaves on his head, and a cotton-wood bough in his right hand. He was an eldritch creature to pop out on one in that fashion. It is not too much to confess that we jumped back in some terror; but before we had recovered our breath, "How! how!" came a second, a third, more, all through the same opening: tumbling up in a helter-skelter crowd, all grunting, ejaculating, and waving their green boughs. A dozen of them had darted out, across, and down before we could believe our eyes. These were some of the braves for the war dance, which was to be the great feature of the day. On other roofs we could see similar irruptions of the same impish figures, darting out and down the ladders, their feet seeming barely to touch the rounds. Soon we saw them gathering in two long straight, parallel lines, just outside the highest part of the wall. All eyes were fastened on them; even little children crawled to the extreme edges of the roofs, and lay down flat on their bellies, with their heads lifted like turtles, looking over and off.

There were two rival bands to take part in this dance, a hundred in each

band. After the two double columns were arranged in line, fifty rods or more apart, they began to move slowly toward each other, sidewise, with steps which were little more than a shuffling of the feet in the sand,—certainly, they did not move more than the width of the foot at each step; their bodies slightly bent forward; their arms close at their sides; heads up, swinging slightly at each shuffle; the cotton-wood wreaths and boughs waving; the drums beating a dull, monotonous note; gourds rattling; and loud, discordant voices all grunting and whooping: it was a finer Bedlam than Bedlam itself could have shown. They stood so close together that their arms and legs seemed to touch; this gave to the whole column, in its slow, shuffling motion, an expression like that of a huge snake wriggling itself along. It seemed to take an interminable time for them to move a few yards. As the columns came closer and closer they quickened their speed till the second of meeting, when they fell back instantly into the same slow, vibrant shuffle, and retreated from each other to their first position. They repeated this twice, and then broke up, preparing for the races which were to follow.

The Indians themselves appeared to be more interested in these than in the dance. They crowded up close to the course, and cheered or groaned derisively at each success or failure. Sometimes the friends of a runner, as they cheered him, would lean forward and beat him with cotton-wood boughs. Conspicuous everywhere among the lookers-on were the mounted Apaches,—splendid, dashing creatures, with scarlet cheek-bones and scarlet blankets, and their long hair twisted into braids with strips of fur, till it looked like *jabots* of cats' tails down each shoulder. Often a man and a woman rode together on one pony; and they had come fifty miles to see this fête. From one of these conjugal "mounts" I bought a couple of

beautiful baskets which they had made. The Apache basket is as fine a thing in its way as the Navajo blanket; it holds water as well, and is as artistic in its devices of color. Neither the man nor the squaw understood or could speak one word of English, except "dollar." But this and fingers were all that they needed to compel us to give them their own price for the baskets. The gentle Pueblos were less exacting, or else more anxious to get money. They were ready to sell the ear-rings out of their ears and the bangles off their arms, usually for the prices offered them. There was one thing, however, the women could not be induced to sell: not one of them would part with her necklace. And no wonder, for they were necklaces to be coveted. They were made of cut coral beads and beaten silver crosses; sometimes twenty or thirty crosses on a necklace. Some of them were very old; they had belonged, the women said, to their grandmothers. These older and finer ones had, in addition to the little crosses, one large one, also of silver, — the old Jesuit cross, with the heart of Jesus at the bottom. The coral of these beads had been carried from the California coast across the deserts to the Navajo country, and bartered there; and the silver came out of old mines, of which the Indians know the secret; but who taught them to work the coral and the silver there is no telling.

After the races ended, many of the Indians withdrew into their houses, and the Mexican element became more noticeable in the throng. Compared with any other human creature except an Indian, the Mexican is a triumph of the gay and picturesque; but by the side of these Indians he was tawdry and cheap. Tawdriest of all were the richest, — they who could afford to wear silks and satins and jewelry. There was a sharp lesson in the insignificance of all these in the presence of the wild blanket, leggings, feathers, paint, of the savage; also

in the contrast between the repose of the Indian's stillness and the laziness of the Mexican's. The Indian, motionless, was always and everywhere statuesque; the Mexican, motionless, looked always and everywhere inert.

The grandest dame there of Mexican blood was a widow, who had recently recovered a small sum of money from a railway company, for the death of her husband by an accident on their road. She had apparently expended most of this money in providing herself with a black satin gown, and a negro wench for a servant. The satin gown was profusely decorated with jet, and so long that it trailed far behind her, and lay on the dusty ground, hardly less gray than the dust itself. Only a few inches back of the edge of the satin train minced along the negro, in fiery pink from top to toe, — pink gown, pink hat, pink roses, pink parasol; all, evidently, old finery which the mistress had discarded for her black satin weeds of woe. The unconscious caricature in the wench's strutting step, as she followed her mistress up and down the street, was inimitable and indescribable.

As the day wore on, the heat grew hotter and hotter. Walking was like stepping on hot iron plates; along every roof and wall edge the scorching air shimmered dizzily, as around a furnace mouth; to look up was like turning one's face toward a foundry cauldron in full blast. Still, the Indians, bareheaded, bare-skinned, basked, content as lizards. But we were forced to seek shelter. We took refuge in the only building occupied by whites in the pueblo, a long, low adobe house; the whole front a shop, crowded with the most multifarious merchandise. Behind this shop was a room used as a bedroom by the traders. They kindly placed it at our disposal, and, as we entered it, its dark refreshing air seemed like the cool air of a subterranean vault; but it was only by contrast with the white heat

outside. Even in this room the mercury was well up in the nineties.

Here we presently found ourselves, half involuntarily, the centre of a commercial crisis in the community. The news had run through the town of our readiness to buy decorations of one sort and another; and as soon as the Indians discovered our place of retreat, a stream of speculators set in. At first it was infinitely entertaining: the silent, shy, intent, eager creatures, crowding and holding back all at once; seeming stolidly indifferent to the occasion, but standing doggedly still until their ornaments were observed; shaking their heads and laughing, and now and then speaking a word; counting over and over again the silver moneys paid to them; joking freely with each other, no doubt at our expense, and perhaps to our great discomfiture, if we had but understood what they said. The scene was as exciting as it was novel. But when it came to the pass that there were twenty, thirty, or more of them crowding in and around us at once, and that, familiarity having had time for its own peculiar swift and prolific breeding, they began, in their turn, to stretch out curious hands, finger our ear-rings or belt clasps, and ask roguishly, "How much?" or make signs that we should barter them for theirs, we were forced to put up again some of the restraints

we had removed. But they were gentle as children, and went away quickly as soon as they understood that we wished to be alone. Gradually the village quieted down; long, low, white-covered wagons, full of Mexicans, crawled away across the meadows, at a pace as slow as was compatible with motion at all; parties of Apaches galloped off, swift and splendid as Bedouins in the desert; groups of green-wreathed Taos Indians set off, lithely running, on their sixty miles' journey home; the San Juan women came out of their houses with gay pottery vessels on their heads, going down to the river for water, for their evening meal. The saints were taken out of the green booth, and carried back to the church, richer by a few melons and sacks of meal and a basket or two than they were in the morning. As we drove away, the sun was sinking in the west, sending red and gold beams across the Rio Grande meadows, and kindling the pale walls of San Juan into a ruddy glow.

The scene was closed, the day nearly over; already they both seemed unreal, incredible, — phantasms wrought by a spell. And with each day since, the memories of them have seemed to vanish farther and farther into a shadowy realm of unreality, as if they were but the recollections of some strange Midsummer Day's Dream.

H. H.

FLOWER AND FRUIT.

In the spring, perverse and sour,
He cared naught for bud or flower,
Garden row or blossomed tree:
Rounded fruit he fain would see,
Vintage glow on sunburnt hills,
Bursting garners, toiling mills.
Sheer unreason!

Pity 't were to waste the blooming season!

What's the matter? Now he sits,
 Deep in thought; his brow he knits.
 Here is fruit on vine and bough,—
 Malcontent! what seeks he now?
 Would have flowers, when flowers are none,
 So in love with springtime grown!
 Sheer unreason!

Pity 't were to waste the ripened season!

Edith M. Thomas.

SOME MEMOIRS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

ELEVEN years have passed since the fall of Napoleon III., and the Second Empire is beginning, as the French say, to design itself. It appears to have been almost as much of a riddle, while it lasted, both to its willing and unwilling subjects, as it certainly was to the world outside of France. The time has come, however, when personal recollections are not only interesting to hear, but perfectly safe to tell, and they are being offered in great numbers. Letters and notes of conversations, reserved for private or political reasons while those most interested in them still lived, are handed over to the world as their authors pass out of it, and the ever-accelerating rush of events entirely severs from the present the men and things of the last decade but one. The reflections made and the judgments passed on that imperial *régime* of twenty years are sufficiently diverse, and even contradictory, but we are learning many new facts, and from the whole mass of testimony much information may be collected.

Following the publication of the third series of Mr. Senior's interesting Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire¹ we have the letters of Prosper Mérimée to An-

¹ *Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire, from 1860 to 1863.* By the late W. NASSAU SENIOR. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1880.

tonio Panizzi,² beginning December 31, 1850, one year before the *coup d'état*, and closing September 13, 1870, ten days only before the death of the distinguished *littérateur*, and three weeks after the surrender at Sedan.

The antecedents of the author of *Carmen* and the *Lettres à des Inconnues* are sufficiently well known. Panizzi, an Italian political refugee of 1820, had risen, by virtue of his extensive learning and his no less remarkable executive ability, to a responsible post in the British Museum, of which he was afterward made director-in-chief; the great library having been entirely reorganized under his auspices. A negotiation good-naturedly undertaken by Mérimée for the sale to the British Museum, on behalf of the sister of *Stendhal*, of certain curious manuscripts which the author of the *Chartreuse de Parme* had had copied in the Vatican, was the occasion of the first letter. The negotiation was successful, and the acquaintance to which it gave rise ripened into a most congenial friendship. The correspondents began to exchange views on subjects of general interest, and soon found themselves very much in accord; first of all, on the importance to mankind at large of the Vatican library, and

² *Prosper Mérimée. Lettres à M. Panizzi, 1850-1870.* Paris: Calmann Levy. 1881.

the pressing need that its nominal custodian should be somehow or other removed out of information's way. The sentiment toward Catholicism and the Pope on which this clever pair first united, and which furnishes the *motif* for so many of Mérimée's best *bonmots*, hardly deserves the sturdy name of hatred. It was one of impatience rather than indignation, and found fitting expression in *persiflage* of the lightest order, admirably adapted to set off an epistolary style, but fatiguing the reader a little, after a time, by its incessant occupation with a single theme. "The point most open to objection," says Mérimée, in 1859, of that provisional settlement of the Italian question which followed the unexpected peace of Villafranca, "is that which ordains that you and I are to give so much a year to our Holy Father the Pope. In my opinion, *we should have been left to the impulses of our native generosity*. We should not have failed to proportion our bounty to the advantages which we derive from the Roman Catholic church."

A year later, during the Italian war of independence, he writes, after a Piedmontese victory, —

"I saw, where I have been staying in the country, certain mothers and aunts of pontifical volunteers who were making loud lament. There seemed to be no occasion. A religious and charming young man had been captured by the Piedmontese, and five minutes afterward — a thing unheard of in war! — his watch, which his aunt had given him, was gone. I consoled the unfortunate ladies by telling them that it was the custom of soldiers to inquire the time, but that their victims went all the quicker to Paradise where the elect are provided with Brequet's chronometers. And how does yours go?"

"The curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois told a friend of mine that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to our Holy Father, and told him that, having need

of a martyr, she had made choice of him, the Pope. After thanking her for her selection, he ascertained that he was to traverse Christendom as a mendicant, undergo many tribulations, etc., whereby Catholicism would be revived. You may rely on this apparition. The Virgin is very busy this year, and hence there is some reason to hope that we may this year find ourselves in the Vatican. *Utinam*."

"Have you read Guizot's address? . . . He is very indulgent toward the Pope. He considers himself the Protestant Pope and has naturally a friendly feeling for his *confrère*."

The two volumes bristle with *malices* of this kind, so very neatly and demurely expressed that they can hardly fail to amuse even those who are unaffectedly shocked by them. But they would be rather more respectable, more intelligible at least, if Mérimée had been an ardent liberal and devoted to the cause of Italian unity. On the contrary, he had even less charity for Garibaldi than for Pio Nono, and the one thing which he disliked and dreaded more than Catholic Christianity was that vague, impersonal terror, the revolution. For the church, he is capable of admitting that it would be hard to devise a substitute. "One never has the last word with a priest, and this is why I regret the success of St. Bartholomew and the abjuration of Henry IV. The machine is very old, but it is still strong, and the very skepticism of these times insures it a long duration; for *what could we put in its place?*"

Against Garibaldi, however, and against Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, for stooping to ally themselves with Garibaldi, he is implacable, and, for so mocking a philosopher, almost stern. For example, in November, 1860, in the midst of the Neapolitan insurrection, he writes, —

"To my mind, Garibaldi has heavily compromised the Italian cause. To im-

partial people, and especially to those not perfectly acquainted with Italy, what is passing at Naples is the height of abomination. The territory of a prince who is acting on the defensive, and whose army is still faithful, is being overrun, in the name of that army, by insurgent peasants. Elections are being held, in whose sincerity no one believes. Finally, and worst of all, we see the revolutionary party taking command of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour."

"You Italians are impatient. M. de Cavour might have been able in the course of some years to do well what has been ill done in six months, and to refrain from doing what he will now be forced to do in the spring. Garibaldi is in reality the instrument of Mazzini, and the evil genius of Italy. What is passing at Naples proves how unprepared the country was for a constitutional government. All the rowdies [*tapageurs*], who would rather fight the Neapolitans than have to do with the Austrians, were sent to Naples; then, as soon as the Neapolitans began to show a little energy, these gentlemen withdrew, and left the Piedmontese to bear the brunt. It is always the revolutionary method to set fires at random, and never mind who is burned."

Quite true. But is it not almost painfully easy, at this distance of time, and after so many tragic facts accomplished, for the simplest reader of these brilliant letters to see what, for all his wit, was hidden from the writer, — that his own position, midway between the contending forces of order and disorder, was impossible? And he did but theorize, or attempt to theorize, the course of his uncommunicative master, who, however, had begun by flattering alternately the clericals and the liberals, and who ended by betraying both. Mérimée, with the rest of the world, seems, at this time, to have credited Louis Napoleon with a deep and fixed policy. He calls him a *sphinx*, even in the abandon of his let-

ters to Panizzi, and wonders whether or no he has read his face aright. But those best instructed in the real course of affairs will tell you to-day that the sphinx evolved nothing, but was always an instrument. The impenetrable calm of manner, which was popularly supposed to hide so much, came of stolidity rather than self-control. He had to be pushed and primed even for the coup d'état by spirits more daring and ambitious than his own. It was the Duc de Morny who made the imperial plans; and when the Duc de Morny died, the brain of the empire was paralyzed. The "machine" — to borrow Mérimée's figure — ran on automatically for a few years, and then crashed into inevitable ruin. Long before the catastrophe, Mr. Senior had said of Napoleon III., "He is a man who generally has no plan, and when he has one conceals it, and plays the statesman *en conspirateur*."

At the period where we are arrived, 1860, Mérimée was already a senator, and living on terms of the closest intimacy with the imperial household. He had been, in his youth, the friend of Madame de Montijo, the mother of Eugénie de Teba, and had led the future empress by the hand through the Tuileries gardens, and regaled her with cakes at a *pâtisserie*, when she was an exquisitely beautiful child of six years. Naturally, therefore, when it became time to summon men of letters to the imperial court, Mérimée was one of the first to be approached, and as he happened to have no scruples, moral, social, or political, about accepting service there, his aid became invaluable in the compilation of the great Napoleon's letters, and in collecting materials for the Life of Caesar. Yet Mérimée was no menial servant of Napoleon III. He grumbles a little to Panizzi, now and again, about the wearisomeness of the courtier's part, but he never seriously compromised his personal dignity and independence, and he proved the disinterestedness of his

friendship for the empress by frank remonstrances, urged in the height of her power and prosperity, against acts that he thought unwise, unpatriotic, or unqueenly, and by a most loyal adhesion to her, so long as his own life lasted, after the era of her great misfortunes had begun. Mérimée is very cautious what he says about the members of the imperial family, even to Panizzi, whom he had introduced to them, and whom they seem even assiduously to have sought. He usually mentions them as "*Monsieur, Madame, et leur fils,*" or as "our host and hostess of Biarritz." The character of the empress, as he incidentally portrays it, seems that of an amiable, impulsive, pleasure-loving woman, impatient of court etiquette, and somewhat addicted to playing Marie Antoinette after she had become too old for the part. She fatigued her witty counselor a little at times by the poverty of her mental resources. "The emperor," he once permits himself to write from Biarritz, "does not seem in any great hurry to join us; but, for my part, I wish he would come, for, without amusing ourselves particularly, we are not quite so serious as befits such respectable people as we all are. In spite of all that can be said against *blue stockings* [sic], they have their excellencies, and it is a great resource for passing the time." Always, however, upon serious occasion, the empress revealed the ground-work of a fine nature beneath her frivolities. She had a warm heart, and a capability for generous imprudences, — like visiting the cholera patients at Amiens, and insisting that her own physician should attend the child of one of her friends in diphtheria; and when the hour of overwhelming calamity arrived, she rose to the full height of the situation. "I saw the empress the day before yesterday," writes Mérimée, just before Sedan. "She is as firm as a rock, though she does not in the least disguise from herself the horror of the situation." . . .

And again, "Nothing could be more noble than she is at this moment. There is no dissimulation, yet she preserves a heroic calm, an effort for which I am certain that she pays dearly." And finally, on the 24th of August, "Your hostess of Biarritz is admirable. She produces upon me the effect of a saint."

Strange eulogium in the mouth of a man for whom *les dévotés* had been the subject of such inextinguishable laughter! But for Mérimée, when he wrote the short, sad, sincere letters with which his second volume concludes, the end of all earthly things, and not of the Second Empire merely, was near.

Not much light is thrown by these memoirs on the domestic side of the emperor's character, unless it be by way of inclining us to believe that at the hearth, no less than on the throne, his character was as colorless as his face. Mérimée gives a very dramatic account of one of the many unpleasant scenes between the emperor and Prince Napoleon. It was on the occasion of the empress' *fête*, November 15, 1863, and the prince actually refused, point-blank and in the most insolent manner, to drink her health at table. Eugénie, always lady-like at a crisis, passed over the affront with the utmost grace, and even took the arm of the prince when they rose from table. All the rest of the evening, the boorish next-of-kin sulked about the salons, pouting "like the bust of Vitellius," and the philosophic Mérimée was for once in his life strongly indignant. Some little time afterward, Panizzi seems to have inquired what was to come of this scandal. "Oh, nothing," was the reply, "because of his [the emperor's] *incroyable débonnairété*." The glimpses which we get of the prince imperial, from the day when he is put into knickerbockers and they "become him well," are all charming. Sweet-tempered, high-spirited, quick-witted, with remarkable artistic aptitudes, he was always a creature to be loved, whether

or no he would ever, had his life been prolonged, have proved one to be feared. Mérimée intimates that his father would have spoiled, while his mother controlled him. Unquestionably, he had certain high instincts. He was but five years old when some one remonstrated with him for his dislike of sea-bathing. "Why should you be afraid of the waves, when you do not even wink when they fire the cannon?" "But I can command the soldiers, and I cannot command the sea!"

"Even in a palace, life may be lived well." Whence came to this child, born in the crude purple of the Second Empire, and diligently instructed from his cradle to believe himself entitled to the most splendid position on earth, the depth of character and discipline of spirit revealed by the manuscript prayer found in his missal after his cruel death? "If Thou wilt bestow on this earth only a fixed measure of joy, take away my portion! Divide it among those who are worthier than I, and let the worthiest be my friends! If Thou wilt claim reprisals of men, strike me! Sorrow is turned into joy by the sweet thought that those whom we love are happy." It is the last word of Christian courage and resignation. When one considers all that it may imply to be the ruler of France, one suspects in the tragic fate which so early removed this delicate spirit from worse contingencies the effect of a divine partiality.

When M. Mérimée turns from domestic affairs to foreign politics, his comments are always interesting, though almost always excessively sharp. If the behavior of his own France does not always please him, that of neighboring nations gratifies him yet less. For him the Prussians are *Französenfresser* as early as 1860. The Germans in general are "so deep that one can discover nothing in them but a cavity." The policy of England is always mistaken, always exasperating. England, according to

Mérimée, dragged France into the Crimean war, against her will and against her interest. England positively declined to strike a blow for Italy, yet fêted Garibaldi like a prince, when *ce fou* visited her shores. Above all, England shilly-shallied at the critical moment, and refused to join France in recognizing the independence of the Southern Confederacy. We Americans have undoubtedly the honor of ranking next to the sovereign pontiff in M. Mérimée's disfavor, and "*affreuses canailles*" is the mildest term he ever deigns to bestow on the people of the North. The *dénouement* of our civil war was of course most distasteful to him, and he asks Panizzi several times, with a somewhat childish relish for the low foreign word, if he does not think a great deal too much *fuss* has been made over the death of President Lincoln. "After all," he adds, with a less successful flight at our idiom, "he was only what the Yankees call a *first second rate man*!"

Perhaps it is precisely because M. Mérimée discharges all his malevolence on public personages and events that he seems to have been in private so very easy and excellent a friend. He never makes ado over his individual woes, but the woes of France become his when she falls into misery and disgrace, and the one outcry, *Finis Gallia!* on the 21st of August, 1870, pierces the heart more than all the lamentations of Jeremiah.

We realize keenly how mournful must have been the change to the survivor of this pair of staunch friends when so fine an intelligence and so astute a critic of the affairs of this world was called away from it. Panizzi lived nearly a decade longer, dying in London in April, 1879.

The infantile days of the Second Empire, which find no place in this correspondence, because they preceded the confidential intimacy of Mérimée and Panizzi, are vividly described in the let-

ters of a remarkably clever Englishwoman, Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn,¹ who came to Paris in November, 1851, just in time to witness the coup d'état, and with whom curiosity so far prevailed over panic that she not only outstayed the three days' reign of terror, but remained in Paris through the whole of the disturbed and sombre winter which followed. Miss Williams-Wynn assures her anxious and indignant friends, in England and elsewhere, that Louis Napoleon had, in the intolerable state of affairs in France, every excuse which it was possible to have for his usurpation. The impression of desperate political and social distemper which she received in 1851, from the aspect of Paris, and from her own contact with its people, was uncommonly like that which these things make upon a dispassionate stranger to-day. And one may add that now, no less than thirty years ago, that impression is confirmed by thoughtful Parisians. "Cela se finit" is what they say to you in confidence, beside that scanty illumination which they are pleased to call a fireside.

The fusillades, which were afterward so boldly disavowed by the imperialist party, Miss Wynn mentions with natural horror, but as a perfectly well-understood fact. So, by the way, does Mr. Senior. Her correspondents are, many of them, men of world-wide reputation, such as Varnhagen von Ense, the friend of Humboldt, Baron Bunsen, and the Rev. F. D. Maurice. Her birth and home associations were moreover distinguished, and her Parisian introductions made her free of some of those exclusive circles where the emperor was mentioned to the end of his days as *ce gaillard là*. Again, as the intimate friend of M. Rio, the accomplished author of *L'Art Chrétien*, she saw much of Count Charles de Montalembert and the other ardent Catholic liberals who

rallied so early to the emperor's support, because it was one of the few ascertainable points of his programme to restore and defend religion. Mérimée will have it that he was personally more than indifferent, and a good deal incommoded by the piety of Eugénie; but he seems to have understood that for France, at least, religion means Roman Catholicism, and irreligion means anarchy. All the same, Montalembert's adhesion rendered him most unpopular with his social equals, and he was shown the door of more than one mansion in the orthodox Faubourg St. Germain. As an English churchwoman of a tolerably broad type, Miss Williams-Wynn found it rather difficult to adjust her sympathies with Montalembert and his school, and she fluctuates very frankly between admiration and antagonism. Some one had told her, before she saw Montalembert at all, that she would find it hard to engage his interest unless she appealed to him directly for spiritual counsel.

"You shall know these men," said her friend, "Montalembert, Louis Veuillot, and Donoso Cortes; but they are men entirely without vanity, and so one has no hold on them. If I were to say that a person distinguished for *esprit* wanted to see them, it would fall perfectly flat. But if I could say, You might do good to that person, they would come in an instant. They would give up anything for a religious motive, and for no other. Now, if you would like Lacordaire or Ventura, they would come at once, for they are vain, though they are monks."

Montalembert himself, on the contrary, said to Senior, of Lacordaire, "*He had no vanity*, though continually breathing the incense which most intoxicates, that which is burned before an orator; no love of power, though he reigned over the opinions and consciences of thousands; no wish for money, or rank, or even fame. His

¹ *Memorials of Charlotte Williams-Wynn.*
London: Longmans, Green & Co.

most valued possession was a heart *détaché de tout*, in which there should be no selfish desires or fears."

Yet another cross-light. When Miss Wynn came to see Montalembert, she found his manners delightful; "but I should not have said," she writes, "that he was so entirely *without vanity* as was represented!"

She subsequently heard Lacordaire preach, a privilege which one is almost inclined to grudge her, since she found him disappointing, and was chiefly impressed by the picturesqueness of his tall figure, towering in the white Dominican dress against the altar-lights and amid the deepening shadows of the short winter afternoon. This is very significant indeed, for Miss Wynn was not prone to æsthetic impressions. She candidly confesses that she cares more for the conversation of a clever man than for all the pictures of the Louvre, and has positively nothing to say of the Sainte Chapelle except that it was "bit-ter cold" there.

Nevertheless, she was a woman of a delightful quality, clever, original, and far too high bred to be otherwise than simple and direct. She was in middle life at the memorable period of her residence in Paris, and certain little asperities and angularities and whimsical Anglicanisms which discover themselves in her at this time disappear entirely from the later letters, which reveal a character that ripened and softened into singular beauty as old age drew on. Witty she always was; almost as much so as Mérimée himself, but after a sort wonderfully different from the French, — dry, involuntary, and, as it were, unconscious. Here are her impressions of one or two rather famous Parisian *salons*: —

"The visit which I paid with Madame De Rauzan to Madame La Croix was too dull. I was really ashamed of assisting at anything so absurd. Very like the *précieuses ridicules*. Madame La Croix,

who is sentimental, and talks with esprit, gave us a monologue on the way the soul reveals itself before certain natures, as certain flowers to the sun; Madame de Rauzan, of course, being the sun. The compliments between the two were incessant, and the whole thing reminded me of two milliners trying to act fine ladies upon the stage."

Upon another day, she was at the house of the sun herself. "She was by way of being alone, but six men came in, one after another. There was among them a pleasant old Baron Eckstein, but I can get nothing of him there, where one takes one's place as mademoiselle, and is *censée* to be listening only. It saves one a great deal of trouble, but is a new position for me. . . . The conversation is wearying from its *heavy lightness*. They evidently feel that they must not dwell on any subject, and yet, being naturally engrossed by the topics of the day, you almost see the struggle they are making to end with their little epigram and fly off to something else. In short, it is a long persiflage, and I am not used to it, and cannot endure it." Thierry, Lamartine, and Tocqueville, whom she saw *tête-à-tête*, she respected far more. The following is droll: —

"The other day a woman came in whom I had never set eyes on before, and no name announced; so she had to say she was Madame de Montalembert. I was quite astonished, for I fancied she was old and ugly, from the stories I had heard of its being a Christian marriage, — how M. de Montalembert had heard of her piety, and, wanting such a wife, had sent to propose to M. de Mérode for her; went to Belgium and brought her back, and how happy she had been, and he also; how much better it was than love, etc. I thought, therefore, it was a sublime effort of self-denial to choose such a creature; so when a young woman came in, much prettier than most of those I have seen here, with beautiful soft eyes, it never

came into my head that she was the subject of this story, and I had almost told her so."

We find much to remind us of Miss Williams-Wynn's rather caustic comments on modern French society in the *Souvenirs of Madame Caroline Jaubert*.¹ This lady was one of the social powers of her day, in a semi-Bohemian circle; but her day was declining when Miss Wynn came to Paris, nor would they have been likely to encounter, in any case. Madame Jaubert was the friend whom Alfred de Musset called his *mar-raine*, and she was, by her own showing, a sponsor well fitted to cherish some of his more glaring virtues. From Paul de Musset's biography of his brother, one certainly derives the impression that Madame Jaubert was one of the conservative and ennobling influences in that gloriously gifted, but so sadly shattered and squandered life. The correspondence published in this volume is, however, little more than a record of mutual flatteries, more or less artfully disguised, and a dreary pretense of perpetual, and therefore highly artificial, pleasantries. Madame Jaubert had several pet names for the spoiled poet, all of which seem to be rather silly. One was Prince Coffee, bestowed "because," as she says, "to my thinking, the stimulating quality which belonged especially to the poet, by virtue of his manner of listening, of comprehending, and of awakening the intellect, established a sort of analogy with the excitement produced by that black liquid, the use of which has defied all the threats of the faculty." Another favorite although somewhat unwieldy *sobriquet* — the one, in fact, which gave Madame Jaubert an undisputed right to her title of godmother — was Prince Phosphore de Cœur Volant. She was the good-natured recipient of endless confidences on the part of the Prince concerning

the swift flights of that volatile member of his, between George Sand, whom they freely mention as Elle, the Princess Belgiojoso, Rachel, and herself, with intervals of enforced seclusion and Sister Marcelline. Nearly the whole of the second chapter of the *Souvenirs*, which is entitled 1847–8, is devoted to the *affaire* of Alfred de Musset with the Princess Belgiojoso, and to a comprehensive commentary on a little poem of his, *À une Morte*, which designated the princess without being addressed to her, and which is by no means one of his best, though touched with the aerial fancy and the poignant feeling which are peculiarly his own. Madame Jaubert's book is one long chronicle of personal vanity. The greater the man of the moment, the more he abased himself before her. Yet she must have had a kind heart, and she was certainly trusted as well as admired by worthier and weightier, if not more gifted, men than the dazzling author of the *Nuits*. She was made much of — or so she says — by Berryer, the famous legitimist advocate and orator, "in whose voice," says Falloux, "resounded the last echoes of the tribune." To him, also, she gives a chapter, describing his domestic life at Augerville, his country-seat, and his manner of entertaining a party of guests; and she makes each one of the circle whom she met there contribute some feature to the portrait with which her sketch concludes:—

"Every one sought to characterize by some particular phrase the charm exercised over his inmates by the master of the place. 'It is,' said one, 'the seductiveness of a mind appreciative to the point of divination.'

"'And by no means,' rejoined another, 'that sort of spirit which lies in wait, lets fly its arrow, and relapses into silence.'

"'Observe,' added Madame de T., 'how he enjoys having his inspirations comprehended, felt, and shared.'

¹ *Souvenirs of Madame C. Jaubert. Lettres et Correspondances*. Paris: J. Netzel et Cie. 1881.

“He is a great artist!” cried Géraldy, with emphasis.

“On his part,” perorates Madame Jaubert, “the expression may have had a restricted application. Generalized, it becomes profoundly characteristic, and justly applicable to the whole existence of the orator. An artist he was, by nature, and without effort, like certain beautiful women, whose every attitude appears a revelation in art. In Berryer’s case, tastes, sentiments, private life, and public career were all regulated by artistic laws, under their most striking aspect,—that of fitness and proportion.”

Here we have everybody hard at work on his little epigram,—just as Miss Williams-Wynn found them fifteen years later. And in fine, what does it all signify? There is the same sort of vagueness and affectation in Madame Jaubert’s *résumé* of the career of her so-called god-son:—

“Tell us, Chevenard!” I exclaimed. “What will be the representative idea which will consecrate the name of the poet who has just left us?”

“Madam, Alfred de Musset will forever remain the personification of youth and love!”

“Would it be possible,” sighs la marraine, “to survive in a more enviable fashion?”

The freshest and most satisfactory portrait in this volume is that of Pierre Lanfrey,—the biographer of the first Napoleon,—whose youth explains his fiery one-sidedness, and who disappointed high hopes by his untimely death. There is not much that is new in Madame Jaubert’s reminiscences of Heine, who, however, seems to have clung to her society in his last agonizing days in a manner which argues, on her part, both tenderness and tact. We have an impression of having already seen in print some version of this anecdote concerning the Venus of Milo. In the spring of 1848, under the care of Dr.

Gruby, the condition of the invalid was ameliorated. He recovered the use of his hands and the sensibility of his palate. One eyelid was partially lifted; and a degree of hope seemed justified. Heine wished to make the experiment of going into one of the statuary-galleries on the ground-floor of the Louvre, and he sat down before the Venus of Milo. There, for a half day, under the influence of that divine smile, of that plastic beauty, which henceforth was to be but a memory for him, he remained in a state of ecstasy. The past, the present, the future, appeared to him as one, all confounded in one acute despair.

“Ah,” he cried afterwards, “why did I not die then and there? It would have been a poetic, pagan, superb death, and I deserved it! Yes; I *ought* to have expired of that anguish.” Then, after a short silence, resuming his tone of mockery, “But the goddess did not hold out her arms to me. You are aware of her misfortune. Her divinity is reduced by half, like my humanity. And in despite of all the rules of arithmetic and algebra, our two halves could not make a whole.”

This is picturesque, but extremely painful. The following, relating to his wife Juliette, is pleasanter, though not quite credible. He tells Madame Jaubert how he was overtaken at midnight by one of those terrible attacks to which he was subject, and which seemed, for a while, as if it must be the last. His wife rushed to his bedside in an agony of terror, seized his hand, pressed it, warmed it, caressed it. She was weeping wildly, and he heard her say, in a voice stifled with sobs, “No, Henry, you will not do it! You will not die! You will have pity! I lost my parrot only this morning, and if you were to die I should be too unhappy!” “It was a command,” he added gravely. “I obeyed, and continued to live. You understand, *mon amie*, that when one gives you good reasons”—

We are glad to know that the last time Madame Jaubert saw Heine, only four days before the end, although his mind was as lucid as ever, his tone was changed. He quoted La Bruyère as saying, "It is a very serious thing to die;" "and so," he added, "it is not badinage which is becoming now, but constancy." "That last virtue," adds his friend, with more true feeling than she is wont to show, "never failed the courageous martyr for an instant. When I was taking my leave I put my hand in his, as usual, by way of adieu. He kept it for some time, and then murmured, 'Come again soon, my friend. It will be prudent.'" Nevertheless, even to this Madame Jaubert must append her trite little flourish:—

"Feeling himself at once living and dead, the philosopher, no doubt, observed the poet, scanned himself, and the conviction once before expressed by Heinrich Heine must have been his latest thought: 'Il y a un coin de divin dans l'homme.'"

On the whole, we derive from these posed and studied reminiscences the impression that the sap to which French society owed its finest efflorescence has long been running sluggishly. A recent writer in Blackwood has provoked much discussion by an able article entitled the *Decadence of Frenchwomen*, in which he attributes the disappearance of the finer graces and more intellectual developments of womanhood in France to the leveling and debasing influences of the existing republic. Gambetta's godless régime has doubtless much to answer for, but in this particular respect we believe that it is but completing the work begun during the great terror, un-

der the rule of the Goddess Reason, fostered by the brutalities of the First Empire, arrested for a moment only by the anxious amenities of the restoration, and fearfully accelerated by the sordid aims, the headlong extravagance, and the vulgar emulations of the reign of Napoleon III.

If truth is stranger than fiction, fiction is occasionally truer than truth. There fell into our hands, recently, an extremely clever novelette, entitled *A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire*.¹ It is written by an accomplished Englishwoman, long resident in Paris, who saw and was a part of all which she so dramatically describes. She employs a light disguise of fiction that she may tell with greater freedom her startling tale of our own time, and she wisely allows the flagrant moral to point itself. But her people are real, her events are historical facts, and her picture is a marvelous one. All the elements of decadence are in it, hardly less artfully grouped than on Couture's famous canvas: the senseless luxury, the shameless license, the reckless speech, the oblivion of omens, the insensibility to imminent danger. It is also interesting to know that the conversion, under the stress of universal calamity, of the gay queen of that rococo salon to a life of self-denial and good works had also its parallel in more than one instance among the women who hastened, by their excesses of every kind, the catastrophe of their country's shame. While one such conversion is yet possible, Frenchwomen are not quite hopelessly degenerate.

¹ *A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire*. By KATHLEEN O'MEARA. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

NEW POETRY OF THE ROSSETTIS AND OTHERS.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI has lived long enough to see the school and spirit which he, together with Mr. Morris and Mr. Swinburne, exemplifies ascend from faint beginnings to notable power, and then finally undergo the burdensome honor of travesty, — a form of tribute by which the world repeats, in laughing submission, the dissent which it begins by manifesting with lofty disdain. But he has escaped another phase common to poets when they advance in fame, self-travesty. Mr. Swinburne, for example, has not averted that disaster; and in Mr. Tennyson's latest volume of *Ballads and Poems*, his warm admirers have been forced to recognize the self-echoing strain which in imaginative writers is always the warning knell of the creative faculty. A poet must be always himself, yet at the same time something new; and when his individuality has once become known, if he imitates its previous manifestations he ceases to be himself in the truest sense, being converted into his own shadow. Herein birds, to whom poets are fond of comparing themselves, have the advantage: their few set notes, forever reiterated, are forever fresh and acceptable. But the creature of higher organism, while like them preserving identity, must maintain his superiority to them by constant and unforced variation.

To the test implied by what has just been said, Mr. Rossetti may without detriment submit his claims, as based on the new volume now placed before the public.¹ Affectations there may be in his pages, or at least what some readers will take to be affectations. We can imagine persons smiling, and we can even imagine ourselves smiling at a suggestion of the ludicrous, hard to define, but

¹ *Ballads and Sonnets*. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

probably arising from the effort betrayed by over-intensity, in the line, —

“And stretched her thrilled throat passionately.”

Other peculiar turns and similar qualities of expression here and there will excite the same impulse, as was the case when *The Blessed Damosel* first appeared. Their point of weakness has in fact been touched by the heartless satirists who have put into circulation the lingo of “quite too too,” and “jolly utter.” However, such things, rate them as you will, are by no means the essential part of Mr. Rossetti's work; and in these later poems they are less salient than the depth of feeling, the ripeness of reflection, and the full, solemn music of verse, over which Mr. Rossetti has from the first held easy sway. The three-part ballad of *Rose Mary*, which begins the volume, is weighted with a mediævalism of manner and theme that, notwithstanding the author's natural sympathies in their direction, do to our thinking clog his equally natural genius — at once sensitive and robust — for the straight telling of a tale in exquisitely fit and descriptive words. Nor can we, technically speaking, accord any praise to the labored *Beryl Songs* interspersed with this poem, where the writer has set himself rules of rhyme and measure recalling the restrictions of *Troubadour* and *Meistersinger*, with the result of sacrificing expression to metre. If Mr. Rossetti sometimes seems at his second best here, he is at his very best in *The King's Tragedy*. This is the story of Catherine Barlass, the maid of honor, who, trying to defend James I. from his murderers, thrust her arm through the empty stanchions of the door-bolt, and had it broken there. The narrative is told by herself, and without the flaw of a word from beginning to end; full of dramatic skill, strong, sim-

ple, tender, and terrible; but, quite in character, James appears as the chief figure, and the crowning touches are those by which his own poem, *The King's Qhuair*, and his own poetic heart are made the central points of pathos in so grim a story of regal woe. It cannot be risking much to say that this noble poem must occupy a high and unshaken place in English literature.

Possibly the author himself may hope more for his century of sonnets, *The House of Life*, than for any other among his productions. These were partially made known over ten years ago, and are now presented in their completion, omitting, however, one sensual and repulsive piece that formerly appeared. No one susceptible to beauty and trained in appreciation can fail to yield the sonnets a large due of admiration; yet as a whole the series, we think, falls short of its promise. It abounds in felicities, that are more than felicities in the cant acceptance; in quiet, perfect matching of language to thought; and in embodiments of intimate moods difficult to be rescued from inarticulate meditation. Take, for instance, *The Kiss*, and *Supreme Surrender*, both of them grazing upon experiences which few are able, or even dare to formulate, and which should be held inviolably shut in one mind, never to be wholly imparted. It is a question whether even this attempt to impart should be made. The loveliness of the poet's utterance and the awe diffused between his lines can hardly be questioned. Elsewhere we find isolated passages, single verses, perhaps, peculiarly satisfying by their grave, rounded harmony and delicate apprehension; as when a voice is spoken of—

"Attuned above
All modulation of the deep-bowered dove,"—

or the common revery of two lovers as—

"This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love."

Nevertheless the sonneteer's steady concentration upon the sensuous side of love, his search for heavy-sweet phrase and delicate conceits, his haunting sadness and constant sickly reaction from ecstasy, weary us, and give us the feeling of being made sharers in a morbid condition. At times, the effect is as if a man were to write a succession of poems to his own image seen in a mirror. What, also, does Mr. Rossetti finally tell us of love? He says to his lady in one place:—

"Thy soul I know not from thy body, nor
Thee from myself, neither our love from God."

In another he says:—

"And when she kissed, her mouth became her
soul."

There is truth in these and the like presentations of passion, but there is also too much confusion of various elements in the fleshly one. In the second part of *The House of Life*, change and fate are touched upon. From one absorbing love we pass to thoughts of death and destiny, of poetry and art; and here there are some noble strains and elevating images. Ideal beauty is the wanderer's clue; beauty

"which can draw,
By sea, or sky, or woman, to one law
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath."

But, regarded as a whole, these sonnets do not constitute a structure such as we had expected. A dim interior hung with beautiful pictures, a pensive figure passing, gazing on all, and ending with a sigh albeit of hope,—this is the total which they present, and it may be the sum of the author's intention. There is a vagueness in the result not correspondent to the precision of grasp in details. Despite his fine workmanship, too, Mr. Rossetti permits himself an aimless confusion of metaphor like this:—

"Thy mastering music *walks* the sunlit sea."

Of the later lyrics, excepting *Sunset Wings*, there need not much be said. Of the miscellaneous sonnets, the best—and that indeed a deep, devout, hu-

mane, and musical one — is *Place de la Bastille*, lately published in *The Atlantic*. The several in Italian accompanied by English versions show how well the translator of the early Italian poets can translate himself.

There is, in fine, but one really worthless contribution: that is the stiff exercise in alliterative repetition entitled *Chimes*. For the rest, the author of these poems sustains with singular evenness the serious, sweet, melancholy tone of his earlier verse, betraying little, if any diminution of passion or descriptive force; pursuing steadily his course, while looking — as he advises the painter to do — “Unto the lights of the great Past, new-lit Fair for the Future track.”

The lights of the past, for him, are in literature the Italian sonneteers and the English balladists; and in some degree this is true also of his sister. But in reading Miss Rossetti's *Pageant*¹ one finds there more of freshness and simplicity, and, in so far, more originality, though much less of depth and force than her brother has. The piece which gives the title groups the months together under the guise of boys and girls, one after the other coming into a cottage with characteristic gifts and a brief song; a pretty fancy, of which it strikes us that the authoress has not made enough; but the verses are sweet and unaffected, so far as they go. *Passing and Glassing* is another piece which has these qualities, and in the only thoroughly light-hearted one of the contents, *Freaks of Fashion*, they are charmingly united with humor. And what could be more natural than the query, —

“Did Adam love his Eve from first to last?”
or expressed with more dignity and unaffected grace than the reply: —

“I think so; as we love who works us ill
And wounds us to the quick, yet loves us still.
Love pardons the unpardonable past?”

¹ *The Pageant and Other Poems*. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

By originality we do not mean the freakishness of *Goblin Market*, that *staccato* prose which reappears here in *A Ballad of Boding* and like productions; nor could one predicate for Miss Rossetti so pronounced an individuality as that of her brother. But his seems largely the product of culture, hers rather of nature. There are many fragments of Miss Rossetti's verse too slight and too ordinary to merit preservation; and the religious poems do not appear to be marked by freshness or power. Her *Processional of Life* is to the last degree tedious. To our taste the *Later Life* sonnets are the best part of the book; though they, too, betray faults of execution. Miss Rossetti is hardly careful in evading slipshod phrases; as one short poem may instance, where she says, “All we who have ever been born,” — implying that some of us have not been born, — and “silences *vanish* away.”

In her book there is a chain of sonnets, well conceived and flowing limpidly, representing the poetical responses of an unhappy *monna innominata* to the lover she may not wed. Curiously enough we are given at this moment, in a little book prepared by Eugene Benson and Miss Fletcher (George Fleming),² the actual thing which Miss Rossetti had imagined. The story of *Gaspara Stampa* is told by Mr. Benson so exquisitely, in such a delightful style and with such perfect sympathy, that we must refer all readers to him for the pleasure of learning how this beautiful Venetian lady of Titian's time vainly loved the lord of Collalto, and poured out her heart to him in sonnets full of music and sorrow and fine womanly nature. Miss Fletcher has put some of them into English verse, pliant and strong, with manifest reverence for her subject. They move before us like a little funeral train of song, strewn with

² *Gaspara Stampa*. By EUGENE BENSON. With a selection from her sonnets translated by GEORGE FLEMING, author of *Kismet*, *Mirage*, *The Head of Medusa*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

pale flowers and bedewed with tears. It is impossible to read them without experiencing a pity and a pleasure; pleasure to think of the ardent, pure-minded woman who breathed — one does not wish to say “composed” — them. But it is also interesting to compare them with Miss Rossetti’s sonnets modeled on early Italian love-literature, the reality with the imitation. The English poetess, sharing the nationality of Gaspara Stampa, also shares something of her quality; but the Venetian lady is less deliberate, more intense and direct: a thing perhaps explained in part by a keen remark of Mr. Benson’s. “Most of our poetry,” he says, “which is a flower grown in the rarefied air of our moral and intellectual life, offers nothing like the sonnets of those who may be called the Italian passionists. . . . I sometimes think much of our poetry is like the edelweiss of Alpine heights, which is clad in a flannel jacket and has but faint perfume; but it grows near the snow, and we are grateful for it there.”

Mr. Oscar Wilde, at any rate, does not intend to be relegated to the snow-line if he can help it. In his recently issued first book of verse¹ he starts off with a flaming sonnet to Liberty, approving it because it mirrors his “wildest passions like the sea.” He admits that he has a “discreet soul;” then concludes with the assertion —

“These Christs that die upon the barricades,
God knows that I am with them in some things.”

The sudden recoil of prudence in those last three words is as amusing as it is prosaic. They give, moreover, the keynote of his mental condition as reflected in most of these pages. But at least he tries hard to ward off any reproach of coldness and restraint. He is obviously, too obviously, bent on giving free rein to his feelings, his sympathies, his passions. He would like to assume a tropical lightness of raiment, one may say,

¹ *Poems*. By OSCAR WILDE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

in order to prove the impossibility of his taking a poetic cold. He luxuriates in images of nudity; his word for lover is “wanton,” and for chastity “unravished;” and in his longest poem, *Charmides*, a narrative, he carefully and completely disrobes Pallas. Yet, with all this, one perceives a trace of effort. The warmth refuses to hold out; there are lapses; we are led to suspect that there is more blaze than vital heat in his inspiration. Yet here is a trenchant and genuine utterance: —

“The joy of passion, that dread mystery
Which not to know is not to live at all,
And yet to know is to be held in death’s most
deadly thrall.”

Many strong or delicate touches come to light in the volume, besides. The *Burden of Itys* abounds in harmonious imagery, and the descriptions of nature in that poem and elsewhere often seem to give to the lines a fragrance of the flowers and grassy fields. *Requiescat* has a tender, reserved voice of sorrow; the *Sonnet on Approaching Italy* is true and graceful; that entitled *Theoretikos*, beginning, —

“This mighty empire hath but feet of clay,”
is admirably written and full of austere disdain. Taken altogether, the book is a remarkable one for a man to produce at the age of twenty-five, and its defects come largely from the unformed state in which the author lingers. He is a young Oxonian, a rapt admirer of Swinburne, Rossetti, Morris, Keats; now an ardent republican, then leaning towards the “rule of one;” first scoffing at Christ, then appealing humbly to him; glorying in the flesh, yet mourning over his own lost purity; anon smitten with lackadaisical sadness, or seized by an affectation which causes him to head some lines *Impression du Matin* and begin them thus:

“The Thames nocturne of blue and gold
Changed to a Harmony in gray:
A barge with ochre-colored hay
Dropt from the wharf.”

But one must hope that he may out-

grow these things. He certainly threw them from him, for the moment, when he wrote the ringing stanzas of *Ave Imperatrix*. If such verses as these move American blood, how must they stir a British pulse!

"And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees
The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar."

It is to quite a different school that Mr. Trowbridge's *Home Idyl*¹ belongs. We shall not enter now into a comparison of their opposed tendencies; and if Mr. Benson's standard places it above the balmier slopes of song, the climate of New England must take its share of the responsibility. What most attracts Mr. Trowbridge as a poet is the union or effective contrast of the homely or prosaic with the ideal; a thing which inevitably leads to introducing an element of the pensive, the half-pathetic, or else of the humorous. He is not that kind of idealist who rejects things as they are, or selects those parts of experience which lend themselves only to serious, high-poetic treatment. He, in fact, records the real and the commonplace with the fidelity of a Dutch painter; yet over all he throws a soft film of suggested romance. There is a stanza in his *Recollections of Lallah Rookh* which at once illustrates what we mean and in terms describes his prevailing mood:—

"My hands were filled with common tasks,
My head with rare romances;
My old straw hat was bursting out
With light locks and bright fancies."

Sometimes, indeed, the limits and defects of the actual impose upon his work a certain hardness and insufficiency. That seems to be the case with the first poem in this book, which moreover has

¹ *A Home Idyl and Other Poems*. By JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1881.

a gloomy tinge; and with *Old Man Gram*, *Pleasant Street*, and other pieces. Mr. Trowbridge himself supplies in the exquisite and lovely stanzas of *The Old Burying-Ground* an example of how the transitoriness of life—the theme of the *Home Idyl*—may be wrought into a result that does not depress, but gently elevates. *Ancestors* is another very charming poem, mingling rustic boyhood and elderly reflection. *The Filling an Order*, written for Dr. Holmes's seventieth birthday, savors of a wit which none will deny is native with Mr. Trowbridge, and yet it catches with facile accuracy the very note of the autocrat himself. Everywhere, indeed, the finish of a matured literary artist meets us; and if Mr. Trowbridge's themes and manner preclude the classing of his poems with the highest order, he has what the new English school lacks,—faith. They are hardly sure of the worth of the visible beauty which to them is all in all. He at least believes in what he sees, and in some unseen things: in the actual life we live, in the happiness, sorrow and memories of plain human beings, in the existence of some overruling, divine law; and thinks them worth writing about in a plain, sympathetic way.

The *Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk*² tells in sonorous verse a Scandinavian story, which amply provides the substance of love, rivalry, joy, and tragedy that poets delight to work upon, set in surroundings of a picturesque and valor-breeding age. Mr. Houghton has studied this story with a faithful care for details, and tells it with an eloquence and tender interest in its traces of legendary woe, which must secure recognition from the critic and will be sure to engage the sympathy of readers. The tale is dramatic and touching. The author's blank verse is overcome by Tennysonian influ-

² *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk*. By GEORGE HOUGHTON. Second Edition, Revised. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1881.

ence, very much as a mountain valley takes the shadow of a cloud, — not slavishly. We should prefer not to have Mr. Houghton say “help” for “helped,” or avail himself of such abbreviations as “’bove” and “’cross,” which to say truth mean nothing. But his lines are, in the main, melodious and good, and his style is manly. It would be impossible, here, to quote at length; but these lines —

“Now arose

The white horns of that Norland of the south,
Helvetia, wrapped about by thunder-caps,”

exemplify a graphic gift in Mr. Houghton which seems to be always at his service. Altogether, the Legend is moving, eventful, well told, and worth reading by those who care for our younger poets.

The appearance of Walt Whitman’s *Leaves of Grass* in a new edition¹ has revived a discussion always imminent when the name of this writer is brought forward, and always more or less acrimonious. Some persons even imagine it obligatory upon them to deny him all merit of poetic endowment, so violent is their revolt against the offensiveness which Mr. Whitman has chosen to make a central and integral point of his literary method. Such critics stultify themselves by the coarseness of view (and sometimes of expression) with which they meet the grossness they condemn. If they can see nothing in this book except indecency and bombastic truisms, the inference must be that their sensibilities are not delicate enough to recognize the fresh, strong, healthy presentation of common things in a way that revivifies them, the generous aspiration, the fine sympathy with man and nature, the buoyant belief in immortality, which are no less characteristic of the author than his mistaken boldness in displaying the carnal side of existence, and his particularity in describing dis-

ease or loathsome decay. It would be a waste of time to discuss the question whether or not Mr. Whitman is a poet: abundant authority, both creative and critical, has recorded itself on the affirmative side. Nor is it worth while to debate upon the form he has adopted, which — as Mr. Stedman in his temperate and admirable essay has shown — is not the startling novelty which many, including the poet himself, have assumed it to be.

The only profitable point of view from which *Leaves of Grass* can be regarded is one that, while giving distinctness to the serious error of unclean exposure and to the frequent feebleness of form and style which reduce large portions of the work to tedious and helpless prose, leaves our vision clear for the occasional glimpses of beauty that the book discloses. We must also take into account the imagination often informing some one of these rhapsodies as a whole, even when its parts are found to be weak, repetitious, and blemished by inanity or affectation. The absurdities, the crudities, in which Whitman indulges are almost unlimited and all but omnipresent. For illustration, he gives utterance to phrases like this: “I effuse my flesh in eddies and drift it in lacy jags.” Following a vague impulse, without depth of reflection, to find new modes of expression, he cries: “*Eclaircise* the myths of Asia!” “*I exposé!*” is another of these exceedingly pointless inventions; and we cannot see that the ends of freedom in art, or grandeur of any kind, are served by adopting as the symbol for a writer the term “literat.” To call him an “ink-rat” would be much more forcible and original. On the other hand, these pages bring to light a mass of vivid and well-chosen though sometimes uncouth epithets. The swimmer is graphically described as swimming “through the transparent *green-shine*.” The “blab of the pave” conveys its meaning ac-

¹ *Leaves of Grass*. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881-2.

curately and with novelty. What delicate and refreshing aptness there is, too, in this sentence: "The carpenter dresses his plank, the tongue of his fore-plane *whistles its wild ascending lisp!*" Nothing could be better. In the long pieces where much is trite and tame — malformed prose essays they are, rather than poems — there still exists a relation, an order which often brings some very simple and common thought into a light of unexpected significance. But it is sheer fatuousness in the poet, and would be in us, to assume that these two lines, headed *To You*, constitute a poem, or anything but worthless print: "Stranger, if you passing meet me and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me?"

And why should I not speak to you?"

Then, to learn the better side, read *Pioneers, O Pioneers*, with its steady, splendid, masculine swing, as of a people marching, and its inspiriting sense of comradeship and *New World* progress; the terse and imaginative lines to the *Man-of-War-Bird*; or the wonderful sea-shore elegy that begins, "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking." These are full of strength, pure emotion. The same may be said of that night-poem on the death of Lincoln, which contains an impressive chant to Death, the "dark mother always gliding near with soft feet." What could be fresher, fuller of our native coloring, than the picture of spring in this poem?

"With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh, sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there."

The lines *To a Locomotive in Winter*, wherein the author hails it as the

"Type of the modern — emblem of motion and power — pulse of the continent,"

offer the finest embodiment of the grandeur of applied mechanics which Amer-

ican poetry has yet produced. And, throughout, the sentiment of democracy, of manliness, of hope for humanity, is something to be valued in Whitman's work. He sings, "Muscle and pluck forever!" "We have had," he declares, "ducking and deprecating about enough." He aims to increase virility in manners, thought, and writing; and from this effort, whatever the mistakes or limitations of its method, American life and literature are not likely to suffer harm.

But when we consider Whitman's laudation of the flesh, the case is different. It is fitting to recall here the cardinal points of his creed in this regard. He himself says, "Nor will my poems do good only, they will do just as much harm, perhaps more." He claims to be the poet of the body and the soul, and says that the soul is not more than the body, — in this showing an identity of thought with Rossetti; yet he looks forward (in *The Mystic Trumpeter*) to "a reborn race . . . women and men in wisdom, innocence and health — all joy." In his final manifesto occur these words: "I announce the great individual, fluid as Nature, *chaste*, affectionate, compassionate, fully armed . . . a life that shall be copious, vehement, *spiritual*, bold." All this shows clearly enough that his ultimate aim is good, and that he does not set out to revel in indecency. But the plan he pursues results just as badly as if this had been his purpose; for he makes public and permanent all that which nature has guarded, in both the savage and the civilized, with mystery, holiness, and the delicate, inexorable laws of modesty. Oddly enough this elaborately natural poet breaks one of the deepest and finest of natural laws; and instead of making the body sacred, he despoils it of the sacredness which mankind now generally accords to it. He degrades body and soul by a brutish wallowing in animal matter *as* animal matter, deprived of its spiritual attributes.

Mr. Whitman prides himself on his healthiness. What is health? Nothing else than the buoyant, normal exercise of physical faculties, in easy unconsciousness of their mode of acting. The moment there is friction, the moment we become *conscious* of these functions — in heart, stomach, or brain, for example — which ought to be carried on without sensation, health is broken, and sickness supervenes. In like manner, when Mr. Whitman begins to finger over and brood upon the secret processes of certain functions which should work unobserved, he becomes unhealthy. Corrupt he may not be, but he is undeniably morbid. It is his ambition to be “inclusive,” to express extremes of good and evil; to fly from one pole to another, in everything. In the sphere of the body he accomplishes this manœuvre perfectly; for his presentation of man’s physical being is as often diseased as the reverse. He does not seem to be aware of his “inclusiveness” in this direction. If made so, he might reply

with these peremptory words from his *Song of Myself* :—

“Do I contradict myself?
Very well, then, I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes).”

But multitudinousness cannot make the spectacle of his morbidness any more acceptable. It cannot palliate the gross impropriety of which he is guilty, in publishing what is unfit for repetition; an impropriety doubled by the retention of this disgusting stuff in a new edition issued after many years, during which the author has had ample opportunity to free himself from his youthful crudities. Every one imbued with the “primal sanities” must be revolted by this offense, and protest against it. Fortunately, however, the chief damage done will be to the author himself, who thus dishonors his own physical nature; for imperfect though the race is, it still remains so much purer than the stained and distorted reflection of its animalism in *Leaves of Grass*, that the book cannot attain to any very wide influence.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY AND DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.

THE Atlantic may fairly claim to have exercised its critical function upon the just completed novels by Mr. James and Mr. Howells before the reader had begun to enjoy them, and to have reserved the right, when the reader should be in full possession, of explaining why and how much it liked them. Yet a book has, after all, a life distinct from the interrupted existence of a magazine serial, and it is quite possible to take up these comely volumes and receive a new impression of the integrity of the stories which they contain. Possibly, Mr. James’s novel¹ suffers less than some

others might from being read in fragmentary form, for the minute finish of touch with which the lines in the portrait are applied meets the reader’s eye with new power every time that he takes up the story after a fall upon other work; yet this very refinement of manipulation may lead one to overlook the larger consistency of the whole figure. It is worth while to step back a few paces, and fail for a moment to see each individual stroke of the brush.

Come, then, since we have been looking at the portrait of Isabel from the near point of monthly chapters, let us seat ourselves before the book, and, armed with an imaginative tin opera-

¹ *The Portrait of a Lady.* By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

glass to shut out all other pictures, renew our acquaintance with the portrait. How does it strike us as a whole? What is the impression finally left upon our minds? Have we added to our dream of fair women?

The artist gives us this advantage, that all the elaboration of his work looks distinctly to the perfection of the central figure. One can repeat almost in a single breath the incidental story of the book. That is dissolved immediately, if the incidents deposited are the critical ones of Isabel's meeting with her aunt, her rejection successively of Goodwood and Lord Warburton, her accession to wealth, her marriage with Osmond, her temporary separation, and her final return. A person hearing the narrative might be pardoned if he failed to see the making of a great novel in it, but only when one has recited it does he become aware how each step in the fatal series is a movement in the direction of destiny. By a fine concentration of attention upon the heroine, Mr. James impresses us with her importance, and the other characters, involved as they are with her life, fall back into secondary positions. It is much to have seized and held firmly so elusive a conception, and our admiration is increased when reflection shows that, individual as Isabel is in the painting, one may fairly take her as representative of womanly life to-day. The fine purpose of her freedom, the resolution with which she seeks to be the maker of her destiny, the subtle weakness into which all this betrays her, the apparent helplessness of her ultimate position, and the conjectured escape only through patient forbearance, — what are all these, if not attributes of womanly life expended under current conditions?

The consistency of the work is observable under another aspect. Mr. James's method is sufficiently well known, and since he has made it his own the critic may better accept it and measure it than

complain of it. What renders it distinct from, say, Thackeray's method, with which it has been compared, or from George Eliot's, is the limitation of the favorite generalizations and analyses. If the reader will attend, he will see that these take place quite exclusively within the boundaries of the story and characters. That is to say, when the people in the book stop acting or speaking, it is to give to the novelist an opportunity, not to indulge in general reflections, having application to all sorts and conditions of men, of whom his *dramatis personæ* are but a part, — he has no desire to share humanity with them, — but to make acute reflections upon these particular people, and to explain more thoroughly than their words and acts can the motives which lie behind. We may, on general grounds, doubt the self-confidence or power of a novelist who feels this part of his performance to be essential, but there can be no doubt that Mr. James's method is a part of that concentration of mind which results in a singular consistency.

Yet all this carries an intimation of what is curiously noticeable in his work. It is consistent, but the consistency is with itself. Within the boundaries of the novel the logic of character and events is close and firm. We say this after due reflection upon the latest pages. There can be little doubt that the novelist suffers more in the reader's judgment from a false or ineffective scene at the close of his story than he gains from many felicitous strokes in the earlier development of plot or character. The impatient, indiscriminating objection, It does not end well, although it may incense the writer, is an ill-formulated expression of the feeling that the creation lacks the final, triumphant touch which gives life; the sixth swan in the story got a stitch-weed shirt, like the rest, but in the hurry of the last moment it lacked a few stitches, and so in the transformation the youngest brother

was forced to put up with one arm and to show a wing for the other. Isabel Archer, with her fine horoscope, is an impressive figure, and one follows her in her free flight with so much admiration for her resolution and strong pinions that when she is caught in the meshes of Osmond's net one's indignation is moved, and a noble pity takes the place of frank admiration. But pity can live only in full communion with faith, and we can understand the hesitation which a reader might feel before the somewhat ambiguous passage of Isabel's last interview with Goodwood. The passage, however, admits of a generous construction, and we prefer to take it, and to see in the scene the author's intention of giving a final touch to his delineation of Goodwood's iron but untempered will, Isabel's vanishing dream of happiness, and her acceptance of the destiny which she had unwittingly chosen. We suspect that something of the reader's dissatisfaction at this juncture comes from his dislike of Goodwood, the jack-in-the-box of the story, whose unyielding nature seems somehow outside of all the events.

To return to our point. This self-consistency is a separate thing from any consistency with the world of reality. The characters, the situations, the incidents, are all true to the law of their own being, but that law runs parallel with the law which governs life, instead of being identical with it. In Andersen's quaint story of the Emperor's New Clothes, a little child discovers the unreality of the gossamer dress, and his voice breaks in upon the illusion from the outer world. Something of the same separation from the story, of the same unconscious naturalness of feeling, prompts the criticism that, though these people walk, and sit, and talk, and behave, they are yet in an illusionary world of their own. Only when one is within the charmed circle of the story is he under its spell, and so complete is the iso-

lation of the book that the characters acquire a strange access of reality when they talk about each other. Not only so, but the introversion which now and then takes place deepens the sense of personality. In that masterly passage which occupies the forty-second section, where Isabel enters upon a disclosure of her changed life, the reader seems to be going down as in a diving-bell into the very secrets of her nature.

What is all this but saying that in the process of Mr. James's art the suggestion always seems to come from within, and to work outward? We recognize the people to whom he introduces us, not by any external signs, but by the private information which we have regarding their souls. The smiles which they wear — and one might make an ingenious collection of their variety — do not tell what is beneath the surface, but we know what they mean, because we already have an esoteric knowledge. Mr. James is at great pains to illustrate his characters by their attitudes, their movements, their by-play, yet we carry away but a slight impression of their external appearance; these are not bodily shapes, for the most part, but embodied spirits, who enjoy their materialization for a time, and contribute to a play which goes on upon a stage just a little apart from that great stage where the world's play, with men and women for actors, is carried forward.

Is it a fanciful likeness which we detect between *The Portrait of a Lady* and *Dr. Breen's Practice*?¹ A likeness, that is to say, in the problems which the two novelists have set themselves. We imagined that we caught sight of Isabel Archer unconsciously figuring as a somewhat typical character; with something of the same liberty of prophesying we find in Grace Breen a reflection of the womanly life which is a part of our familiar experience. It would

¹ *Dr. Breen's Practice.* By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

be a mistake, however, to suppose that Mr. Howells has undertaken to present a type, or that, in choosing for the material in which he should work the experiences of a girl engaged in the practice of medicine, he has simply amused himself with a difficult question of the day. The method of his art quickly contradicts such assumptions. He sees people, and he sets himself the task of discovering what their real lives are, with the purpose of giving his readers just those particulars which seem to be most indicative. The perplexities which beset Dr. Breen are not paraded as triumphant obstacles to the practice of medicine by young women; they are incidents in the life of one young woman, which throw a needed light upon her character and behavior; but inasmuch as this young woman was really the product of a good many social forces, the life which she led, the problems which she had to solve, easily become typical of a class.

It would be interesting to pursue further a general comparison between the heroines of these two stories; to note how the complex and firmer life of the Old World acts upon Isabel, with her free and generous nature, and how the crude, experimental, yet largely ethical elements of New England society have conspired to confine and torture the honest spirit of Dr. Breen. We please ourselves with thinking that the more refined and subtle workmanship of Mr. James belongs to the one subject, as the frank, humorous, and sympathetic treatment which Mr. Howells has made his own harmonizes with the other. That mingled respect for the conscience and playful quizzing of its inconvenient manifestations which characterizes much of Mr. Howells's work is here seen to great advantage, and he certainly has succeeded, as no one else has done, in making New England people see the humorous side of their anxious lives. The atmosphere in which his characters

move is brighter and sharper than the somewhat heavy and thick air which envelops the lives of the people in *The Portrait of a Lady*; and if the texture of his story is more open, if, indeed, it seems almost gauzy by the side of the close and elaborate web of the other, it gains immensely in the naturalness of its life.

For, however we may generalize about these writers, and seek to find points of comparison, we easily come back to a perception of the thorough kindness of Mr. Howells's work. We call it delightful with reason: it possesses such quick sympathy, such lightness and grace and cheerfulness of mood, that we deliver ourselves up to the charm, almost indifferent to the exact turns of the story. There are few writers who manage to establish at once such relations of confidence with their readers; one gets into Mr. Howells's light birch-bark, and is sure that the quick eye and deft hand of its master will keep it out of all shallows, and guide it securely through any turbid waters in the way.

The perfection of Mr. James's art is in its intellectual order, and the precision with which he marshals all incidents and characters; we have hinted at its weakness when we have referred the reader's pleasure to an intellectual glow rather than to a personal warmth of feeling. The imagination which rules governs a somewhat cold world, and gives forth light rather than heat. The oppositeness of Mr. Howells's method intimates the more human power which he possesses. He introduces us to people whom we know with some accuracy as soon as we meet them; then he chooses that we should become better acquainted with certain of the group, and he invites us to their more private society. We end with a more intimate knowledge of some than of others, but we know them all in the same way that we know the people whom we meet in

actual life. That is to say, the unconscious movements and habits which enable us to recognize our friends when we do not see their faces are reproduced in the story with such fidelity to nature that they satisfy us at once. Take, for example, the figure of Barlow, in this story. We know him here in precisely the same way as we do his prototype in real life. The slouch of the figure in the story is entirely sufficient to recall the Barlow whom we have met; we do not know the man with any psychological thoroughness in real life, and we do not care to. The charm for us here is in the frankness with which his limitations are accepted. We have caught his ways and manners at a glance; they are not the outcome of any conscious mutual analysis of which we have been guilty, and the humorous aspect in which he appears is all that we care about. Again, when we are admitted to some degree of intimacy with Mrs. Maynard, we really have all the materials for judgment which we should have were we to pass a summer with her in a boarding-house. Her conversation, her one or two escapades, furnish us with just the data in the story which would be provided in real life for the acquaintance with her character possible to an

ordinary friend, and her personality is as clear as it can be. We are not oppressed with a sense that the author of her being knows her much better than we do, and could make further disclosures for our instruction. Dr. Breen herself, who offers strong temptation to any writer for a philosophical treatise, is more fully made known, because she is best worth knowing, but the means adopted for discovering her life do not differ from those employed in other cases. There is no shameless betrayal of secrets which could be known only to her and the author, and the reader has no guilty sense of having intruded upon a sacred privacy. It is, we repeat, the admirable limitations of Mr. Howells's art which make it so delightful now, and so truthful that we can safely intrust it to posterity as a fair picture of life. We can assure our distant readers that the interpretation is not prejudiced by any peculiarity of Mr. Howells's nature, but that the mind with which he regards these affairs is that which he has in common with the rest of us. It is in the unconscious healthfulness of his literary nature that his strength lies, — a healthfulness which is well acquainted with plenty of fresh air and clear sunshine.

RECENT ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

THE range of illustrated books is a wide one this year, both in style and in choice of subjects. The first place in dignity must be given to the stately volume on Greece and Rome,¹ which interests us, however, not so much by its monumental character as by the witness which it bears to the new treatment of antique subjects. Here is a learned

work, but it is not exclusively nor in the first instance for scholars and antiquaries. On the contrary, it assumes at once an interest of the general reader in antiquity, and that the interest is very comprehensive and human. The light which has been thrown on ancient art by the investigations of Dr. Schliemann and others has penetrated the familiar

¹ *Greece and Rome: Their Life and Art.* By JACOB VON FALKE. Translated by WILLIAM

HAND BROWNE. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1882.

and homely scenes of life, and it is difficult to say whether we found the Tanagra figurines, for example, because we had an eagerness to establish an intimacy with ancient personages, and to see them free from conventional classicism, or whether the discovery of these agreeable evidences of Greek and Roman humanity created a sense of our common share of life. At any rate, this great book, with its representations of domestic life, mingled with the more studied reproduction of ancient forms of high art, answers very well to the double interest which the educated public takes in antiquity. We go to the Greek play half to see something different from American civilization, half to discover likenesses.

The pictures in Greece and Rome are of German origin, and partake of the somewhat angular and matter-of-fact character of German art. A hardness of line and the absence of any imaginative concealment render the engravings rather specimens of topography or iconography than works of art, and they are to be taken in the strictest sense as illustrating the text and aiding the writer to present his matter intelligently. It is quite otherwise with the illustrations by W. H. Gibson to Mr. Drake's book on the White Mountains.¹ Here the eye rests upon landscapes of great refinement. Mr. Gibson's art is always possessed of most delicate feeling, and he has caught some exceedingly fine and gentle aspects of White Mountain scenery. The grace of his treatment is what impresses one most, and thus it is the more ethereal views which satisfy one best. Perhaps the most successful pictures in the book are the two winter scenes of Mount Kearsarge and Mount Lafayette from Bethlehem. Snow and frost are more effective even than haze in transfiguring mountain landscapes,

¹ *The Heart of the White Mountains: Their Legend and Scenery.* By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. With Illustrations by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

and Mr. Gibson's poetic, half-fanciful style agrees perfectly with the conception which one forms in such a presence. The same may be said of some of the quiet and diminutive scenes, where the sweetness of the picture is its characteristic. He is only less successful in those views of the mountains which in nature arrest one by the boldness and ruggedness of form. There has sometimes been given an appearance of greater height, as if the artist sought by this means to excite the right feeling; but exaggeration of form is by no means so effective as strong modeling, and it is in this respect that we think Mr. Gibson sometimes fails.

The text of the book is in singular contrast to the illustrations. Mr. Drake is no doubt an enthusiastic climber and an experienced mountaineer, but he manages to reproduce the mountains and mountain life in a literary form which is devoid of grace or beauty, and he gives no sign of the imagination and fancy which mark the artist's work. He has preserved some legends and made some interesting records, but we wish he had not felt it necessary to be humorous and lively. The book irritates one by its unnecessary magnificence. So big a work should have had a poet's text. Otherwise it would have been better had a smaller form been chosen, and the pictures accompanied by a simple, unpretentious text.

The sense of fitness between text and design is not offended by Bayard Taylor's *Home Ballads*.² Eleven artists have contributed the twenty-three pictures which make the embellishment of the book, but the variety which is thus secured has no dissonance, and the general treatment responds easily to the sober drab of Mr. Taylor's ballads. The ballads have distinct stories; they have also a little landscape background and

² *Home Ballads.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1882.

a flowery foreground; they do not stray far from the farm-house, and the life which they reflect is quiet, uneventful, but deep in its tremulous feeling. Something of all these characteristics reappears in the designs: they do not offend by superfine qualities; perhaps they are best in their pretty suggestiveness; the figures which constitute the central idea both of ballads and of designs are of the homely, rude character which occurs to one on reading the verse. Very successful, especially, is Mr. Hovenden's picture of the mother looking from the window; in this, as in other cases, there has been a happy mean chosen between a too direct reproduction in line of what has been said in verse, and a too enigmatical and oblique reference. One is likely to halt, with some misgivings, before Mr. Millet's picture of Jane Reed leaning on the heifer's neck, but the doubt is inherent in the artist's faithfulness. The imagined scene is pretty and pastoral; the actual scene, which has been distinctly rendered, has a touch of angular grotesqueness about it. The book leaves upon the mind a very pleasant impression through the nice sense of unity which pervades it. It has all the air of having received pains in the planning.

Pleasant feeling and a sketchy style characterize Mr. Bruce's poem of *The Hudson*.¹ He dedicates it to the memory of Washington Irving, and the poem is in truth a reproduction of river effects as seen by one who has looked through the medium of Irving's delightful legends. Its slightness is not ill matched by Mr. Fredericks' pictures, which are scarcely more than memoranda of the points noted. The unassuming nature of the work precludes special criticism. We can only express our pleasure at the simplicity of the whole design, and a certain rest to the mind and eye in this withdrawal from the elaboration and

subtlety of most illustrated books of the day. One, at least, of the pictures, that of the Man in the Mountain, is worth returning to, after one has performed the easy feat of reading the little book through.

To say that the illustrations to *Lucile*² in the latest edition are good enough for the book is not to condemn either the poetry or the pictures, but to hint at the influence which the work to be illustrated ordinarily has over the mind of the artists who are called upon to furnish the illustrations. The easy-going, business-like verse of Owen Meredith and the well-controlled story reappear in the abundant illustrations which accompany this agreeable-looking volume. The little poetic flourishes are represented by clever vignettes, which give a curl to the printed lines without interrupting them; the airy guide-book passages have architectural and landscape views, generally devoid of any special imaginative quality, — even Mr. Moran's gorgeousness seems to be tamed into place; the personages have the same well-dressed, decorous, and half private-theatrical air. It cannot be said that the figure subjects are the most successful, and the frontispiece is unhappily chosen, for there are better pictures in the book; but the artists seem generally to have drawn their inspiration from the text, and the stream can scarcely be expected to rise above the source. The popularity of *Lucile*, however, must be taken as justification for so profuse illustration, and there is as little to offend good taste in the pictures as in the poetry. Further than that we cannot bring ourselves to go.

It is difficult to find much to interest one in the illustrated edition of Jean Ingelow's *Songs of Seven*.³ There is nothing unusually good; there is nothing unusually bad, unless one takes it

¹ *The Hudson*. By WALLACE BRUCE. Illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1882.

² *Lucile*. By OWEN MEREDITH. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

³ *Songs of Seven*. By JEAN INGELOW. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

upon him to object to looking at the disconsolate widow on page 31. We are told in the poem that she has not wished the happy and fair world to mourn with her; why, then, does the artist insist upon our looking at the situation over her shoulder? It is the prevailing fault of the generality of illustrated poems that there is a lack of imagination in the choice of subjects. The illustrations add nothing to the poem; they go to it for everything they have, and a second-hand imagination is very apt to strike one as a little worn-out and lacking in freshness. For the rest, a certain hardness and stiffness both in design and engraving give this book an uninteresting general effect.

Mr. Locke's story of Hannah Jane ¹ is prosaic in its rendering, with a touch now and then of homely pathos, and an occasional bit of apparently unintended comicality. In his anxiety to be idiomatic and quaint in his narrative, Mr. Locke has sometimes forgotten that he is also a poet. The illustrations are chiefly by Mr. S. G. McCutcheon, who shows a curious contrast in style, when his pencil is engaged first on rural, then on civil, society. The frontispiece, despite its unrelieved squareness of treatment, shows a painstaking study of character in faces, and gives promise of even better work. The portraits, moreover, of Hannah Jane throughout the book indicate a thoughtfulness in the artist by no means a matter of course; the change from girl to woman, and the wistful yet uncomplaining face of the household drudge, are given with a skill which attract the attention; but the selfish husband and his fine city friends are by no means so successful, and in the style of drawing used it would almost seem as if the artist hurried over subjects for which he felt little interest. The pencil that could draw the stump-

speech scene ought to record similar rude and native sights; for while there is not the evidence of strength in design, there is clear proof of a truthfulness in reporting.

The vigorous work of Mr. Dielman finds sufficient excuse in the way of subject in *Brushwood*,² by T. Buchanan Read. The poem gives a pretty legend of a poor old woman bearing her burden of brushwood up the mountain side, wishing for some one to help her carry it at least to the foot of a wayside crucifix, receiving such help from one also toiling up the hill, and then, as she rises from prayer, finding her burden transformed into blossoming wood; for it was the great Sufferer who had helped and heard her, and now released her from all earthly pain, as the closing lines indefinitely and gently intimate. Mr. Dielman has taken the suggestions of Italian scenes, and used them freely in a series of designs which give a certain richness to an otherwise somewhat pale poem. It is a pleasure to see so much color in engravings, and so much freedom from mere refinement. The drawing is bold and direct; one's eye is turned at once to the emphatic point of the picture, yet discovers that this emphasis has not been gained by any slighting of the other parts. A broad sunshine seems to pervade the landscape and children scenes, while a variety of incident within the scope of the little narrative adds to the general breadth of effect. In the treatment of the final scene, where the Christ speaks to the old woman, the artist has chosen to present her decay of life, — the arms being especially eloquent, — rather than her sudden surprise of glory. The make-up of the book is not quite good enough. One feels that the pictures are cramped.

It was a happy thought that suggested making an illustrated book of Thacker-

¹ *Hannah Jane*. By DAVID ROSS LOCKE. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1882.

² *Brushwood*. By T. BUCHANAN READ. Illustrated by designs by FREDERICK DIELMAN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1882.

ray's Chronicle of the Drum.¹ The ballad itself was worth being taken out of its place, and given a conspicuous isolation. The spirited, rattling measure, the fidelity to nature in the story, and then the keen, playful, but thoughtful comments by the poet all conspire to make the ballad a memorable one. It is a series of pictures in itself, and sketches the successive scenes so capitally that the artists employed upon the illustrations must have had their imaginations quickly kindled. The result is not uniformly good. There are some striking designs, some of the average commonplace character, and one or two which contribute nothing worthy of the company. Of the artists engaged Mr. Pyle has earned the right to the highest praise for his three pictures, each of which makes a vivid impression on the mind. The dramatic force of the third, where the queen sees through the prison bars the ghastly trophy upon the spear-heads, would have been greatly increased if the spectator had been left to guess everything from the queen's face; yet even with this serious drawback the scene is presented with a firmness and statuesque dignity, and the action by which the queen closes her ears to the terrible beat of the drum is a distinct addition to the

picture which the poet would surely have recognized. The grim solemnity, also, of *mère guillotine*, with the faint suggestion of the coming dawn, illustrates the romantic power of this artist, while the grouping and movement of the frontispiece, in which the drum is significantly given the front rank, show a definite and masterly control of his art. Of the other pictures, praise belongs to the admirable vignette portrait of Thackeray, to the carefully studied scenes by A. B. Frost, and to the vigorous work of H. P. Share, although dangerously near the violent at times. For a piece of violence which is not vigorous, but brutal and stiff by turns, the Brunswicker, by J. E. Taylor, may be mentioned, one of the two or three pictures which prevent the book from being flawless. Yet, in spite of these and of the ineffective half-title designs, the book must be named as on the whole the most original of the illustrated books which have passed under our review. It is not to be expected that publishers, either separately or in combination, will exercise an extreme care in selection; it is certain that time will perform this work, and that of all the wood-engravings of the year not many will be engravings of the generation.

REMINISCENCES OF JAMES T. FIELDS.

IF it be true, as has been said, of Dr. Johnson that his sturdy self-respect led him to invent the modern publisher as a substitute for the old-fashioned patron, a fresh item is added to the debt of gratitude which the world owes to the stout old lexicographer. Of the miseries of doing literary work at the

dictation or under the auspices of a munificent patron, few recent writers can have any idea, now that literature has come to be an acknowledged article of merchandise, as much as hops or calico. Yet these miseries were very substantial, and were no doubt injurious to the growth of good literature. The frequent liability to gross insult, hardly relieved by yet grosser flattery; the fulsome dedications, composed in return

¹ *The Chronicle of the Drum*. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

for scanty stipends grudgingly doled out; the subjection of high scholarship and talent to the ignorant whim of some patronizing duke or princess,—such are the unwholesome conditions under which great writers have too often worked. Among the beneficial changes that have been wrought in the world since the beginning of the last century we should not forget the slow revolution which has substituted the agency of the publisher for that of the *Mæcenas*, in the creation and diffusion of literature.

If Dr. Johnson could have lived long enough to become a frequenter of the Old Corner Bookstore some twenty years ago, he would certainly have congratulated himself upon the fact that the publisher had been invented. To be an "ideal" publisher requires a rare combination of qualities; but in no publisher of our times, perhaps, has such a combination been more admirably realized than in the late Mr. James T. Fields. His success in his own department of activity was certainly preëminent; and this was no doubt largely owing to the fact that he was much more than a publisher. The highest success in any profession whatever is usually achieved by men who are in some sense larger than their profession. The trade should not encompass the man, but the man should encompass the trade, and reach out beyond it; and this largeness was conspicuously illustrated in the whole career of Mr. Fields. From his childhood until the last day of his life on earth, he was a sincere and devoted student of literature. Though not strictly a man of letters, in the professional sense, he possessed in a large measure that sound taste and clear discrimination in literary matters which is the first and most indispensable qualification in a critic. He could recognize good work as soon as it was brought before him. This capacity was based, in his case, upon something wider even than a keen literary sense.

He possessed the faculty of distinguishing, almost intuitively, between sound and flimsy, between neat and slovenly, work of any sort,—a faculty as valuable as the more comprehensive gift (of which, indeed, it forms a large part) of understanding human nature in general. In the matter of scientific work, leading into departments of investigation of which he probably knew little or nothing, Mr. Fields was pretty sure to know whether he was dealing with a person of true merit or not. His intuitions on such a point were generally correct, just as in his youth he used to surprise his fellow clerks by divining beforehand what kind of a book was likely to be wanted by any chance customer who entered the store. Besides this appreciation of intrinsically good work, he had an equally quick sense of the demands of the general public. No publisher can always be sure, with respect to any literary enterprise, whether it is going to be profitable or not, from a pecuniary point of view; but in such matters Mr. Fields exhibited more than ordinary shrewdness. While at the same time it must be said, to his credit, and to that of the house to which he belonged, that he set a high value upon that particular kind of advantage which accrues to a publisher from dealing only in first-rate wares. The imprint of "Ticknor & Fields" upon the title-page of a book was almost a sure guarantee of its excellence. It was generally understood that this was a firm which would publish nothing that was not believed to possess enduring merit.

These qualities made Mr. Fields very helpful to young authors of talent. But the general "helpfulness" which comes of a sympathetic heart and energetic temperament was one of his most conspicuous characteristics. As his biographer says, "If money were to be taken in charge for aunts or cousins, James was the person called upon. . . . Public readers would come to rehearse their

parts, and learn what to read as well as how to read; young lecturers with their lectures; graduates, girls and boys, to know what to do next in life; and of authors and their manuscripts he was never free." Dr. Holmes is by no means the only author who can say, "From a very early period in my own life of authorship, I have looked to Mr. Fields as one who would be sure to take an interest in whatever I wrote, to let me know all that he could learn about my writings which would please and encourage me, and keep me in heart for new efforts." Hawthorne, if our memory serves us, was one who found the friendly counsel of Mr. Fields especially valuable. And this cordial sympathy, as we know, was not reserved for purely literary writers, but was extended to workers in science and philosophy as well.

This volume of biographical notes,¹ in which the principal incidents of Mr. Fields's life are recalled with affectionate interest, is a very welcome memorial of a happy and well-spent life. The reminiscences and anecdotes, of which it is full, cannot fail to be interesting, both on account of Mr. Fields himself and of the many eminent men with whom, in the course of his life, he was on terms of more or less intimate friendship. We get glimpses here of Wordsworth, De

Quincey, and Landor, of Leigh Hunt and the Howitts and Procters and Brownings, of Tennyson and Thackeray, of Charles Mathews, of Ole Bull, and somewhat more than a glimpse of Dickens. We follow Mr. Fields through those country lanes of England, his love for which, as he said, "almost amounted to a disease;" and we have quaint stories of his rustic experiences in New England, among the farmers of New Hampshire and the fishermen of Cape Cod. Beside the society of his fellow-creatures, it was from rural scenery, from flowers and music, that Mr. Fields got his chief enjoyments,—sure sign of a refined and healthy nature. In his later years he traveled much about the United States, lecturing on English literature, and no doubt did admirable work in awakening a popular interest in the study of literary history. One rustic matron "was amazed to see how interested she got in hearin' about these folks she'd never known nothin' about before." Of the critical value of these lectures it is impossible to judge from hearsay, and we are given to understand that they are not to be published. Of their general character, as of Mr. Fields's work altogether, one gets a very good impression from this thoroughly entertaining volume.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is a very pleasant thing to finish reading a book and feel that one has made a charming new acquaintance. Men and women who are entirely congenial and delightful are by no means common in this world, even if one lives in the midst of its best society; and some of our dear friends are people who live

all the year round in the little three-walled houses made by book-covers. Yet their every-day life is as real to us as our own; their houses and their fortunes and misfortunes are well known to us, and we are sure of a thousand things about them that we never saw in print. The inner circle of our friends might be

¹ *James T. Fields. Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches, with Unpublished Fragments*

and Tributes from Men and Women of Letters. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1831.

a broken one if it were not rounded and completed with such companionships as these. But one thinks not so much of the luxury of having these friendships as of the necessity for them, and of the good it does everybody to know nice people, of the elevating power a novel may have if it carries its readers among people worth knowing. It is certainly a great force in raising the tone of society; it is a great help in the advance of civilization and refinement. A good story has a thousand readers where a biography has ten. Who is not better for having associated with the ladies and gentlemen to whom certain novelists have presented us? One instinctively tries to behave his very best after meeting them, and admires their hospitality, their charity, their courage in adversity, their grace and good-breeding. How many tricks of speech and manner we have caught in such society! How often we have been moved to correct some carelessness or rudeness, of which we were unconscious until they taught us better! Trollope, Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Oliphant, a hundred others, have unwittingly done much more than entertain us with their stories: they have taught many people good manners; they have set copies for us to follow in little things and great. To have spent a Week in a French Country House—as I hope we have all been lucky enough to do—will save us from seeming awkward on any repetition of that charming visit. If we have never been abroad at all we do not feel that when we are in France, by and by, and go down into the country, it will seem at all strange.

There is nothing like having read many English novels to make one feel at home in England. We know the fashion of doing things as well as Englishmen themselves, and we should not be surprised at the minor differences of speech and etiquette. We have ridden to hounds, and have dined in Trollope's comfortable country houses, and have

gone to the county balls, too often to be caught making mistakes; we know the order in which people should go out to dinner, and the order of ecclesiastical rank in the cathedral towns. We have starred it in the provinces, and have spent many a gay and gallant London season. We have gone shooting and fishing through the Highlands and Ireland with as pleasant people as one may find in all Great Britain. We have grown so used to yachting in the Hebrides and all up and down the coast that it seems an old story to join a yacht's company, and to watch the shore and the sunset, to see the daylight fade and the stars come out, as we ride at anchor in some picturesque Scotch harbor.

It is a pity that so little is known of our own pleasantest people from the story-books. The best of our gentlemen and ladies have kept very much to themselves; at any rate, they have few representatives in fiction, and do not mix much with the familiar types of character in American novels. Do they have themselves privately printed, and are they right to be so shy as they are, and to keep their fashion of doing things to themselves? Are the authors who write about American life afraid of seeming to copy foreign stories if they say too much of the people who, from a social point of view, are best worth knowing and reading about? The country life and local dialects and peculiarities, with their ridiculousness and pathos, the energy and restlessness and flashiness and unconventionality, the ostentation, of Americans have been held up for us to look at again and again. There are many of our neighbors across the water who think that the American girl of the period, with whom they have become acquainted, is the best type that can be found. It is too bad that there have been so few stories of agreeable, high-bred American men and women, and that our own best society has been so

seldom represented in fiction. It is certainly not because it does not exist, and more books that show us such characters as these would do much good and give great satisfaction.

In the smaller country towns there are always persons who would have been much more lonely and far more eager for congenial companionship had it not been for their friendships with books. We can each speak with gratitude of our own best loved intimacies of this kind; we can recall the worn copies of books that some of our elderly friends have treasured, and to which they cling eagerly and fondly. This grave and careful woman keeps to her early friendship with some old story-friend with a loyalty and wealth of association that have grown year by year; and her daughter loves the Princess of Thule, and wishes she could have spent that year on Borva before the story began. She would like to wring Frank Laven-der's neck for him. Sheila's life before he came to the island was the life, of all others, that she likes best, and never has had a chance to link herself with as she has in the novel, that makes her familiar with it.

We sometimes grow tired of people in books whom we like at first; we think they talk too much about themselves, or about nothing. But we can forget them without ever having to reproach ourselves with fickleness or disloyalty.

It is a great temptation to praise some characters who have been dear to me, but it is perhaps safer not to begin. In a novel entitled *The Sunmaid* I was lucky enough to meet a delightful woman, called the Princess. She is one of the most charming persons I have ever known, and, though little is said of her, I have kept the book carefully for her dear sake, and I shall read about her affectionately again and again. I think it is a great advantage to any one to know her. And there was Lily Dale,

in the Small House at Allington. She was such a nice girl, and I used to feel dreadfully because she was so sad about Crosbie; but I long ago ceased to regret her disappointment. She had a pretty way of saying things, though I think of her now as being a great deal older than she was then, and we have not seen so much of each other of late years.

— Possibly we are too sweeping in our denunciation of slang phrases. Why should any expression that would add vigor, force, or grace to the language be excluded so rigorously from the correct vocabulary? Many of the slang expressions are worthy, in directness and power, to be classed with the purest Anglo-Saxon,—are “sabre cuts of Saxon speech;” and why may not cultured people not only add freshness and vigor to their own conversation, but also enrich the language, by introducing into polished speech and making classic some of those words and phrases now considered “quite the thing” for gamins only? Thus, what could be more forcible, direct, and piquant than the slang phrase “fire it out;” and what could be more expressive of the burst of indignant energy with which a quick-tempered man will rid himself of some obnoxious thing than to say he fired it out? What more happily translates into words the humbled acquiescence finally given by the convinced disputant than to say, “I tumble to the racket”? Perhaps some of Shakespeare's terse expressions, now thought to be jewels of speech, had a similar origin. It is possible that “shuffle off this mortal coil,” or “nip him in the bud,” struck just such shivering horror to the ears of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney as polite culture now experiences when it hears “put a mansard roof on him,” “cheeky,” or “too thin.” Why should it not be just as legitimate to say “wade in” as to speak of “a sea of troubles;” and why has not one just as much meaning as the other? Why is

not "your mind's eye, Horatio," just as reprehensible as its lineal descendant, "all in your eye"? One is just as pure gold as the other; and why should one be legal tender in polished speech, while the other is a counterfeit coin?

Proverbs, too, that "hob-nailed philosophy," in which the richer a language is the more forcible it is, and the more characteristic of those who use it, are closely akin in both form and spirit, as well as origin, with slang expressions. Many of these words and phrases that now sit in the ashes and perform menial tasks need only the godmother of daring genius to show them fit for courtly circles.

—It is a wonder that, since open fire-places have come to be a necessity with us, nobody has set the fashion of burning peat. On one of the railways that goes eastward from Boston I noticed the other day a peat bog, the working of which was evidently under careful oversight, and was being made at least a speculative, if not a permanent, business enterprise. The little blocks of turf were stacked up, ready for transportation, and the deep excavations indicated plainly that great quantities of this excellent fuel had already been carried away. I am waiting to catch the first whiff of peat smoke in some fashionable and æsthetic parlor, and I am surprised that nobody has burnt turf yet in Boston or New York. It would be a pleasing novelty; it makes a very good fire, and it suggests many Scotch and Irish reminiscences and associations that are dear to all our hearts. It might give a fresh impulse to literature; coal fires have little kinship with poetry and romance, and wood fires have been written about a good deal already. A peat fire would smoulder charmingly all the afternoon in a house that is overheated with steam or a furnace; and at twilight how delightfully it would remind one of Robert Burns, and of Sir Walter Scott's novels! Perhaps, to a fa-

vored score or two of huntsmen, it would call up long tramps in misty weather over the moorlands in more recent times, and the coming home at night to warm one's self by its dull glow; it would bring back the idle talk and laughter, the pride in the day's success, the very hunger at supper-time, and even the taste of the smoky whisky that kept the fog and chill from being dangerous, and which had a flavor as if it were the water which had once put out exactly such a fire. In anticipation of the use of peat in æsthetic homes, some one would do well to secure a corner in the bogs that are scattered here and there all over the country, and are counted regretfully by their owners as nothing but waste land.

—A year or two ago there was some discussion in the Contributors' Club as to whether a *chalet* should have a gable-roof in print, as well as in fact. The word being a contraction of *chastelet*, it seemed proper to put the circumflex accent over the *a*. But this excellent argument *a priori* was quashed by the stubborn fact that the word *chalet* is written (and pronounced) without the accent by all French authorities. I have just stumbled upon another case of unaccountable omission of the circumflex in French. The word *noce* is a contraction of *nopce*. Indeed, Brillat-Savarin assures us that the *p* was not silent in the expression "*nopces et festins*," common with a certain class of *bourgeoisie* in his day. Yet the *o* in *noce* has no circumflex, any more than the *a* in *chalet*. Stern rules do not help one in French much better than they do in English, and there are some curious freaks in the language, which even the French themselves cannot explain. For instance, who can account for the Académie's command to pronounce *je désire* as if there were no acute accent over the first *e*? Why is the so-called "aspirated *h*" practically silent in every word in which it occurs, in the French

language, except in *à haine*, in which it is really an aspirate? Why is the name *Montaigne* pronounced like *montagne*? And, finally, what explanation can be given of the fact that the apparently vulgar pronunciation of "*quatre-*

à-quatre" has become so thoroughly authorized that even Delaunay, of the *Comédie-Française*, once said, "*Même en scène je dirais 'catte-à-catte; ' bien décidément ' quatre-à-quatre ' n'est pas français*"?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. Charles Scribner's Sons have begun a reissue in uniform volumes of the writings of the late Dr. J. G. Holland, and his poems, *Bitter-Sweet* and *Kathrina*, are the first of the series on the poetical side. The page is a good one, if the type is a little small. — *Miami Woods, A Golden Wedding and Other Poems*, by William D. Gallagher. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) The labor expended upon the blank verse which occupies the first part of the volume appears to have affected the author's ear in the more lyrical portions. — *Gems of Poetry and Song* on James A. Garfield (J. C. McClenahan & Co., Columbus, Ohio) is a collection, made with reverence for the president's memory, of the principal poems called out by his sufferings and death. A portrait and the eulogy by Rev. Dr. Storrs preface the volume. — *The Whittier Birthday Book*, arranged by Elizabeth S. Owen (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may be named as in some respects the most successful of its class, since Whittier's sentiment is largely personal and always pure, and in the assignment of verses to names a delicate taste has been employed. The book, besides its special use, is a delightful anthology.

Philosophy. *Evenings with the Skeptics*, by John Owen (Longmans, London; Bouton, New York), is a historical and philosophical examination, in two volumes, of the pre-Christian and the Christian skeptics; the word being taken to indicate those minds which, by their nature, question and suspend judgment, rather than dogmatize, the analytic rather than the constructive, — Socrates thus being the preëminent pre-Christian, Augustine, Abélard, and Aquinas being included among the Christian skeptics. The conversational form is chosen to lighten the subject and to justify some discursiveness, but the author is not a novelist who has fallen upon philosophy; he has that art yet to learn. — *Is Darwin Right? or, The Origin of Man*, is the title of a small volume in which the author, William Denton, aims to show the insufficiency of Darwin's theory, since it fails to take account of the spiritual side of the universe. He is ready to grant a natural origin to the material man, but he cannot find an explanation in that of spiritual faculties, and he calls the source of these "the infinite spirit." He seems careful not to call the spirit God. (Denton Publishing Company,

Wellesley, Mass.) — *The Artist and his Mission, a Study in Æsthetics*, by Rev. William M. Reily (John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia), is a reproduction of lectures delivered before a college class, and while somewhat ungraceful in form, and thus discrediting its theme, is a serious and sincere effort to discover and express the ethical side of æsthetics. — Mr. W. W. Kinsley's *Views on Vexed Questions* (Lippincott) concern the supernatural, the origin of species, Satan anticipated, the character of Shelley, and other topics. The anticipation of Satan may not strike the reader as being a question which has ever vexed him, but the title really covers a chapter on the origin and prevention of evil.

History and Biography. *Memoirs of Count Miot de Melito*, edited by General Fleischmann, and translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie, has been republished in America (Scribners), with notes and an index prepared for the American edition. Count Miot, who was born at Versailles in 1762, was closely connected with the Bonaparte family, and his memoirs, which are transcribed from diaries, and have therefore special value as contemporary accounts, deal especially with the fortunes of Prince Joseph Bonaparte. But there is no record in full of Count Miot's sojourn with the prince in the United States. It is a pity that we could not have his notes on American life of that day. — Mr. Charles Dudley Warner leads off a series of American Worthies, which the publishers (Holt) anxiously promise shall be light and airy, with his Captain John Smith. It is to Mr. Warner's credit that when he sat down to laugh he rose to make remarks, and has produced a discriminating sketch of Smith's career, in which the truth is patiently sifted from the exaggeration of Smith's own tropic imagination. Still, there are traces of smiles on Mr. Warner's countenance while engaged on this serious task. — Mr. John Morley's *The Life of Richard Cobden* (Roberts) needs not be disregarded by the reader who is indifferent to the discussion of free trade, for he will find something here better worth his while in the portrait of a typical Englishman, drawn by a skillful and able hand. — The author of the *Paine Genealogy*, Ipswich Branch, Mr. Albert W. Paine (printed by O. F. Knowles & Co., Bangor, Me.), is fortunate in find-

ing the first of the name a pagan, for it gives him an immense advantage over rival genealogists, who get lost while still within the limits of Christianity. The author means his book in other ways to throw light upon colonial history, especially upon the matter of witchcraft. — The third volume of Von Holst's Constitutional and Political History of the United States has appeared (Callaghan & Co., Chicago), including the period of 1846-1850. The contribution is an important one, yet we think it would have been more effective if the author had more reserve, a scientific manner as well as a scientific method. There are passages which read as if the author had been trained as a newspaper reporter. — In the New Plutarch Series (Putnam's), we have Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, by Walter Besant and James Rice. It was a happy thought to set these ingenious novelists upon the legend of Whittington and his Cat. They have produced a clever biography, and instead of there being a grin without a cat, as in Alice in Wonderland, there is a serious and historic cat. Thank Heaven, one story is left to us! — Another volume of the New Plutarch Series (Putnam's) is Martin Luther and his Work, by John H. Treadwell, a book which appears, unlike the rest of the series, to be of American origin. The author's view is one apparently of almost unquestioning admiration. It is a pity if he has not read Mozley's masterly analysis. — A. P. Russell, already known by his readable mosaic of Library Notes, has written a historical and biographical sketch of Thomas Corwin (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), which will be welcomed by all to whom the man was a striking figure in American life. — Louise, Queen of Prussia, is a translation from the German of August Kluckhohn, by Elizabeth H. Denio (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), of a brief memorial, which gives in an agreeable form the character and behavior of an estimable woman. — By an odd chance the next book on our list is Harriet H. Robinson's Massachusetts in the Woman Suffrage Movement (Roberts), which aims at summing the several steps which have been taken up to the present day, and which have issued in the opportunity for woman now presented. — The Wit and Wisdom of Parliament, by Henry Latchford (Cassell), is a half-anecdotal history of Parliament, or rather a glance at striking and entertaining passages of that history, taken in order of time. It is of interest mainly to those who already have an acquaintance with the subject. — In a series of Diocesan Histories, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, that of Chichester has been issued, provided with a map, list of bishops, and index, and treated with a minuteness of detail which is of special interest only in Chichester. — In spite of the title-page of Mrs. Gustafson's book about Genevieve Ward (J. R. Osgood & Co.), it is neither a sketch nor a biography. It lacks the proper biographical perspective, and it is much too long for a sketch. The work occupies the border-land between domestic history and theatrical advertisement. If the writer had been wiser she would have been less entertaining. If she had had even a mild sense of humor she would have spared the reader that list of persons who have

formed matrimonial alliances with the Ward family since the glacial period. — Another dramatic biography, of a very different temper, is Mr. William Winter's charming account of the Jeffersons, which forms the second volume of Mr. Hutton's American Actor Series. (J. R. Osgood & Co.) — Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have completed their issue of Dickens's Letters by the publication of a third volume.

Science. The International Scientific Series (D. Appleton & Co., New York) has for its thirty-fourth volume a book on the sun, by C. A. Young, professor of astronomy in the College of New Jersey. The book was not written expressly for scientific readers nor for the masses, but, as the preface says, for those who, "without being themselves engaged in scientific pursuits, yet have sufficient education and intelligence to be interested in scientific subjects when presented in an untechnical manner." It offers a clear and precise view of what is known about the sun, and is very well illustrated. Whenever the question of what is certain and what men conjecture has come up the author has stated the facts on which conclusions are based, and frequently has indicated how much confidence can be placed on data. — The first annual report of the United States Geological Survey, by its director, Clarence King, has been issued from the Government Printing Office. It is devoted mainly to office reports and a sketch of what the organization is to effect. An excellent map, showing the geographical divisions of the survey, accompanies it. It is a pity that government should not employ a publisher for its reports. The present system is wasteful and inadequate. — Vol. XXXV. of the International Scientific Series is Volcanoes: What they Are and What they Teach, by John W. Judd, which gives an outline of the present state of knowledge upon the subject. (Appletons.) — The Honey Ants of the Garden of the Gods and the Occident Ants of the American Plains is a monograph by Henry C. McCook, D. D. (Lippincott), and one of interest to the general reader as well as the scientific student. — J. Milner Fothergill, M. D., in his little book, Animal Physiology (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), has succeeded in telling in an interesting way the "story" of the human body: the action of the muscles, respiration, digestion, circulation, and the construction and functions of the nervous system. As a rule such books, although intended, as this is, for use in elementary schools, and to incite in the young scholar a desire to know more of physiology, are made dull by a superabundance of badly arranged anatomical and technical terms. In this book, however, the reader will find a decided exception. — The Elements of Integral Calculus (Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston) has been written by W. E. Byerly, professor of mathematics at Harvard College, as a text-book. It is a sequel to Treatise on Differential Calculus, the fifth chapter of which, on account of frequent references to it, is added, and also a Key to the Solution of Integral Equations.

Education. Perhaps under this head may be included The Elocutionist's Annual, No. 9, edited by Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker (National School of Ed-

ucation and Oratory, Philadelphia), a book of "pieces," collected from various sources without much regard to perspective. — The plays of Cymbeline and Coriolanus complete the series of Shakespeare for schools and families which Rev. H. N. Hudson has been editing. (Ginn & Heath.) It is a pleasure to think how much more convenient it is for schools to take up the study of Shakespeare now, under the guidance of such judicious editors as Mr. Hudson and Mr. Rolfe. One may choose one or the other edition, but in either case he gets ever so much Shakespeare. — Mr. Rolfe's latest volume is Antony and Cleopatra. (Harpers.) — William Smith, the veteran editor, issues his appendix to *Initia Græca*, being Additional Exercises with Examination Papers. (Harpers.) The book ought to be serviceable to teachers who wish sight or dictation exercises, where other books are regularly used. — Harper's Classical Series for Schools and Colleges, edited by Professor Drisler, contains the Protagoras of Plato, by E. G. Sihler, Ph. D. The page is a neat one, though we do not like the German style of spacing words to give them emphasis.

Fine Arts. Mr. Bouton issues an edition of Chatto and Jackson's *A Treatise on Wood-Engraving*, which, in spite of the many volumes which have appeared since the original publication of this book, and of the varied discussion of the subject, remains a standard and encyclopaedic work. It is only a pity that the cuts should have become worn. — The third volume of the seventh year of *L'Art*, sent by the same publishers, reminds one anew of the wealth of illustration offered by this journal, and its importance as a chronicle of contemporary art in the centre most productive and most influential. — Tennyson's *Song of the Brook* (Estes & Lauriat) is announced as the first of a series of similar books. There is little in this to distinguish it from the host of illustrated books which aim at a picture for every syllable.

Books for Young People. The Prize Painting Book *Good Times*, pictures by Dora Wheeler, words by Candace Wheeler (White and Stokes, New York), is a performance not to be praised on the part of the publishers who propose, the artist and poet who aid, and the parents who encourage children under sixteen to compete for prizes of seventy-five, fifty, and twenty-five dollars, for the best filling in of color upon the black and white ground given. — The fifth volume in G. M. Towle's series of *Young Folks' Heroes of History* is devoted to the attractive subject of Raleigh, his Exploits and Voyages. Raleigh's connection with American history makes it doubly reasonable that boys and girls should know of him. (Lee & Shepard.) — The good work which the lamented Sidney Lanier had previously done in bringing Froissart and Malory into familiar nearness to young people was continued by him in a volume which appears since his death, *The Boy's Mabinogion*, being the *Earliest Welsh Tales of King Arthur* in the famous *Red Book of Hergest*. (Scribners.) Mr. Lanier's own high and honorable regard for the purest literature passes into such work as this. The southern love of joust has been turned to excellent purpose in this series. — The *Floating Prince* and

other *Fairy Tales*, by Frank R. Stockton, is a capital book, if one has lost all his reverence for fairy-tales. If the comparison is not too shocking, it is a sort of atheistical fairy-book, very funny, very clever, and very enjoyable, if one has got over his belief. If E. B. Bensell, as we think, drew the pictures, his name should certainly have been given. Nothing could be more in the spirit of the book. We recommend it to all parents, and they can do as they think best about showing it to their children. (Scribners.) — *A Trip Eastward*, by Edward Abbott, is the third in the series known as *The Long Look Books* (Henry D. Noyes & Co., Boston,) and may cheerfully be commended to all who like honest literature for the young. It is Jacob Abbott with an infusion of new blood. — Shakespeare for the Young Folk (Lords, Howard, and Hulbert) is a presentation of three plays, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As you Like It*, and *Julius Caesar*, very much as the editor, R. R. Raymond, might read them to an audience of young people; that is, with parentheses of explanation between the more attractive and intelligible dramatic lines. The idea is capital and not ill carried out. — The weekly numbers of *Harper's Young People* for the year 1881, bound, make a liberal volume, which will have all the charm which bound volumes of magazines have for the youthful mind. — Boston is not likely to be hidden under a bushel; it is on three hills, as every one knows, and the season brings three books about it: one by Hezekiah Butterworth, entitled *Young Folks' History of Boston* (Estes & Lauriat), liberally illustrated, and generously annexing, for literary purposes, Concord and Mt. Auburn; one by Samuel Adams Drake, *Around the Hub* (Roberts), also illustrated, in which Mr. Drake's own and hereditary resources easily find outlet; and one by H. E. Scudder, *Boston-Town* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), in which a slight dramatic action is given to the narrative by the introduction of the familiar machinery of a grandfather and his grandsons. — The *Knockabout Club in the Woods* (Estes & Lauriat) gives the adventures of six young men in the wilds of Maine and Canada. It is by C. A. Stephens, already known by similar contributions; the animal spirits of the book compensate for some lack of literary skill. — *Chatterbox* (Estes & Lauriat) is getting to be a generic title of a book. This particular *Chatterbox* appears to be a mixture of English and American literary and artistic scraps. — *The Deserted Ship*, by George Cupples (A. Williams & Co., Boston), is a sailor's story, not unsuccessful in its salty flavor, and likely to be read with avidity by all boys who have been so unfortunate as not to be left behind in the polar regions. — *Driven to Sea*, or the *Adventures of Norrie Seton*, is by Mrs. George Cupples (Williams), the present edition being a reissue of a book published ten years ago, but quite worthy of being kept in remembrance. — Kate Greenaway's contribution this year is a delightful little *Mother Goose* (Routledge), all the prettier for not being too fine in its appearance, though we are well aware that the printing is not rude. — *Little Mook* and other *Fairy Tales*, by W. Hauff (Putnam's), translated by Percy E. Pinkerton, is a volume which

reminds one of some of the best classic wonder-stories by a vexatious nearness in form and distance in tone. — Hector (Roberts) will be welcomed by many when they read upon the title-page the name of Flora L. Shaw, the author of *Castle Blair*. — Our Little Ones (Lee & Shepard) is the bound volume of a monthly for young children, edited by William T. Adams, better known as Oliver Optic. It cannot always be commended for purity of English, and its contents in their variety require further editing by the judicious parent. — The Young Folks' *Robinson Crusoe* is an adaptation made fifty years or more ago by an estimable lady, Mrs. Farrar, of Cambridge, and now reissued under the editorship of William T. Adams. (Lee & Shepard.) In her work, Mrs. Farrar has omitted pretty much all of Robinson's mental history and moral and religious reflections. — An ambitious book is J. D. Champlin Jr.'s *Young Folks' History of the War for the Union*. (Holt.) Mr. Champlin is already known by his serviceable *Young Folks' Cyclopadias*, and we commit ourselves to his guidance in this matter with some confidence, which is not lessened by the title of his work. The conception involved in that is an important one. The narrative is full, it is straightforward, it introduces a boy whenever he can be found, and it is written without passion. The illustrations are rather worn, but the author has shown his good judgment in making frequent use of maps.

Ethics and Religion. Professor Blackie, whose literary activity takes him in various directions, has published a volume of *Lay Sermons* (Scribners), which are sermons inasmuch as they have texts and presume practical Christianity, and are lay by the accident of the preacher's position. That they were not pulpit deliverances gives a further secular character to the subjects discussed, which include *Lazdlords and Land Laws* and the *Scottish Covenanters*. The author is somewhat garrulous, sometimes crotchety, often vain, but is honest and always Scotch. — Among the sermons called out by President Garfield's death, two by Dr. Henry W. Bellows, *Before and After the President's Death* (Putnams), will remain as a record of the warm feeling which overflowed ordinary pulpit bounds. — The *New Ethics*, by Frank Sewall (Putnams), is an essay on the moral law of use; that the writer frankly confesses his discipleship of Swedenborg should not prejudice the reader against the perusal of a thoughtful and suggestive essay. — The *New Infidelity*, by Augustus Radcliffe Grote (Putnams), is a contribution toward an eirenicon in this stage of the conflict of opinions; Mr. Grote would remove the occasion of war between religion and science by discovering to men that the real difference lies in the religious nature itself, with its twofold tendencies to paganism and superstition. The book is a thoughtful one, but the author is perhaps misled by his attachment to one or two theories which are not yet in good working order. — The *Conflicts of the Age* (Scribners) is a reprint in pamphlet form of four articles which have appeared in the *North American Review*, where they were intended to reflect the opinions of the age. They purport to be by an Evo-

lutionist, an Agnostic, a New Light Moralist, and a Yankee Farmer, though some doubt has been thrown upon the authenticity of the last title.

Fiction. *Keith and Kin* is by Jessie Fothergill, author of *The First Violin*, and is No. 130 of the *Leisure Hour Series*. (Holt.) Both of these facts give one a prejudice in favor of the book. — *Esau Hardery*, by William Osborn Stoddard, who is best known by a popular boy's story, is called on the title-page *A Novel of American Life* (White and Stokes, New York), and confronts one at once with the most familiar form of American country dialect. There is so much American life that a novel of it needs to be tolerably comprehensive. — The Appletons send out Victor Cherbulez's *Noirs et Rouges* in Mrs. Sherwood's translation under the title of *Saints and Sinners*. — The latest volume of the *No Name Series* (Roberts) is *My Wife and my Wife's Sister*. — The indignation which the author of *How is Your Man?* (Lee & Shepard) feels toward that system of life insurance which goes by the incisive and ghastly nickname of "graveyard insurance" has driven him to write a story, with the hope that he may catch readers thus who would pay no attention to a remonstrance in any other form. The excuse must serve for an otherwise unpleasant piece of fiction. — In the *Trans-Atlantic Novels* (Putnams) have been printed *The Vicar's People*, by Geo. Manville Fenn, John Barlow's Ward, and *The Golden Tress*, translated from the French of *Fortune du Boisgobey*. — The Baroness Tauphœus's charming novel of *The Initials* has been issued by Peterson. Age cannot wither its charms, nor offensive typography render it unreadable. — In the *Round Robin Series* (Osgood) of anonymous novels there have been published *Rosemary and Rue*, a pretty, wandering story of France and Newport, and *Damen's Ghost*, which is named with mysterious significance, *Damen* being as shadowy as the Ghost, and neither exercising any influence over the story. — *Eleanor Maitland*, by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement (Osgood), is a novel which recalls the age of serious fiction. — *Against the Stream*, by the author of the *Schönberg-Cotta Family*, takes its title from the purpose of the writer, who, under the guise of autobiographic reminiscences in the England of Waterloo, tells the story of individual Christian effort against the current of popular evil. A second book by the same author, entitled *Conquering and to Conquer*, is a story of Rome in the days of St. Jerome. A third, *Lapsed, but not Lost*, is a story of Roman Carthage. All three of these books, which are published by the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and sent us by E. & J. B. Young & Co., of New York, labor under the disadvantages of their class of suggesting a frugal masquerade, but they at least offer topics for reflection above the range of much fiction, and they are serious and sometimes even thoughtful in their character. — The latest issues of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are *The Mysteries of Heron Dyke*, described as a novel of incident, *Christowell*, a Dartmoor tale, by R. D. Blackmore, and *The Comet of a Season*, by Justin McCarthy.

Travel. Lieutenant Schwatka made the longest

sledge journey on record when he made his search in the Arctic for the Franklin records; the account of the journey, made by his first officer, William H. Gilder, in a series of letters to the *New York Herald*, has been published in an octavo volume, under the title *Schwatka's Search* (Scribners), with maps and illustrations, and is a worthy addition to Arctic literature. — Florida is as attractive to book-makers as it is to those who have not yet gone there. The latest addition to its literature is *Florida for Tourists, Invalids, and Settlers*: containing practical information regarding climate, soil, and productions; cities, towns, and people; the culture of the orange and other tropical fruits; farming and gardening; scenery and resorts; sport, routes of travel, etc. By George M. Barbour. (Appletons.) Mr. Barbour writes with enthusiasm, but with intelligence also, and if he prophesies smooth things there will be many glad to believe him. A full map is in the volume. — *Through Cities and Prairie Lands*, by Lady Duffus Hardy (Worthington, New York), is a lady-like account of a journey which the author and a friend took in America. They brought with them a determination to be pleased, and a willingness to learn. — *Cuban Sketches*, by James W. Steele (Putnams), is a bright volume by an observing man who has lived long enough in the island to have a right to opinions as well as impressions. — A timely volume of travel is in Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren's *South Sea Sketches* (Osgood), the report by a cultivated lady of the countries lying along the Pacific coast of South America. Mrs. Dahlgren accompanied her husband when he was in command of the South Pacific Squadron. The author is not only a good reporter of what she sees, but a sensible commentator. — In *A Pickwickian Pilgrimage* (Osgood), Mr. John R. G. Hassard has taken Dickens for a guide in some saunterings which enabled him to identify the local habitation of characters who had become more real to him and other readers of Dickens than the actual people whom he met in his journey. His record is agreeable reading if one carries Dickens in his heart as well as his head. — *My First Holiday*, by Caroline H. Dall (Roberts), consists of a series of letters home from Colorado, Utah, and California. With the conscience of a critic we have read Mrs. Dall's Preface, when, with the irresponsible feelings of a reader, we should have omitted one with so impolite a heading as *A Preface to be Read*. The book as a whole will scarcely add to the accurate knowledge one may desire to have of the country traversed, since he will begin to doubt the qualifications of the writer to report clearly, her own querulous personality always getting in the way.

Literature. Half-Hours with Greek and Latin

Authors is a volume intended to popularize the ancient classics by a selection from translations, accompanied by biographical notices; the book is in the interest especially of young people in schools. It is edited by G. H. Jennings and W. S. Johnstone. (Appletons.) — The reissue of Dr. Holland's writings (Scribners), in uniform style, many years after the appearance of the first, looks like a verdict by the generation upon the endurance of his writings, so we record here the reappearance of Timothy Titcomb's *Letters and Gold Foil*, his *Lessons in Life and Plain Talks*, books which need no apology with a large number of readers. — E. H. Plumptre's translations of Sophocles and Æschylus come in a neat dress in two volumes. (Routledge.) — *Country Pleasures*, the *Chronicle of a Year*, by George Milner (Roberts), is a delightful addition to a class of books which already has choice representatives, reports of nature drawn by one who is equally at home in field and library.

Criticism. Mr. Appleton Morgan, whose previous scattered papers on the subject have before this enrolled him in the company of Shakespeare doubters, has published now *The Shakespearean Myth*, William Shakespeare and Circumstantial Evidence (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), in which he employs chiefly external evidence to prove again that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare's works. The apostles of this negative creed may console themselves for the inertia of their audience by the reflection that the world is stupid. He makes a clever hit in publishing in a couple of pages the *Complete Poetical Works of William Shakespeare*. — A new edition of Roget's *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases* (John R. Anderson & Co., New York and Chicago) will be welcomed by many who have used up their old edition in a vain search for the word they wanted, and for which they could offer in exchange several words that just failed of being the right ones. We fear that the elaborate analysis by Mr. Roget is the only part of the book never really studied. — A liberal construction of our title permits us to name here Charles Dudley Warner's essay on *The American Newspaper* (Osgood), read before the Social Science Association, and issued now in a convenient form for aspiring editors. Whatever Mr. Warner writes on such a subject would scarcely be speculative. — M. Alexandre Beljame sends his *Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au dix-huitième Siècle* (Hachette, Paris), an octavo volume devoted to Dryden, Addison, and Pope, and containing a careful bibliography at the close. — A new edition of President Porter's useful *Books and Reading* has been furnished, with a compact, well-chosen, select catalogue of books, by J. M. Hubbard, arranged under topics, but confined chiefly to history, travels, and literature.